

BRITANNIA



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FIRST ON MERIT-ON DEMONSTRATION

NEXT WEEK'S BRITANNIA

will appear in a new guise and will contain, in addition to its regular weekly features, the following contributions:

LORD BIRKENHEAD

on a topic of the week.

SIR RICHARD REDMAYNE, K.C.B.

Hope for the Coal Industry.

G. C. BERESFORD

(M'Turk of "Stalkley & Co.")

The Boyhood of Rudyard Kipling.

Dr. HADEN GUEST

Is Socialism a Back Number?

MARTIN JOHNSON

(author of the "Simba" film)

Wild Animals of the African Jungle.

Original Short Stories by

Elinor Mordaunt

Walter Jury Ockenden

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Lord Birkenhead for BRITANNIA

PURSUANT to their considered policy of securing the best brains in the British Empire for BRITANNIA, British National Newspapers, Ltd., have the honour to announce the signature of a long and exclusive contract with Lord Birkenhead.

Under this contract Lord Birkenhead, an article from whose pen appears in this issue, will shortly confine his entire journalistic activities to BRITANNIA, contributing thereto a weekly feature dealing with the most vital political, literary, legal and historical questions of our day.

We feel sure that this announcement—probably the most important ever made in journalism—will meet with the general approval of our readers, and still further enhance the prestige of BRITANNIA, both at home and overseas.

MY REPLY to PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

By the
Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I., P.C.

(At a time when this article was already in the printers' hands a letter confirming its principal financial conclusions was published in "The Times" by Mr. Brand.)

The almost complete concurrence of argument and of inference shows how constantly we have drawn from the same authorities. The observations which follow will make it plain that in almost all these matters the authorities adopted are American.)

II.

THE portion of President Coolidge's Armistice Day address, which has, perhaps, created the most comment abroad is that in which he speaks of the cost of the War to the United States. When we examine and analyse his figures, we shall see why the attention they excited was coloured by astonishment that such a basis of calculation should have been adopted and trusted.

"It is sometimes represented," said the President, "that this country"—the United States—"made a profit out of the War. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Up to the present time, our own net War costs, after allowing for our foreign debt expectations, are about \$36,500 million. To retire the balance of our public debt will require about \$7,000 million in interest. Our Veterans' Bureau and allied expenses are already running at over \$500 million a year in meeting the solemn duty to the disabled and dependent. With what has been paid out, and what is already apparent, it is probable that our final cost will run well toward \$100,000 million, or half the entire wealth of the country when we entered the conflict."

And again, "While we shall receive some further credits on the accounts I have stated as our costs, our outlay will be much greater than that of any other country. Whatever may be thought or said of us, we know, and every informed person should know, that we reaped no selfish benefit from the War."

Analysis of the Figures.

LET us regard these figures more closely. (For the purpose of convenience, I am transforming dollars into pounds at the conventional rate of 5 to 1.) The President gives no data on which to base his astounding assertion that America's final cost "will run well toward" £20,000 million (\$100,000 million). His other figure of £7,300 million (\$36,500 million) is indisputably inaccurate. He presumably bases himself upon a detailed statement in the Annual Report of the United States Treasury, and includes, for no obvious reason, £1,627 million interest paid on the internal debt of the country. Mr. Coolidge adds to this £1,400 million (\$7,000 million) for future interest on this debt until it is com-

pletely repaid, thus making a total cost of £8,700 million (\$43,500 million).

He tells us also that there must be added the capitalised value of future pension payments which "are already running at over £100 million a year."

It may be well to recall here that the United States had 322,000 killed and wounded, against Great Britain's nearly three millions. The United States are now paying 300,000 pensions, against our 1,500,000. America is spending £100 million annually, and we £57 million. Thus, although our casualties were eight times those of America, and we pay five times as many pensions, America, according to President Coolidge, is paying twice as much a year on this item. Nor did we adopt a mean scale. This suggests that the figure relied upon would appear to require some reconsideration.

What the War Cost America.

EVEN if the President's statement were correct, the amount he gives of present pension payments is insufficient to increase the ultimate cost to anything nearly approaching £20,000 million (\$100,000 million). This implies that the current rate of pension expenditure would have to continue for over a century: even if old soldiers never die, it is unlikely that their average duration of life, even in the invigorating climate of America, will prove to be 110 years from the close of the War. It is more usual, however, to estimate ultimate pension costs at twenty-two times the present cost. This means that the ultimate cost of the War to America will not exceed £11,000 million. This is a little over a quarter of the pre-War national wealth of the United States—not, as President Coolidge protests, "half the entire wealth of the country when we entered the conflict."

On a comparable basis, the net cost of the War to the United Kingdom has already reached a total of over £11,000 million. If to this is added the cost of future pensions and future interest on the internal debt, the total will reach roughly £22,400 million, or more than one and a half times our total national wealth before the War.

But there is no reason why interest charges should appear in these calculations. They depend on the rate of repayment of internal War debts. To arrive at an accurate and just figure, they must be eliminated from both sides of our accounts, and we must confine ourselves to a consideration of the actual nett capital expense to either nation, including pension costs estimated on the 22 year's basis, and, of course, subtracting the pre-War expenditure on the Navy and Army and the sums likely to be received in respect of foreign debts.

By this, the only authentic, reckoning the



President Coolidge.

cost of the War to Britain will reach £9,000 million, which is nearly three-quarters of our national wealth before the war. On the same basis, America's cost will not be more than £7,000 million, notwithstanding the apparently greater proportionate expenditure on pensions. And this is not one-fifth of America's pre-War wealth.

Our Greater Contribution.

SO much, then, for President Coolidge's statement that America's "outlay will be much greater than that of any other country."

President Coolidge's remark is a little misleading that "it is sometimes represented that this country made a profit out of the War. Nothing could be farther from the truth." No one is foolish enough to suggest that the United States Treasury profited by the War, but there cannot be the slightest doubt that both the national wealth and the national income of the United States increased enormously as a result of the War.

Profit out of the War.

BEFORE 1914, the United States, in the words of the Department of Commerce, "held the record of being the greatest debtor nation in history." To-day she is the greatest creditor nation, and has a vast surplus capital available for investment abroad. Her excess of exports over imports of merchandise increased fivefold during the War period. Her gold stocks increased during the same period by three-quarters; she now holds half the gold of the world. It is, therefore, clear that America made a profit, and an extremely large profit, out of the War.

Let me quote a few figures to illustrate the above points. They are taken entirely from United States sources—official documents, a statement on inter-allied debts published by the Bankers Trust Company of New York, and a bulletin of the National Bureau of Economic Research.

In 1913, the estimated national wealth of the United States was £39,500 million. In 1922 it was £64,200 million, an increase of 63 per cent. Even allowing maximum figures for the rise in prices, the increase of real wealth cannot be less than 15 per cent.

In 1914 the estimated national income of the United States was £6,300 million. In 1921

it was almost exactly double. Allowing again for a maximum rise in prices, the real increase was at least 13 per cent.

In 1914, the United States held gold to the value of £377 million. In 1921 it held £660 million, an increase of £283 million.

The average annual excess of America's merchandise exports over her imports in the pre-War period from 1910 to 1914 was £95 million. In the War period from 1915 to 1922, this rose to £530 million. America's net exports during the War period amounted to over £4,000 million.

Such is the truth concerning the increase in the national wealth of the United States during the War years.

America's Improved Position.

INOW turn to the transformation of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation. It is not enough to show that America has actually grown richer as a result of the War; I propose to demonstrate how immeasurably she has improved her position *vis-à-vis* her "selfish" allies, and the rest of the world.

Before the War, foreign investments in the United States, "the greatest debtor nation in history," amounted to £1,000 million. America's investments abroad were only £500 million. After the War, the foreign investments in America had sunk to £740 million, whereas her investments abroad rose to the amazing figure of £2,400 million.

Thus, instead of a pre-War debit of £500 million America, as a consequence of the War, has found herself with a credit of £1,660 million. Add to this Allied War debts to the amount of £2,300 million, and we find her pre-War indebtedness transformed to a credit balance of no less than £4,000 million, a turnover of £4,500 million. (These figures are necessarily calculated with a considerable margin of error, but are approximately accurate).

One item in the conversion of America from a debtor to a creditor nation should be taken into special consideration, namely, the sale of American securities by Great Britain during the War. The British Government sold over £200 million, and the U.S. Department of Commerce has estimated that British citizens individually sold a further £300 million.

Help from "Ancient Nations."

YET in the face of all these facts and figures—most of them taken from American official documents—President Coolidge finds it possible to declare that "nothing is farther from the truth" than that America has made a profit out of the War.

There is an irony (certainly unconscious) in the President's admission in his peroration, that "we should pursue our course with due gratitude for the important contributions of the more ancient nations which have helped to make possible our present progress and our future hope." Great Britain, by entering the War three years before the United States, and by pledging her credit for American loans to herself and her allies for War purposes, has certainly "made possible," indeed, been primarily responsible for, America's financial progress.

The Blockade of Germany.

THERE is one other point in the President's speech which reveals not less clearly the lack of understanding between him and ourselves which he deplures. I speak of his references to naval armaments. Before replying specifically to his comments, I ask my readers to throw their minds back to the first years of the War. During all the anxious months through which we passed, not the least of our difficulties was the running fire of complaints from President Wilson about our blockade of

Germany. Many of these came strangely from the representative of the nation which was the author of the doctrine of continuous voyage, a doctrine which, more than any other extended, and increased the friction of, naval search for contraband. President Wilson's attitude towards the blockade, as towards most other aspects of the European struggle, changed completely when, at last, he was impelled by American opinion into the War. I quote from the editor of the newly-published volumes of Colonel House's memoirs:—

Allied restrictions upon neutral trade had led to the most acute discontent and the most vigorous protests on the part of the United States previous to our participation in the War. After entering the struggle against Germany, the American Government *naturally changed its point of view*, and in its efforts to prevent goods from entering Germany, *rather improved upon the strictness of Allied measures.*

LORD BIRKENHEAD.

An article by Lord Birkenhead on a topic of national importance will appear in next week's issue of BRITANNIA.

"A Larger Number of Warships."

THE President does not give the slightest offence to anyone in England when he says:—

"We have not only a long coast line, distant outlying possessions, a foreign commerce unsurpassed in importance, the number of our people and value of our treasure to be protected, but we are also bound by international treaty to defend the Panama Canal. Having few fuelling stations, we require ships of large tonnage, and, having scarcely any merchant vessels capable of mounting five or six-inch guns, it is obvious that, based on positions, we are entitled to a larger number of warships than a nation having these advantages."

This argument is just; is the English case less just? We too, have a long coast line; we, too, have a great foreign commerce; we, too, have people and treasure all over the world to protect. In addition, we have a vast over-seas Empire whose communications are wholly maritime. And we have a population which will starve if we prove unable to protect the arteries of food. For these reasons, we need a strong Navy, and the lighter class of cruisers most of all. But, President Coolidge explains, the United States could not fall in with our

wishes in this matter because "the British Navy would be so nearly unlimited that the principle of limitation would be virtually abandoned."

Right for America, Wrong for Us.

THE President's plea for America's title to "a larger number of warships" is not criticised in this country. It is right for America, as he explains, to have the kind of navy necessitated by her geographical and economic position. We agree. But it is, it would seem, wrong for us to have the ships we need because, if we do, "the principle of limitation would be virtually abandoned." The impulse of President Wilson in the first years of the War—an impulse, if one may say so without offence, which was not derived from the history of the American Navy—animates his successor.

Wilson came at last to understand the importance of the British Navy both to ourselves and to America. I am sure that the President would not waste his time if he re-studied this not unimportant period of the history of the world.

I observe that my friend, Viscount Cecil, in the speech reported in the Press of November 29, made the following observation:—

The first step to any general disarmament agreement must be an accord between this country and the United States on Naval Armaments... The United States offered absolute parity... It was manifestly to our interest to accept that offer or that demand without exception. He was in favour of absolute, complete, mathematical equality, both in tons and in guns, and he believes that on that basis full agreement could still be reached.

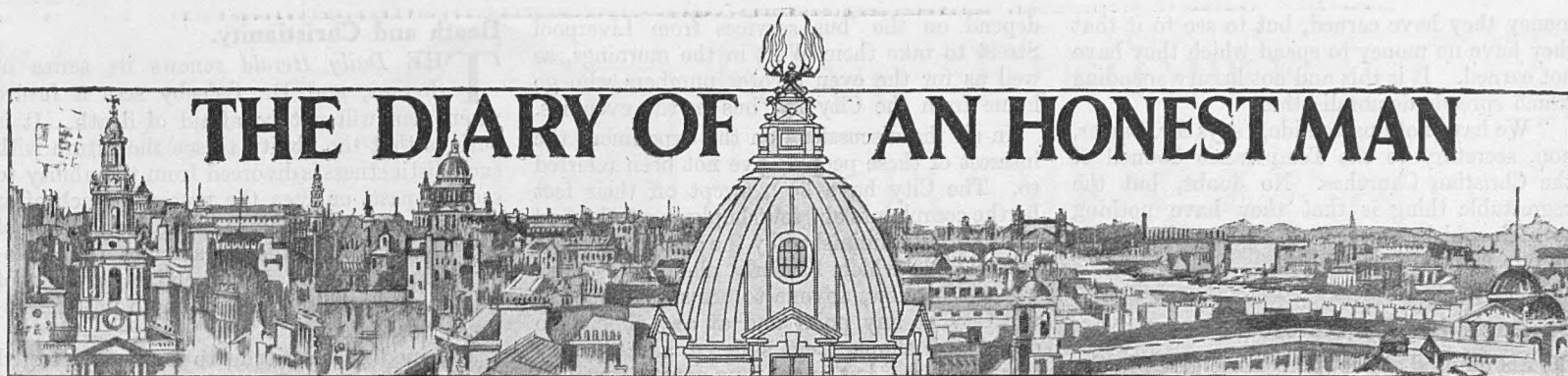
This sounds very plausible, but, unfortunately, it has no correspondence with the realities of the situation. The geographical disposition of the British Empire required the production of a large number of cruisers of the smaller class. The naval policy of the United States was apparently concentrated upon a certain number of the largest cruiser class.

Find a Basis of Agreement.

IT is unhelpful to talk of parity in tons and guns. If such a parity giving, say, cruisers larger than we want, failed, nevertheless, to provide us with such a number of smaller vessels of this class, as we are advised and believe are indispensably necessary to the security of this Empire, and the maintenance of the food supplies of the population of these islands, it is quite useless for our purposes.

No British Government, whatever its political complexion, ever could or ever would disregard the warnings upon such a matter of its expert advisers.

Whether an equation could be agreed upon by the experts upon the basis that America contracts for x of the more powerful type of cruiser which she desires; while we contract for a more numerous x of the smaller type of cruiser which we require, I am not sufficiently an expert to say. But of this I am sure, that it would be a mistake to undertake any new publicly advertised national conference until, by preliminary and friendly discussion, it has been ascertained whether the basis of agreement does in fact exist.



THE DIARY OF AN HONEST MAN

The Lesson from France.

THE number of unemployment in Great Britain last week was 1,364,400. In France it was less than 1,000. Her post-war prosperity has actually compelled France since 1921 to import 1,500,000 foreign workers. Withal, her exports are more than twice as great to-day as they were before the war.

A notable feature of France to-day (which awaits the comments of Mr. Norman Angell, who did not say that war was impossible, but did say quite clearly that conquest could never enrich a country), is the immense tourist traffic. The number of tourists in 1927, was over 1,600,000, and the development of this source of wealth is in the hands of the National Tourist Office, which goes so far as to finance where necessary, the building or modernisation of hotels. For us, however, the lesson from France is the same as the lesson from Germany.

Thanks to improved equipment, the coal mines in the devastated areas to-day produced 33,000,000 tons, as against 27,000,000 in 1913. Steel, chemical, sugar beet and other works have been similarly reconditioned. The machinery in the textile districts in the north has been replaced by larger units. Meanwhile, Lancashire has yet to adopt the new French system of bulk purchases of raw material financed by a "bank" specially formed for the purpose, and the British coal owners have yet to agree on some marketing scheme or on the amalgamations necessary if production is to be confined to pits which can be kept working full time and which can then be economically reconditioned with up-to-date plant.

The Freedom of the Seas.

THE meaning of Mr. Coolidge's menacing speech is now clearer. America is going to raise the question of the freedom of the seas and to press us in the name of moral right and the peace of the world for the renunciation of the right to blockade. This is not a case where a short-sighted self-interest can determine the issue. It is tempting to us to say that we will agree with America to hold the seas free and by so doing ensure ourselves against and submarine attacks on our commerce.

Without the right of blockade, however, no maritime power can counter the activities of military powers threatening "the freedom of the land." Our conclusion must surely be that while we do not need America's help in defending our food supplies we do need to preserve for our descendants the right to defend not themselves but the principles and culture which they will inherit against any challenge from any quarter without the consent of any party. The rôle of a disarmed spectator of the evolution of history is not one which we can honourably elect.

It is open to America at any time to refuse to admit our right to interfere with her commerce. But let her wait until the occasion arises. If our cause is just, it should be America's as well as our own.

More Disarmament Figures.

THE First Lord of the Admiralty, in reply to a question by the member for Torquay, gave the following figures of personnel of the British, French and American navies; those given first being for July 15th, 1914, and those given second for the same date this year. England, 146,947 and 101,354; France, 69,585 and 62,000; America, 67,258 and 113,685. The announcement of the figures was followed by a protest from Mr. Wedgwood Benn against anti-American propaganda.

Mr. Bridgeman's reply that "there is no harm in telling the truth" fell short of the truth. No understanding between England



America advocates the prohibition of loans to European Military States.

POOR UNCLE SAM: "After the election celebrations."

—from the Berlin Kladderadatsch.

and America can be based on anything else but the readiness of both nations to state and accept facts. There is no "catch" in these figures. They mean precisely what they say, which is that while England and France have been disarming, America has been arming. We do not resent it. On the contrary, to those who believe that English and American interests are largely harmonious, the growing strength of the American navy can never be a source of alarm. What is intolerable is the pretence that statesmanship requires us to deny plain facts.

Mechanisation.

THE dispersal of the experimental "mechanised force" is announced by the War Office. This means, I trust, that a serious attempt is now to be made to give mobility to mass, i.e., to the infantry, instead of shirking the problem by creating a "stunt" force which has mobility without mass. The purely mechanised

force lacks the essentials of a military arm, which are fluidity and the capacity to occupy ground, and the capacity for self-defence. Tanks are as vulnerable as Hannibal's elephants, and if less easily frightened they are also less frightening.

Whatever we think or know to-day, it is certain that any future war will produce an effective anti-tank armour piercing low projectory shell, and once this is produced the days when tanks, except in the first movements of surprise, can stalk across battlefields like the kings in one of Shakespeare's historical plays are over. Tanks will always be decisive against detached infantry operating with open flanks and without tanks. But these conditions only apply to manoeuvres. The problem of giving mobility to mass remains unsolved.

Trades Union Amalgamation.

THE Transport and General Workers' Union and the Workers' Union propose, subject to the consent of their members, to amalgamate. The scheme is put forward for the approval of the members of both unions on the ground that it will give them an increase in power. An interesting provision concerns the out of work benefit paid at present (from a special fund) by the Workers' Union. The amalgamation scheme makes the continuance of this "conditional on the maintenance of the fund on a self-supporting basis." It is specifically stated that benefit will in no circumstances be guaranteed or paid from other funds subscribed for other purposes by other people.

I commend this sound and businesslike rule to the attention of His Majesty's Opposition who, where public funds are concerned, see nothing wrong in paying out benefit at a rate which makes the outgoings from the unemployment fund exceed the receipts by £320,000 a week.

Not Going to the Dogs.

THE Home Secretary pronounces the death of dog racing. Whether the electric hare has ceased to excite the dogs or the dogs have ceased to excite the public, he does not explain. It is, however, gratifying to be assured that the sight of people amusing themselves has not ceased to excite the Home Secretary. In a world of shifting values we need one landmark.

Wasted Energy.

A FIGHTING temperance organisation is being created in every constituency in preparation for the General Election. Local option will be the stalking horse behind which the prohibition campaign will be developed. The amount spent by men on drink is, I suppose, nearly half what is spent by women on superfluous clothes. At the end of it women remain undressed and men remain sober. Personally, I consider the first result less admirable than the second, but I see little harm in either.

What is important is not to restrict the right of a man or a woman to spend the

money they have earned, but to see to it that they have no money to spend which they have not earned. It is this and not luxury spending which spreads demoralisation.

"We have nothing to hide," says Mr. Carter, hon. secretary to the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches. No doubt, but the regrettable thing is that they have nothing to seek which touches at all directly the ills of our time.

St. Augustine Rediscovered.

I AM amused at the prominence given in the daily Press to the "discovery" by a number of eminent Anglican theologians that certain episodes described in the Old Testament are not literally true. An enlightened modernist called St. Augustine laid it down more than 1,500 years ago that the authority of the New Testament was different in kind from that of the Old.

It has been left to the daily Press, to the Anglican Church and the twentieth century to rediscover this perfectly obvious fact. The infallibility of the Bible was, of course, an ingenious theory designed to offset the claims of the Roman Church to be the ultimate authority in faith and morals. The theory has been abandoned by all thinking Protestants years ago and was never held by the Roman Church, whose theory of inspiration is not far different from that enunciated by Lord Balfour in a memorable preface to one of his books.

While on the subject I must apologise for a stupid slip of the pen when I referred to Bishop Colenso as the protagonist of the literal truth of the Bible. Bishop Colenso was, of course, the leading figure on the other side.

Divorce and Art.

THE latest figures show that divorces are still on the increase. This is the direct and calculable result of the attacks on conventional moral standards by the *intelligentsia*. Social custom, not theology, determines the stability of institutions. What our bright young people do not realise is the relationship between the institution of marriage and the cultural and political virility of societies. As was recently pointed out in the *Hibbert Journal* by Captain Unwin, the decline of every great civilisation has synchronised with the relaxation of the moral laws if only because a system of fairly rigid sexual morality means the sublimation of the most powerful human instincts.

It remains an interesting instance of the proverbial folly of the wise that the attack on morals is led to-day, as so often in the past, by honest but misguided apostles of intellectual progress. The "progress" goes on, downhill. It will continue unless our unsophisticated age turn in time, from the glib formulation of hypotheses as dear to the modern scientific as to all scholastic systems, to the study of the mere facts of history.

A Problem for the Treasury.

THE new short-dated conversion loan takes the form of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds (repayable in 1934) issued at 99. The terms of this offer reflect seriously on our monetary policy of the last four years. The losses inflicted on industry by the return to the gold standard were severe and are continuing, yet we are still unable to borrow, even at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. British credit is slowly appreciating, but not as quickly as the figure of unemployment.

Are We to be Driven Underground?

THE one-way traffic scheme in the City is to be completely abolished. This is bad news for the thousands of people who

depend on the 'bus services from Liverpool Street to take them West in the mornings, as well as for the even greater numbers who go home from the City by 'bus in the evenings.

In all the discussions on the experiment the interest of these people have not been referred to. The City have been swept off their feet by the complaints of a few shopkeepers who find their takings diminished by the absence of those traffic jams which formerly allowed, as they will again allow, anyone to cross the street in the City at any point and at any time. No doubt the shopkeepers suffered a temporary loss of income, but in the long run they will be the losers. If the congestion of traffic in the City continues to grow, as it will if nothing is to be done to diminish it, City shopkeepers as a whole will suffer because the traffic will be driven underground. *Facilis descensus averni.*

Sir John Murray.

THE death of Sir John Murray removes nearly the last of the old-fashioned publishers—greatly to the loss of literature, which has not been well served by the commercialisation of publishing. Publishing used to be a profession; it is degenerating into a form of exploitation demanding, it appears, the



UNCLE SAM: "Take that fancy dress off first."
—from the *Berlin Kladderadatsch*.

qualities of the impresario and the advertising agent rather than the combination of the qualities of the family solicitor and the connoisseur which were once necessary and remain merely preferable. Of course, in the long run, the old ways were better commercially as well.

The most stable publisher is the one who has the greatest number of living books by dead authors. To choose these you must disregard the standards of the market place and adopt those of the libraries. But such a list can only be acquired over two generations of comparative disinterestedness.

Food for Heroes.

THE currant bun, according to the President of the Master Bakers' Association, is still the most popular British food. This says much for the persistence among Englishmen of the traditional zest for exploration. The difficulties of the search for the currant in the bun would have broken the spirit of a less adventurous nation years ago.

Death and Christianity.

THE *Daily Herald* renews its series of dreams, and Dr. Saleeby sees a future when men will not be afraid of death. It is curious that the ability to see the future with such distinctness is divorced from the ability to see the past; or even the present, which after all are just a little plainer. The morbid fear of death which Dr. Saleeby ascribes to theologians is of course the peculiar product of western materialism grafted on to post-renaissance puritanism.

The mediæval attitude to death is attested in the mortuary sculpture of our churches and cathedrals and in the literature of many countries. The oriental nations, which have a firm and fixed theology, are notoriously contemptuous of death, and as the modern world recovers its faith the modern world too may recover its courage. It has need of it.

The Shadow on the Coalfields.

THE figures published on Saturday, show that the aggregate losses in the South Wales and Monmouthshire coalfields under the agreement made in December, 1926 (at the end of the strike), have been £4,462,818. These figures must be read in conjunction with the appeal by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain for public assistance to relieve the distress in the coalfields. When at the close of the strike of 1926, local agreements were being made in the teeth of the organised and implacable opposition of the Miners' Federation, it was said repeatedly that the owners were enforcing hard and unconscionable terms.

It is now known that this accusation was untrue, and that in almost every district the agreements actually entered into have resulted in disastrous losses.

These facts will not feed starving men and women, and everyone, I earnestly hope, will answer the Federation's appeal to the best of their ability. But it is neither right nor even expedient to preface the appeal by glib references to "evolutionary changes," or to ascribe the misery of to-day to forces "utterly beyond individual control." It is common knowledge that it was the rank and file of miners that prolonged the strike, and by prolonging it impaired our national resources and crippled our export trade. The former was the graver evil.

The Press Campaign Against France.

THE *Daily Express*, truly described by Mr. Squire in the current issue of the *London Mercury* as one of the most "civilised" of our great newspapers, has joined enthusiastically in the attack on French "militarism." The point about the French military budget is quite simple.

The recent increases are necessitated by the reduction of the period of service to one year. This has made it necessary to increase the permanent staff of the French Army so that the conscripts may be relieved from fatigue duties and be able to devote the whole of their period of service to strictly military duties. Nothing in this can affect the basic fact that, by 1933, France will be keeping little more than a third of the number of men under arms that she had in 1914, and that her reservists will be little more than a raw militia, about as fit for offensive war as our territorial force on embodiment.

France to-day could not withstand without grave anxiety—let alone in 1933—an attack by Germany and Italy, two powers with land frontiers contiguous to her own, and neither of them particularly friendly. Does any student of war dispute this? Certainly no one who knows France doubts for a minute the passionate sincerity of her desire for peace or the genuineness of her anxiety about her security from invasion.

By
**Dr. Eduard
BENES**

(Czechoslovakian Minister of
Foreign Affairs)



Dr. Eduard Benes.

EUROPE, as we see it ten years after the World War, has not yet reached the ideal of complete consolidation, and it still falls far short of representing a perfect international community whose members endeavour in peaceful competition to assert their economic and cultural capacity and strength, and to co-operate in the spirit of peace and humanity, for the sake of the common ideal of universal progress and development.

Manifold Problems.

CONSIDER, nevertheless, that if we examine the present-day conditions of Europe and compare them with pre-war conditions, in order to determine the question as to the extent of the improvement, or the reverse, in the international relations of the European States and nations, we can with clear consciences give expression to optimistic conclusions. At the same time, of course, we cannot, in judging the present-day European situation, pay attention only to concrete political questions which involve the relations of the European States; we must pay attention also to the changes which have been brought about in the methods and forms of inter-State relations, for it is above all in these that is manifested the undeniable progress of Europe and of post-War international life.

I do not overlook the open and incompletely solved questions of European politics, and I am far from desiring to under-estimate the difficulties which so far have appeared in various regions of Europe. Certainly, European statesmen have still plenty of anxieties in regard to the reparations problem, and Germany and France will still be occupied for a time with the question of the *régime* on the Rhine. Central European development will clearly be affected again and again by the political problems of Austria as shown in the *Anschluss* watchwords, and by the problem of Hungary as manifested in the Magyar expansionist tendencies hidden behind the argument as to the supposed injustice of the Peace Treaty of Trianon.

Also the Balkans and Eastern Europe remind Europe (and will clearly do so still more frequently in the future) of certain difficulties in their development and consolidation. We have to consider also the problems and difficulties experienced more or less by all the European States in the matter of economic consolidation.

Improved Relations.

BUT the majority, if not all, of these problems and difficulties of European politics are obviously of a transitional and external character and are in no way organic. They are either directly connected with the liquidation of the war or they arise from its results and represent a reaction to its consequences, whether territorial, political or economic. The ten years that have passed since the end of the World War constitute too short

Have EUROPE'S STATESMEN LEARNED THEIR LESSON ?

a period for the achieving of a complete adaptation to all its results. We are still living in the midst of the post-War process of consolidation, and this is the explanation of most of the difficulties which must be gradually overcome and liquidated.

My reason for thinking that, in spite of these temporary difficulties, it is possible to speak of a substantial improvement of international relations in Europe is based above all on the fact that the new territorial and political conditions, created in a large part of Europe by events which followed the war and through which the war came to an end, signify the establishment of more solid and lasting foundations for European international life and development than was the case prior to the war.

Despite all that may be asserted to the contrary, the new Central Europe, represented by a group of independent and democratically-governed small nations, is a more equitable and reliable solution of the Central European problem than that represented by the Hapsburg Monarchy with all its evident and latent problems and conflicts. Also, the new situation in the Balkans and in the east of Europe, with its emancipation of the majority of the formerly oppressed peoples, signifies in the main an immense step forward as compared with pre-War conditions.

New Political Methods.

IT is true that here and there we find influences which would continue the new organisation of Europe and others again which seek in different ways to bring about a complete or partial return to the pre-War system, but this does not alter the fact that the new Europe, as a whole, stands upon firmer foundations and that the progress of its consolidation in the spirit of international co-operation and peace is indisputable. The Franco-German agreement in the West characterised by Locarno and by the co-operation of Germany in the League of Nations, the Central European co-operation represented by the Little Entente and by its good relations with Poland and Austria and by its good-will for peace and friendship with all its neighbours, the steady improvement of the relations between the Balkan peoples, and also the co-operation which is making its way eastwards, prove this fact sufficiently.

In my opinion, the indications of the favourable and peaceful development of international relations in Europe are shown particularly by the new methods of international and inter-State politics introduced under the influence of the League of Nations; they not only facilitate a greater stability of conditions, but they also lessen the danger of disputes and

conflicts. Testimony of this development and progress is given by the very fact of the existence of the League of Nations, which combines nearly all the European States and nations, periodically brings together their statesmen and politicians for the purpose of discussing the greater problems of international life, and slowly but surely prepares the way for new forms of inter-State relations.

By peaceful methods the League of Nations has already settled a number of questions relating to international and inter-State relations, questions arising from the Peace Treaties, such as the minority problems, and also questions arising directly from the relations between States.

The efforts directed towards the peaceful settlement of all disputes, the obtaining of the maximum guarantee of peace in Europe and in the world, and the building up of a new international order, may, indeed, be criticised and the results so far achieved may be underestimated, but the fact cannot be overlooked that the ideas guiding these efforts and the methods adopted are gaining ground and are being transferred directly into the sphere of the relations between the European States.

Wider Responsibility.

THE ramified and ever-widening network of arbitration, conciliation, friendship and guarantee treaties which link together the European States has certainly its gaps and defects, but there is no doubt that the system of these treaties, which is the expression of the new political methods, does not possess merely a theoretical significance, for it means juridical, political, and moral obligations, and it is imbued with the new political feeling and thought of nations and States.

In my opinion, the improvement of European international relations is seen from the fact that owing to the development of democracy, brought about in a considerable part of Europe by the events of 1918 and the following years, the guidance and custody of these international relations fell into the hands of the masses, which to-day play a definite part in the foreign policy of a number of European States, impose a wider measure of responsibility on statesmen and politicians, and themselves represent, by their mentality and interests, the guarantees of peaceful international relations. International public opinion, which acquires much greater importance in democracies, fulfils here an analogous function.

Therefore, even if a solution has not yet been found for all the problems of the new Europe, even if all the dangers and obstacles to the peaceful relations of the European nations and States have not been removed, I think that it is possible to speak of an improvement of international relations in Europe and to believe in the maintenance and consolidation of peace.

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

CURIOS things one hears about Canada in these days. I mentioned last week Mr. Egan's effusive welcome extended in Berlin to German "artisans, engineers, doctors and veterinary surgeons," who might be willing to flock into Canada. Mr. Egan is the Canadian Deputy-Minister for Immigration, and he speaks, or should speak, with some sense of responsibility. And now I am compelled to wonder whether there was any connection between his official visit to Berlin and the report that the German Government is negotiating with the Government at Ottawa for the sale to Germany of a vast tract of Canadian territory in Canada, or more specifically in Saskatchewan.

Nobody objects to German migration to British Dominions in moderation. The German with his industry and technical ability makes quite a good settler in a new country. But what I am objecting to is not migration but invasion.

Look what might happen. Suppose on some bad future day we became involved in another war, with Germany against us. A big German colony in the heart of Canada might conceivably prevent the Dominion from lining up once more with Britain in that struggle. Germany knows all about this. If she can get a large quota of her own folks actually inside the British citadel, she knows how powerfully the assault from outside the walls will be aided.

I do not say this is an imminent danger. But in the process of state-building, such as is going on now in Canada, this sort of contingency cannot be overlooked. Australia is alive to these dangers, and is taking adequate steps to restrict the foreign influx to a limited quota. Is it too much to expect the Government of the British Dominion of Canada to do likewise?

The Foreign Invasion.

The rate at which the foreigner is clicking the turnstiles into Canada is outrageous. A new arrival of Mennonites or German Ukrainians is about to happen. No doubt a respectable and law-abiding element, but, as I have before remarked, they are shoving the Briton aside. And this is, or is believed to be, a part of the British Empire—"the rightly patrimony of the English people," wrote Lord Durham, "the ample appanage which God and Nature have set aside in the new world for those whose lot has assigned them an insufficient portion in the old."

So little is this really understood to-day that Britons themselves may be found helping in the alienation of Canada by foreign influx. Nay, I have before me the prospectus of a Corporation, which, though its Directors are well-known Britons, is pumping the foreigners into Canada as hard as it can ply the pump-handles.

I have a great respect for the opinion of Lord Melchett. You will find few British subjects with a sounder perception of what has made England great, and will keep her so, than this great business man. He has just been to Canada, and what says he on return?

"We must keep Canada British—that is vital." (Will the Directors of the aforesaid Corporation kindly attend.) "More British settlers, and still more, are required, for I have an absolute dread of seeing Canada become like the United States."

A Wise Counsellor.

Here, too, is what I have been saying in BRITANNIA in less inspired language for weeks

CANADA for SALE?

By J. Saxon Mills

past. "Canada's potentialities have scarcely been scratched, and America, just over the open borders, is pouring her money and her brains into the task of exploitation with a zeal which is in marked disparity to that of Britishers."

And here is something I have also laboured less successfully to express: "Sixty years of confederation have made Canada great. What another sixty years will achieve simply beggars description, but if Britain is to reap the rich harvest she must stake her claims now." Mennonites and Doukhobors, Ruthenians and Germans, Poles, Czecho-Slovaks—these, I fear, are going to be the claim-stakers and future harvesters of Canada.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain spoke nine columns of *The Times* this last week in support of his Local Government Bill, much of which has to



Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada.

do with the machinery for dealing with poverty and destitution. I would ask him as the son of his father whether it is not a national shame and a reproach to our statesmanship that with an Empire covering a quarter of the world's dry land, mostly in temperate zones, we should have any poverty or any need of poor-law machinery at all. I wonder if that has ever occurred to Mr. Neville Chamberlain? It occurred to Mr. Joseph once or twice.

What Did They Say.

Mr. Amery's reply to Lord Sandon in the little matter of the trade treaty between Germany and the South African Union might do as the nucleus of an answer, but it needs to be carried much further. One can well believe that the Union Government, having decided to pass on to Germany all future advantages accorded by the Union to British goods, duly notified the home and other Dominion

Governments of its benevolent intention. That it was bound to do under the declaration of the egregious 1926 Conference.

But one longs to know further what the said Governments, so notified, had to say on the subject. They were rather bound to say something under the same declaration. What then, did they say? Did Mr. Amery tell General Hertzog that he ought to be ashamed of himself? Did Canada warn him that he was out of step with the rest of the Empire, or New Zealand that he was showing scant gratitude for the independent status conferred upon the Union, beyond his own wildest expectations, at the said palaver of 1926?

And, further, one yearns to know whether, if all these remarks were made, they had any effect on the said General Hertzog. Often has it been said by the critics of the Disruption Conference that the Empire had no guarantee that voluntary co-operation would happen in any given case or be effective if it did. It would be really informative to know what Britain and the Dominions said to General Hertzog and what he did or didn't do in response.

Paradoxes.

On the top of the news from the Irish Free State which I annotated last week comes Mr. Mackenzie King's speech to the Toronto Board of Trade in which the Liberal Prime Minister of Canada explained that this establishment of separate Dominion Legations in foreign capitals is quite consistent with the unity of the Empire. Like the character in the *Tempest*, he "doth but mistake the truth quite." These appointments are just the carrying forward and consummation of that process of Empire disruption which has been going on for ten years and has been actually promoted by men who called themselves Imperialists.

Mr. King was in an almost morbidly paradoxical mood, for he assured the Board, which must have been pretty wooden if it believed him, that the new changes in Dominion status "served to remove the Crown from all danger of embarrassments which might arise from possible differences between different Governments and His Majesty."

The truth is exactly otherwise. The King, who is now made the common head of a series of sovereign independent states, is henceforth liable to receive from his different sets of Ministers entirely conflicting and irreconcilable sets of advice, without any possible exit from the impasse.

Mr. King gaily announced that Canada is about to establish independent Ministers in Paris and Tokyo, and vice versa. This is Mr. King's idea of "drawing closer the links of Empire." The naked truth is that we are watching the steady fulfilment of the old Cobdenite prophecies that the ultimate destiny of the British Dominions was independence and total separation from the home country. Some of us, at any rate, have not laboured to that happy end.



THE BIG NAVY PROBLEM

A Special Cable from

WILLIS J. ABBOT

TWO incidents which have occurred within the past two or three days have tended to enhance the friendly feeling toward Great Britain in the United States. The first is the report that the British Premier, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, has returned a friendly response to the very unconventional appeal of Mr. Britten, Chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on Naval Affairs, for a joint commission of the House of Commons and the House of Representatives to discuss naval limitations. While newspapers and public men in this country generally appreciate the fact that Mr. Britten, through an excess of zeal, ignored diplomatic proprieties in addressing himself directly to the Prime Minister, there is a very general willingness to overlook this fact in the approval of the end sought.

To-day's papers unhappily report President Coolidge as not sharing in the sympathetic attitude toward Mr. Britten's plan, but as having manifested a certain irritation, both with the method of approach and the plan itself. The President is said to feel that Mr. Britten, in appealing for a distinctly civil commission, has implied that the Executive has shown itself impotent to bring about a successful conference. The reports from those correspondents who are with the President on his holiday in Virginia are to the effect that he will ignore the Britten proposition and stand upon the views which he expressed in his Armistice Day speech, and his demand for fifteen new cruisers.

Peace Sentiment in America.

IF this should be in fact the attitude of the President, it will still further accentuate the sharp division of the American public into supporters of a big Navy and those who are seeking every possible means to reduce alike Naval expenditures and the measure of international rivalry which is expressed in naval construction. There is a very vigorous and widespread opposition to the President's programme. It is being expressed in meetings held in different parts of the country and in an enormous volume of letters being sent to Senators, beseeching them to vote against the Naval Bill. How effective this agitation may be it is early to judge. To some extent its outcome is going to be complicated by the fact that the same people who wish to defeat the Navy Bill are eager to secure a Ratification of the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war. Some who would be active in their opposition to the former measure are quiescent concerning it, concentrating their efforts on the endeavour to secure the ratification of the Pact, and are apprehensive lest an agitation against the Navy Bill may arouse new opposition.

But on both these measures, and also upon the proposition to revive the question of the participation of the United States in a world court of international justice, peace sentiment is thoroughly aroused. Senators have told me that never before have they had such a volume of letters urging them to act on any measure as is coming with relation to these propositions, and the State Department reports itself literally swamped with communications bearing upon the necessity for entering into a world court.

While Mr. Baldwin's reported communica-

abandoned. There are those who think that President Coolidge is less anxious to have the ships actually built than to have them authorised, in order that he may use them for trading purposes in the event of a conference.

Canada and Bootlegging.

THE second incident which tends to create a good feeling is expressed by the willingness of Canada to join in some form of international agreement putting an end to the scandal of liquor-smuggling across Detroit River. The situation is picturesque and difficult. Detroit River is about as wide as the Thames is at Tilbury, and has on one side a city of more than a million inhabitants, very largely made up of comparatively recent immigrants from Continental Europe, to whom prohibition is both a hardship and an offence. On the other side of the river is the province of Ontario, in which the manufacture of liquor is lawful, but sale to the local consumer is limited to Government agencies.

Some of the greatest distilleries in the world are on the bank of this river on the Canadian side.

It is but natural that smuggling should be continuous, and that the United States prohibition forces should alone be unable to stop it. Even if the prohibition officials were incorruptible, running cargoes of whisky in fast boats at night across a stream a mile wide would be almost incapable of stoppage, but it is notorious that the profits of this enterprise are so great that large sums are spent in corrupting officers of the law.

This situation could be greatly helped if Canada would co-operate in the detection and breaking up of rum-runners. Such a treaty exists with Cuba. The American Minister at Ottawa, Mr. Phillips, is holding conversations with the Canadian Ministry to accomplish



From the "Brooklyn Eagle."

tion has not yet been made public by Sir Esmé Howard, to whom it was addressed, newspapers carry appreciative headlines, and the incident will do much to enhance the general feeling that people of the U.S.A. and Great Britain are much more nearly in accord than their Governments quite dare to be. It might be further noted that, under the system followed in the United States, the mere passage of a Bill providing for fifteen new cruisers does not assure the building of these cruisers. The Bill prescribes a three years' building programme, during which time the ships are to be laid down and a certain proportion of them completed. But a special appropriation will have to be made each year for their actual construction.

Accordingly, if any effective steps are taken by an international conference, for the limitation of armaments, it will be entirely practicable for this construction to be interrupted or even

the same purpose.

The situation has importance to Canada because of the growing practice of bootleggers to take cargoes out of Canadian docks on the river clearing for a United States port which is to-day lawful. Instead of taking the liquor to Detroit, they turn and bring it back into some sequestered Canadian port, whence it passes into the hands of violators of the local liquor law. Rigid restriction is placed on the sale of liquors in Ontario and encourages bootleggers almost as much as Prohibition does in the U.S.A. There is vigorous complaint against the way in which the existing law, which connives at smuggling into the United States, thus encourages smuggling back into Ontario.

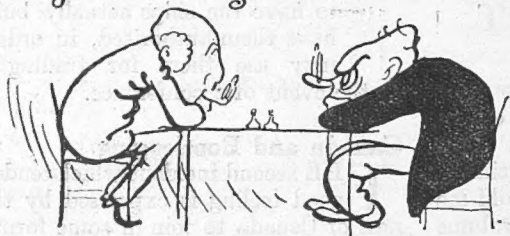
The historic arrangement, by which the boundary between these nations is left unfortified, has been the greatest of all arguments for a friendly Anglo-American understanding.

IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

Senor Capablanca (A chess champion):
"The game, as a game, is dead."



Mr. Ivor Novello:-
"There should be a Minister of Romance to bring excitement into dull lives."



Miss Diana Campbell:- "Women are more suited to handle small dogs than are men."



Lord Strathsey.

"We are all parrots."

Newspaper Heading:-

"Prince Antoine Bibesco's
Ears Boxed."



A studio portrait of
Prince Bibesco's ear.



Mr. George Bernard Shaw.
"The next great civilisation
may quite conceivably be
negro or Chinese."



A husband at Wood Green.

"I says to myself: 'duty's
duty, so I took the missus
out for a walk.'"



Miss Pola Negri

In the desert I will find the real
people, unaffected by any
artificiality"



The Chairman, Ballymoney Bench.
"Model husbands are not very
easy to secure"



Limpsfield
Parish
Magazine:

"It is hoped
that the supply of babies
will hold out in order that a
public baptism may be held
more frequently."



D'Eamney.

By Ethel Mannin

OUR OWN ANTI-BRITISH CAMPAIGN

WHEN, as periodically happens, there is a mild outbreak of anti-British feeling in some remote American State, there is a great deal of British indignation and resentment, and we become the most violently and aggressively patriotic people on the earth, and few Britishers can keep their tempers when, with typical tactlessness, some American visitor holds forth on how much better everything is done "back home." We cannot stand criticism, and yet probably no other nation does so much to belittle itself.

Negative Patriotism.

ALL over Europe we flaunt the same critical, superior attitude that the majority of American tourists bring with them to England, and yet in spite of our offensively insensitive insistence that we are the salt of the earth, none of our sensibilities are outraged by hearing a fellow-countryman speaking disparagingly of some place abroad as "impossible" because it is "full of English people." Indeed, it is the fashion to speak in this contemptuous manner of any place abroad popular with Britishers.

English and Americans in Paris equally complain that Paris is not what it was because it is full of—English and Americans. It is presumably all the others of their fellow-countrymen whose presence is regrettable—never their own. But exactly in what respect the patronage of their fellow-countrymen spoils places abroad it never seems to occur to these belittlers of their race to explain.

But the patriotism of the majority of Britishers is a curiously negative affair, and wholly inconsistent. Apparently it only reacts to the stimuli of outside criticism and to the impact of alien ideas concerning sanitation and transport. It would be more consistent with the Britisher's ideas of himself as the salt of the earth if he waxed triumphant instead of irritated, every time he came across his kind in the course of his travels. For isn't our persistent invasion of the remotest parts of the earth in line with our national gift for Empire-building? It should be an object for pride rather than the fashionable contemptuous boredom that from Paris to Peking the ubiquitous Britisher is inescapable. It is proof of the persistence of that national virility which established the most powerful empire in the world.

Selling Value.

THIS distaste—or pretence of it—for meeting our countrymen abroad is the negation of patriotism; if we despise ourselves how are we to expect other nations to respect us? This anti-British attitude lays us open to international ridicule. If we honestly believe ourselves to be the salt of the earth—and it is the essence of patriotism that we should believe it—consistency demands that we should rejoice in seeing that salt scattered to the utmost corners of the earth. Our national ubiquitousness is a characteristic concerning which we might justifiably preen

ourselves. It does us credit. Why not be honest about it? It would do us international credit if only we would allow it to. But this national habit of disparaging our own race constitutes anti-British propaganda a great deal more insidious and pernicious than any campaign launched in any remote American State.

Our "Buy British Goods" campaigns, periodically launched, and the "British Goods are Best" slogan which we occasionally air, are steps in the right direction, but they do not reach far enough, for dress-houses and hair-dressers continue to open up in all our cities under foreign names—in the conviction that it has a greater selling value. As, indeed, owing to the inadequacy of our propaganda, and the inconsistency of the assertion of our belief in ourselves, it unfortunately has in these particular aspects of trade.

The same attitude prevails in the matter of British musicians, singers, dancers—a foreign name increases their selling value by making them more interesting in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, who are apparently incapable of being interested in the art of British John Smith or Mary Brown. It is at once pathetic and ludicrous. One cannot blame the artistes who thus do their best to obliterate their nationality—they needs must sell themselves as effectively as they can; it is our own absurd anti-British complex which is at fault.

Two Complexes.

IN the same self-deprecatory spirit we are prone to accept as masterly from a Russian or Scandinavian writer or dramatist what from an English man or woman we should promptly dismiss as trash, or totally ignore. It is a paradox inherent in our national character that we are driven both by an inferiority and a superiority complex, with the result that our arrogance is as misplaced as our humility! We make some of the finest goods in the world, yet must spend thousands of pounds annually in trying to persuade our own people to "Buy British."

In the very simplicity of our food lies its attractiveness, yet we wander in hordes all over Europe announcing that we know nothing about the art of cooking, and lauding to the skies French dishes which if served in an English restaurant under an English name we should refuse to touch. It were better to sustain the superiority complex throughout, in spite of its offensive aspects, than to let ourselves down nationally as we are so constantly doing through our misplaced inferiority one.

Our need is for an inquiry into the veracity of some of the unchallenged traditions—such as that regarding French cooking and dress-designing, Russian plays and Austrian music—and a readjustment of our sense of values. At present our arrogance, based on that assumption—which paradoxically we do not take the trouble to support—that we are the salt of the earth, completely collapses before the evidences of that counter—and infinitely more harmful—inferiority complex.



It is time we stood up and said firmly that "No, we don't make coffee like the French; we don't want to; it is abominable stuff, the worst in the world with the exception of the Italian version"; and that so long as we can grill steaks and cutlets in our inimitable English manner we have no intention of learning how to make the perfect omelette or of frying our meats in the American manner. It is time we asserted our lawful pride in a British name and made it unnecessary for excellent British-born Mary Smith to call herself Madame This, That or the Other, in order for us to give ear or eye to her art, and learn to judge it impartially, without the glamour of a foreign name. There ought not to be a glamour in a foreign name. If our attitude were right, and our patriotism a sane healthy thing, there wouldn't be.

The Best Thing Going.

THERE is no need for that unintelligent, over-bearing arrogance or condescension indulged in by so many Britishers abroad. But there is every need for a quietly insistent appreciation of our worth; we are fundamentally "decent"; we are a kindly people, and civil, generous and honourable, with energies none the less forceful and enduring because they are not flamboyant. With the exception of the Dutch and Scandinavian peoples—with whom we have more in common than is generally recognised—we are, I firmly believe, "the best thing going" to-day. We have a magnificent prestige which we are fools not to take better care of. We foster a definitely anti-British campaign without realising it; we cannot tolerate outside criticism even when it is just, yet we are ridiculously unjust to ourselves, both in the matter of our qualities and our traditions.

If, instead of connoting to us an uncomfortable and embarrassing spiritual draping in the Union Jack, patriotism could be incorporated in our national life as a vital, living thing—as living and vital as a religion—it would become in our national life the positive power for good that a profound religious belief is in individual life.

In a post-war world in which there is much decadence and disintegration we remain virile and united—and progressive. In being less than proud of being British we do ourselves an injustice, and in material matters a graver wrong than we realise. Being British to-day means something; let us acknowledge it; to ourselves, and before the world.

TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN (Continued)

*Your ambitions
suffer—if
your nerves
are ragged*



You have ideas about your future. You know that "to make to-morrow's dreams come true," you must plan and work to-day. Yet possibly you sometimes feel that you are losing your grip—that nothing is worth while. It is a feeling that comes to most imaginative people at some time or other, and means that they have been

drawing too heavily upon their nervous energy. The best plan then, is to give the nerves a special tonic. The most reliable, for nervous troubles and run-down conditions, is Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites "FELLOWS." It improves the digestion, restores the appetite, and benefits the whole system.

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

“**FELLOWS**”
TRADE MARK



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Whether it be for a Marriage portion,
A Business of your own, or
Protection for those dependent upon you.

Example suited to a person aged 25 next Birthday.
30-year Term Endowment Assurance for £1,000 (with profits).

THE FIGURES:		£	s.	d.
Annual Premium ..		31	16	8
Less Income Tax at 2s. in the £ ..		3	3	8
Actual Annual Cost ..		28	13	0
Actual Cash Drawn if assured be living at end of 30 years ..		1,660	0	0
Total Actual Cost in 30 years ..		859	10	0
PROFIT ..		800	10	0

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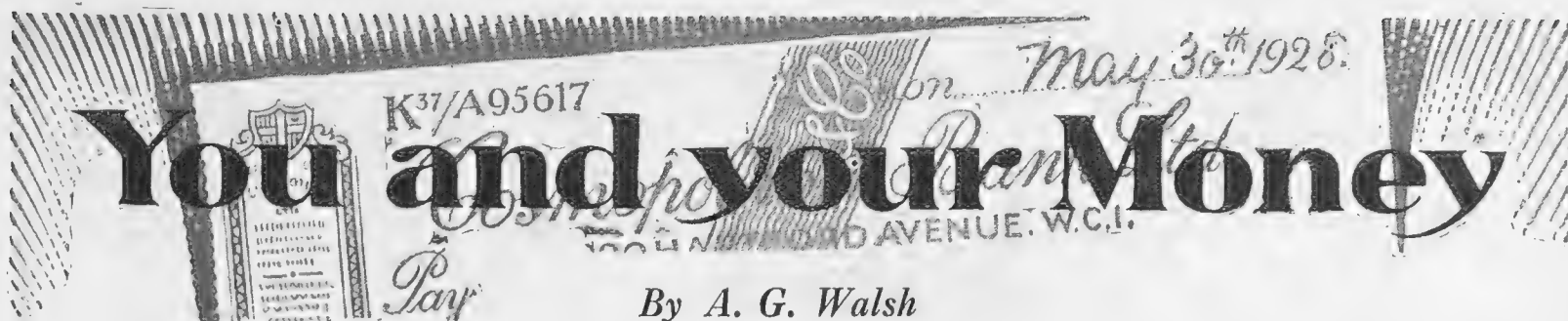


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going on at home. . . .*



By A. G. Walsh

SINCE the year 1914 I calculate that about £3,855 million of national debt in the form of various loans has been converted into other Government issues.

These were the conversion offers, which doubtless you have heard about from time to time. The primary object of a conversion scheme is to obviate the necessity of paying off in cash a maturing loan by affording holders the opportunity of exchanging into another security on attractive terms.

There is nothing compulsory about it. Every holder of a Government security can demand payment in cash on the redemption date; but there must always be a large number of investors who prefer to convert into something else, as they are thus saved all the bother of looking out for a new investment.

Another aspect of the matter. A conversion operation necessarily avoids disturbance to the money market, inasmuch as there is no large displacement of money, as would be involved in the repayment of a large loan entirely in cash.

Conversion Popular.

JUST consider the present situation. On February 1st next two classes of war bonds and an issue of Treasury bonds fall due for repayment. The total sum involved is just over £172 million.

The Government has no fund out of which the cash required can be provided, and so the only course is to appeal to the public. The most likely investors are those who hold the maturing loans. Accordingly, they were offered the option this week of accepting cash or exchanging, on special terms, into an entirely new security.

Experience has shown that most of the holders of stocks due for repayment elect to convert into a new security. They are sensible enough to recognise that by so doing they are investing on sound lines.

Our Great Debt Problem.

EXCHANGING from one security to another by conversion is not a modern development. After the Napoleonic Wars a conversion scheme was brought forward to consolidate the various Government loans carrying different rates of interest.

Thereafter, from time to time, various conversion measures were introduced. The greatest of all, of course, was Mr. Goschen's scheme whereby the 3 per cents. were converted to 2½ per cents., and subsequently to 2½ per cents., now known as Consols.

The financing of the great war necessitated reversion to the practice of conversion, more with the idea of putting off until a later date the payment of the principal in cash.

No Serious Step, Yet.

THE result is that we have to-day a considerable amount of short-term loans, or unfunded debt. How to deal with this is one of the great problems that confronts some Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I do not regard the latest Government loan, with its offer to holders of the National War Bonds, as a serious step towards funding the various loans raised in connection with the war.

In the first instance, the right of conversion is into 4½ per cent. Treasury bonds, which are definitely repayable in 1934. Here we have another short-dated loan. When it matures another conversion measure may be necessary.

It is true that those who transfer to the new Treasury bonds receive an option to convert again into 4 per cent. Consolidated loan, which will give them a permanent investment.

But I find that those sort of arrangements (conversion within conversion) are too complicated for the average investor, and, therefore, are not taken advantage of as they might be.

At the end of March last the national debt amounted to £7,714 millions. Of that, the unfunded debt accounted for £6,248 millions. About one-third of the unfunded debt is represented by 5 per cent. war loan, which will represent, when the time comes, the most important conversion operation ever attempted.

Next Door to Gilt-edged.

I HAVE been requested to select a few sound investments, practically as good as some trustee stocks, but offering a better return.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Here is a short list: City of Sydney 5½ per cent. debentures at 98, to yield £5 7s. 6d. per cent.; Royal Mail Steam Packet 5 per cent. debentures at 94 to yield £5 6s. per cent.; Bankers' Investment Trust 4½ per cent. preferred stock at 83½ to yield £5 8s. per cent.; British Investment 5 per cent. preferred stock at 95 to yield 5½ per cent.; and Eastern Telegraph 3½ per cent. preferred stock at 67 to yield 5½ per cent.

These stocks, like many other high-grade securities, are not always readily obtainable, and, perhaps not exactly at the prices quoted above. These quotations were based upon the last recorded transactions. The buying price is, of course, the price of the moment.

Home Rails Again.

WRITING from the South of France, a reader of BRITANNIA attempts to pull me up over a recent observation of mine concerning home railway stocks. He asks if I am doing good service by advising purchases of such stocks.

The basis of my correspondent's argument against my view is that in 1924 the lowest quotation of Southern deferred stock was 37½ and for that year the dividend was 3½ per cent.

This year's dividend, he suggests, will probably be 25s. to 30s. per cent. and then he emphasises that the current price is around 30. The decline in the quotation, as compared with 1924, is correspondingly less than the shrinkage in the probable dividend for the year.

So I suppose he contends that the stock is overvalued, although he does not definitely say so. Still, I read that into his letter.

At this point I ought to observe that Southern deferred did fall to 37½ in 1924; but my critic forgets to remind me that the price recovered to 44½ before the close of the year in anticipation of the dividend. Also, that when the dividend was declared the following February the price was around 43.

In common fairness, as my critic is drawing a comparison between dividend, price, and yield, he should take the quotation as it was at this season when the price of the stock is governed mainly by dividend considerations.

Wrong Method of Valuing.

MY correspondent has fallen into the not uncommon mistake of attempting to value a highly speculative stock in terms purely of an investment; that is, on the immediate dividend likely to be paid.

Who on earth would buy, under present conditions, a home railway junior stock for income purposes? Plenty of good fixed-dividend stocks and shares are available, giving a more assured return than Southern deferred.

I have explained on previous occasions that the position of the railways must be considered in the light of what is to come. The benefits of the widespread economies now being practised will be felt to a greater extent during 1929, as should the efforts to stimulate traffics in many directions.

Home railway junior stocks should not be valued upon the current rate of earnings, but upon the future possibilities. Let me repeat what I wrote here on October 26: "Don't regard the junior stocks as anything better than a speculation."

And I advise purchases only as such. The passage of another twelve months will prove whether my recommendation is sound.

Breda and British Visada.

RECENTLY I was able to inform you that the great German chemical-dye trust had entered into a working arrangement with the British Breda Artificial Silk Company. Now a rumour of a definite character reaches me that the British Breda is anxious to take over the British Visada undertaking.

This information I pass on with all reserve. I can get neither confirmation nor denial. Indeed, it is difficult to obtain any information at all about the British Visada. A shareholder tells me that when he wrote to the secretary a few weeks ago he received the reply that it would not be in the interests of the shareholders to give any information.

As the last meeting yielded little information this shareholder wonders naturally what privileges he possesses as a member of the company.

Promising Finance Company.

AT the beginning of this week an issue of share capital was made by the Industrial Finance and Investment Corporation, which until the other day was a private limited

You and Your Money—*contd.*

company. The impression conveyed to me by the published particulars is that the concern is on the threshold of a promising career.

I arrive at this conclusion because of the fine results attained by the company, when a private undertaking, and because of the influential people behind it. Lord Melchett, Chairman of the Imperial Chemical Industries is on the Board, while other directors include two well-known bankers. The chairman is associated with a successful finance house.

For each of the past two years the corporation as a private company earned on its ordinary capital 12·2 per cent. for 1926-27 and 13·8 per cent. for 1927-28, and paid dividends of 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. respectively. At the issue price of 25s. the shares look a promising investment, but I doubt whether you will be able to obtain them at that price by the time this paragraph gets into print.

Perus.

IN several quarters I have been told that "Perus" (the stocks of the Peruvian Corporation) are to be one of next year's speculative favourites. Before expressing my view, I prefer to await the chairman's statement at the meeting next Thursday.

Probably few of you appreciate the significance of the recent arrangement with the Government of Peru. Under this, the company enters into perpetual ownership of the various railways operated by it, but relinquishes the guano revenue and the Government subsidy.

Last year from these sources the revenue was almost £150,000. Certain concessions have been made regarding redemption of the debentures, and so forth, whereby the company will be able to offset the greater part of the relinquished revenues.

But I calculate that to make good the total reductions the railway net revenue (the principal source of income) will have to increase by £25,000 at least. Considering the net receipts last year were £633,250, no great effort should be needed to achieve the necessary expansion.

I prefer to await the chairman's statement before discussing the chances of the stocks as a speculation. Much depends upon the traffic outlook and the ability of the company to keep down working expenses.

Photomaton Assets.

FROM the lengthy progress report published by the directors of the Photomaton Parent Company, there is a likelihood of return of capital to the shareholders. The company's history reveals a remarkable series of transactions. The outcome of these has been the selling off to foreign subsidiary companies the patent rights in its automatic photographic process.

The whole matter appears to boil down to this: Part of the assets has been sold and a corresponding return of capital may accordingly follow. At any rate, the directors say they have under consideration the question of some form of distribution of assets.

What will interest shareholders perhaps more than anything else is the official estimate of the present-day value of the assets of the company. These assets are mainly the parent company's interests in various subsidiary companies and the actual basis of computation is not disclosed.

But to get back to the valuation, the directors estimate that the 5s. shares are backed by assets having a present value of 15s. 1½d. per share. In arriving at this value the company's holding in Far Eastern Photomaton of 2,000,000 shares is apparently taken at 4s. per share. But you should note that a fortnight ago these Far Eastern shares were nominally quoted 1s. 3d. The rise, however, only adds about 1s. to the price of Photomaton (Parent) shares.

Rover Scheme Explained.

All along I have maintained that the directors of the Rover Company (the motor-car firm) made a serious mistake in raising the capital in 1921 to over the million mark. No expansion of profits commensurate with that increase took place afterwards.

Under the scheme now submitted, the £1 shares are to be written down to 8s. This will reduce by £630,000 the issued share capital and allow, by a stroke of the pen, the deficiency of £631,051 in the accounts to be wiped out almost. (A deficit balance of £1,051 will be left.)

All this makes unpleasant reading for those of you who are shareholders. But let me point out that no real financial sacrifice is involved. The shares have been changing hands lately at 8s., so that the cutting down of their nominal value from £1 is more apparent than real.

Anyhow, the nominal value of the share does not always count, and whether you give a nominal value of £1 or 5s. to a share the cash return will always be the same.

For example, a company has 500,000 ordinary shares and the divisible profits are £5,000. This sum distributed will give a dividend of one shilling per share. I have purposely refrained from attaching any face or par value to the shares just to show that nominal value is of no relative importance to the cash distribution.

TO return to Rover accounts, there appear to be two main causes for the proposed financial reconstruction. These are the depreciation in properties and plant through obsolescence, and the accumulated trading losses of former years. Accordingly, the former items are to be written down by £461,128.

Rover's total deficiency is £830,737, reduced by certain credit balances and transfers from reserve, to a net deficit of £631,051. Now, when a reduction has to be made on the assets side of accounts, it is obvious that in order to balance the position, a corresponding reduction has to be made on the other side.

Hence either the capital or the reserves must be readjusted. In this case a transfer is made from the reserves and the difference is adjusted by reducing the issued capital. My view is that the position will be all the healthier when this is carried through.

Another Free Carreras Bonus.

SHAREHOLDERS of Carreras ought to adopt as their mascot the "Black Cat," one of the company's trade marks, I believe. Another distribution of bonus shares is proposed.

In their preliminary statement, the directors announce that the net profit for the year ending October 31st is £1,154,250, which, added to the substantial surplus from previous year, gives an available balance of £2,357,857.

A final dividend on the ordinary "A" ordinary and "B" ordinary shares of 35 per cent., free of income tax, is recommended. This makes a total dividend of 50 per cent., free of tax, for the year.

This by no means absorbs the available profits. The sum of £260,500 has been placed to reserve for taxes and £13,719 allocated to employees superannuation fund. Even so, a surplus of £1,501,138 still remains.

It is proposed to capitalise £281,250 of this amount and to distribute bonus shares. Accordingly, for every ordinary and "B" ordinary holders will receive two "B" ordinary, while in respect of every four "B" ordinary held one "B" ordinary will be distributed.

This will still leave a substantial balance, namely, £1,219,888, to carry forward to next year's accounts.

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Cunard Winter Cruises



By A. G. Walsh

BETWEEN now and the New Year the tendency of most of the recently active shares will be downward. The speculative boom in Industrials is finished for the time being. I am not in the least hopeful of any revival in the early future.

You may see, in all probability, a good deal of activity in the Anglo-American group of industrial shares while the gambling fever continues in New York. And you yet may witness some excitement in Marconis, for in these shares speculation may reach a high pitch as the time draws near for the announcement of the merger terms. At the moment my advice to holders of Marconis and Eastern Telegraphs is to retain. Higher prices are confidently expected.

New Conversion Loan.

Investment business remains on a small scale; but the atmosphere in this section of the market is placid, undisturbed even by the event of the new $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury Bonds. These are not likely to appeal to you, for they yield just a trifle over $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and their duration does not exceed five years. They are a type of security rather favoured by banking and financial houses, which must keep a proportion of their funds in short-term securities.

The loan is in two portions. One is an offer of conversion to holders of existing national war bonds; the other is the cash offer, the proceeds of which will be devoted to repaying an existing issue of £30 millions of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury bonds due next February.

The Duophone Slump.

Despite my repeated warnings on the undesirability of retaining the one-shilling shares of newcomers, particularly those unknown cheap gramophone record companies, readers still seek my advice as to the wisdom of holding for a recovery, which in some cases would mean an advance of 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. and more in a few instances.

The gramophone record boom is broken. Duophones which changed hands in September at £4 were offered down to 16s. 6d. the other day. There may be a temporary recovery in these shares of a few shillings during the next week or two, for many speculators appear to have over-sold—in other words, sold more shares than they possessed, and, therefore, must turn buyers in order to level up the position. It was this "bear" selling, as it is called, that accelerated the downward movement in the shares.

The real reason, I understand, is that one group responsible for rushing up the price has been unable to support the market any longer. Around Throgmorton Street the air is charged with rumours hinting at troubles in certain quarters arising out of the mad gamble in records.

Just as during a spell of buoyancy shares in the limelight respond to any favourable rumour, so in periods of depression prices are susceptible to anything of an adverse nature. Attacks are being made upon some of the higher-priced speculative counters, which so far have not fallen back much. That is one of the reasons why you must not look for rising markets yet awhile.

Dunlops Depressed.

THE fall in Dunlops is giving rise to a good deal of nervousness amongst investors who bought these shares, not as a quick speculation, but as an investment for capital appreciation and dividends. The selling of the shares is due to forced liquidation, and I hear that some big speculators have had to sell to meet losses made in other directions.

In the market the view is that the Dunlop company should be able to repeat last year's dividend of 25 per cent. The shares are certainly worth retaining for recovery, and, in my opinion, no shareholder should commit the indiscretion of selling them under present conditions. I feel confident that a recovery will take place when the present liquidation ceases.

Wall Paper deferred shares have been changing hands around 45s. 6d. As the chairman gave a glowing account of the company's prospects, it would not be an over-sanguine estimate to suggest that the shares are likely to rise to 50s. in the course of next year. At any rate, they are well worth retaining for the present.

Mond Nickels have come into the limelight again. It is reported that the shares are being bought on Canadian account. Whether this is so or not I have no means of knowing; but if the rise goes further, it might be as well just to take profits.

I have faith in the future of the company, but the present price of the shares makes every allowance for the best of the position a year ahead. Were I a holder, I should let the people on the other side have them.

A.B.C. Rumours.

AERATED Bread Shares are coming on to the market, and the price in consequence has slumped to 25s. This represents a fall of about 10s. within a few weeks. I can only come to the conclusion that the company has not done so well in the past year as people one time thought. Rumours of a probable cut in the dividend are premature. At the time of writing, the directors had not considered the final dividend.

Brewery shares are not holding up well, and it would appear that they, too, are suffering from forced selling. For the moment, I do not advise purchases as most of the shares are a little too high on immediate prospects.

There is still talk of further amalgamations, and in this connection rumours hint at the possibility of Style and Winch joining up with another concern. This Maidstone firm, in recent years, has considerably extended the scope of its activities, and its business is now a very flourishing one. At the moment I do not advise holders to sell these particular shares.

Rail Rates Lowered.

THE published earnings of the home railway companies continue to make a poor showing. No early change should be looked for now that the reductions in freight charges for certain classes of coal and agricultural traffics came into operation last Saturday under the Government's de-rating scheme.

The railways do not, of course, benefit directly from the lowering of rates, this being done merely to stimulate traffics and the hope is that in time increased returns will be shown. It is too early to suggest the effect of the de-rating scheme in terms of figures.

Foreign Rails fail to attract much interest, though I notice that an improved traffic return has induced some inquiry for Cordoba Central ordinary stock.

I am inclined to regard the 5 per cent. second preference stock around $57\frac{1}{2}$ as a more attractive purchase, inasmuch as the full dividend represents a yield of £8 12s. per cent. on the money. October traffics for the current year are a little down in the aggregate. There is still a good margin behind the dividend on the second preference stock.

Rhodesians Move.

INTEREST in mining shares is still limited to a few specialities, chiefly among Rhodesian base-metal descriptions. Roan Antelope 5s. shares, which are now nearly £2, are the great attraction. The company owns an immense copper property, and I hear that developments are disclosing very good values. As production is not likely to start for another eighteen months, the shares, however, look pretty high.

If a boomlet develops in these Rhodesian copper shares, and things are moving that way, there is no saying to what levels prices will rise. British South Africa (Chartered) are in quiet demand, but there is no special significance in this.

Cam and Motor shares are inclined to be sticky on the chairman's anticipations that the interim dividend will be only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., owing to the recent accident in the main shaft; but he expressed his confidence that the profits from December to June next "would, bar accident, show an improvement on anything yet accomplished."

Tin and Tin Shares.

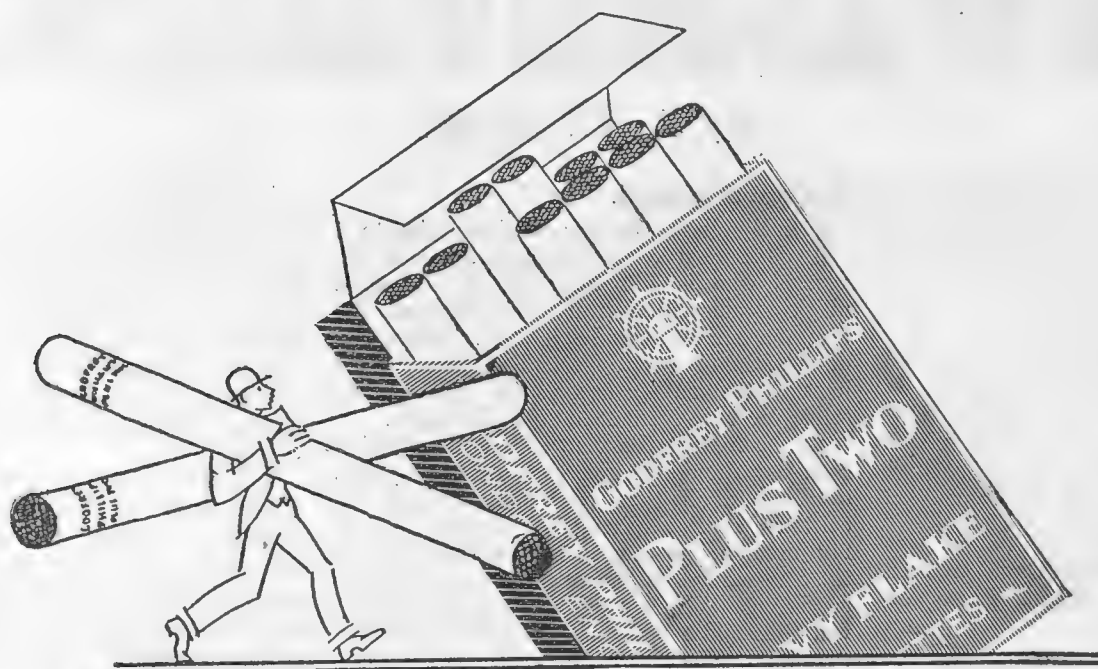
THAT there is an absence of speculative interest in tin shares is evident from the failure of the share market to respond to the rise in the price of the metal to £240 per ton. Probably the reason is due to the knowledge that the advance in tin to some extent is due not to an increased industrial demand, but to the operations of a big group anxious to see a higher range of values.

Professional operators in the share market prefer to wait and watch, their view being that an artificial price is no good whatever to the industry. And they are right.

Oils Uncertain.

OIL shares are still an uncertain market quantity. The public maintain a calm indifference to any reports of a favourable character concerning the oil industry. The tendency is doubtful, and with the advent of the Christmas holidays, slight price recessions may be witnessed here and there.

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THE BATTLE in the SCHOOLS



By
*Sir Max
Pemberton*

THERE is war in the world of schools, and the drums of war are still rolling. Great schoolmasters have entered the lists, and smaller schoolmasters have contributed their letters (in smaller print) to the columns of the dailies. To many in the street, the whole affair is one of profound mystery—but to all those interested in education it is of moment.

Shortly, it comes to this, is a boy of ten or eleven years of age to be educated wholly to the end that he may obtain admittance by means of the Common Entrance Examination to one of the greater public schools—or is his mind to be allowed to develop normally and any process of "cram" to be eliminated from his early training? No such direct issue has been known in the educational world for many years. We cannot wonder if it has moved the schoolmasters to combat and stirred the educational world to its depths.

Ridiculous Exams.

IT is no new thing, be it observed. Many years ago there was founded the "Preparatory Schools Association Council," which was intended to represent the many preparatory schoolmasters in the country, and, upon their behalf, to set examination papers suited to boys of twelve and thirteen years of age, who were seeking admission to public schools. This body, it is alleged by some, soon ceased to represent the preparatory schoolmasters at all. It took for its motto the old Greek slogan, "Having the lamp of truth in our hands, let us pass it on from one to the other"—to which a justly exasperated critic has replied "that those who have the lamp of truth in their hands should not feed it with the oil of self-advertisement."

That this Council really represents the majority of preparatory schoolmasters to-day the same critic utterly denies. The body exists chiefly, in his opinion, to provide a smoke-screen for the public schools, which having, as it were, one row of stalls to let, proceeds to let four, and to use the Common Entrance Examination as the instrument for its inevitable rejections.

I have seen some of the questions set to boys of twelve or thirteen years of age, and I confess that they astound me. "Describe," says one sapient examiner, "a day in the life of a herring"—to which the answer surely could only be that it drank a good deal of salt water and ended upon a slab of well-cooked toast. Another question, in Latin, I took to a Fellow of All Souls, and was told that while, if he thought about it, he might find the answer, he was quite sure that not one public school boy in fifty would be able to do so. Generally, the test is far stiffer than that imposed for entrance to Dartmouth, and the boy, who is not yet at a public school, is expected to know more than most of the first form boys who are.

The Personal Interview.

HERE is the basis of the argument, so ably put forward by Dr. Norwood and abetted by such well-trying masters as Mr. Pellatt of Durnford and others. They do not attempt to

answer the question, what is education, for to that riddle there are, perhaps, a thousand answers; but they do say this, that the first task of the preparatory schoolmaster must be to get the small boy to agree with him as to the value of drudgery . . . but that, if it be the drudgery of "cram," then any lad of brains and spirit will know by instinct that the process to which he is subjected is not education at all but something wholly obnoxious and derogatory.

In Germany, before the War, the goal of every schoolmaster was the National examination which made of a young man either an "einjähriger" or a private. But that examination did not take place at the age of twelve—and the German studied the psychology of youth even if its study misled the nation.

Our Common Entrance Examination will have nothing to do with this same psychology. That it would have ploughed Nelson and Wellington goes without saying. The child of slow development is beyond its ken. The type of brain which needs patient encouragement; the most scientific nurture, fails to win the sympathy either of the Common Entrance examiner or of the public schoolmaster, who has sold the four stalls and has only one to let. These deride Dr. Norwood's slogan, that no boy under fifteen should be examined by any other than his own master.

Shall "cramming" be abolished in the early education of boys who have to pass the Common Entrance Examination to one of the public schools?

This vital question which is now exercising the minds of schoolmasters is dealt with by Sir Max Pemberton in this article.

With the "personal interview" they will have little to do. The Admiralty, they say, is different; yet why it is different (except it be in the splendid type of boy it secures) they do not tell us. Many boys, indeed, are almost passed into the Navy on the strength of their success at the preliminary "inspection." Do we not know of the youth who was asked what animals feed on grass, and, hesitating, was reprimanded by one of the "cocked hats" before him. "Come, come, sir, I asked you what animals feed on grass." "Oh," said the boy, "I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you said our admirals." That boy, of course, got in.

This leads naturally to the question, "If you do away with the Common Entrance Examination, what will you substitute for it?" The inquiry may be supererogatory since it is obvious that the public schools will never abandon

this most useful "screen" and that all the hypocrisy and the mischief of it are likely to endure. Dr. Norwood, however, makes some useful suggestions, and in time his voice may be heard. That he has attacked the ideals of preparatory schoolmasters he denies.

A Human Scheme.

WHAT I seek for them," he says, "is more freedom, higher status and fuller partnership." In his view, all early entries into public schools should be provisional. Two or three years before the time of actual entry the headmaster or the housemaster should see the parents and the boy; and a vacancy should thereafter be offered if liking proves mutual. Thereafter the boy should continue at his preparatory school, following the work that has been agreed upon. Finally, he should come to the public school without any further examination whatsoever, being placed on the report of his private schoolmaster; while the public school, on its part, should have the unquestioned right of sending the boy away after definite trial if, to use a vulgar phrase, it had been sold a pup. The scheme, Dr. Norwood adds, is very simple. It is also human and natural.

Human and natural it may be, but its chances of adoption, I fear, are small. The scientific education of young boys interests parents far less to-day than the fact that they are at some public school of note. Vain to tell them that what happens intellectually and psychologically to a boy of twelve may be far more important in years to come than the assurance of his admittance to "the house" of Jones or Robertson at that famous school, Bugborough on the Why. Eton, to her eternal credit, will have little to do with this Common Entrance and the "personal" enters largely into her scheme of things, so that knowledge of the boy and of what his preparatory schoolmaster thinks of him count far more than a mere passing ability to give the dates (incorrectly) of the Roman Emperors. Elsewhere, it is very different.

The Supreme Achievements!

IN passing one may note how all the educational rumpus of twenty years ago has been forgotten in this acrimonious controversy. No longer do we hear advocates who preach to us the value of foreign languages and of that cultivation of the arts which public schools so patiently neglect. It is still, *a, ab, absque, coram, de*. The boy does well in Latin, defines a circle as a square with the corners knocked off, believes that Hamlet wrote Shakespeare, and is convinced that Botticelli is a cheese. It doesn't matter if his place in "a house" be secured. He will then, possibly, play in his eleven or row in the school boat. These are, surely, the supreme achievements!

The BRITANNIA SHORT STORIES. No. 7

WIRE! By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustrated by GILBERT HOLIDAY

THE three men stood in the yard looking at the chestnut. The deep concern stamped on Roddy Warton's face, if simulated, was remarkably well done. The vet's expression was non-committal; he did not want to offend Warton, who had the ear of Lord Lawne, nor to lose such a wealthy client as Mr. Lester. His private opinion was that the horse had navicular, and that Warton had sold him to Lester well knowing this.

"He may have strained himself; some of that going was very heavy yesterday," said Warton.

"Then why should the pad be hot?" Lester asked the vet.

The vet bent down and felt the horse's foot once more. Why, indeed, should the pad be hot?

"Just lead 'im up and down agin," he said to the stable lad.

The three men watched the horse's progress across the yard. It was a painful affair. He looked hardly able to use his near fore leg, and when he put it to the ground pointed the toe in an ominous manner.

The vet chewed a straw and appeared to think profoundly.

"Best thing you kin do is to rest 'im for a few days."

It was perfectly obvious this was the only thing that anyone could do; however, the vet managed to infuse into his manner the air of giving valuable professional advice.

"Then if 'e ain't better after a week I'll look at him agin," he added; "but maybe rest is all the 'oss needs; keep 'im bandaged, of course."

Rest! thought Nicolas Lester, who had paid Warton three hundred guineas for the chestnut and only had one hunt on him. Next thing to being cheated at cards Nick, like most men, resented more than anything being done over a horse. He would like to have caught Warton by the throat, held him against a wall, and told him what he thought of him then and there.

Of course, he had no proof the horse had navicular; but he was nearly sure of it; sure, too, that Warton had sold him the horse well knowing he was suffering from this hopeless disease. Warton might have bought the animal and discovered it afterwards or—which was quite possible—deliberately picked up for a song a hopelessly crooked brute, rested him and doctored him, and then passed him off as sound on somebody else. The fellow called himself a gentleman farmer; actually he was nothing but a horse coper, dishonest at that. Nicolas felt now he had been a fool ever to have had any dealings with him.

How Barbara could have taken up with the fellow and through her influence obtained for him the good graces of Lord Lawne passed Lester's comprehension.

A GREAT nobleman, and a benevolent autocrat in the country hunted by his hounds, Lord Lawne was difficult of approach. On two days a week he hunted hounds himself, on the other four the professional huntsman carried the horn. The hunt was a fashionable family party of a rigidly exclusive kind; the same families had lived in the neighbourhood and followed hounds for generations; but when hounds were out the oldest member of the hunt

would never have dreamed of interfering with his lordship.

Then this young farmer had come on the scene, first made friends with the daughter, and then virtually ensconced himself in Lord Lawne's pocket. He advised about the hunt horses, would gallop up to the Master and express his opinion as to which way the fox had run, took upon himself to place himself across gateways to keep the field from pressing forward, rode on with hounds to the meets, chatting about their condition with the huntsman, stayed out till the very end and came back with the Master, dined frequently up at the Castle, called Lady Barbara "Baba." Really, considering no one knew anything about the fellow, except that he had taken a farm at the end of the last season, it was most astounding. However, on two points all had agreed: Warton was a magnificent horseman and a first-class man to hounds, qualities that were sure passports, at any rate, to the graces of Lady Barbara, though his lordship, who lived for hound work above all else, cared little how hard a man rode as long as he did not cross the line.

WARTON and Nick Lester did not meet again until two days later. In the interval Lester had got another veterinary out especially from Rugby, who pronounced what was the matter with the chestnut without a moment's hesitation. Lester went to the meet in a black rage.

"Mornin'. How's the chestnut doing?" Warton asked.

"He's got navicular. Sparks came out from Rugby yesterday and looked at him."

"He can't have; the horse was as sound as a bell when I had him," Warton answered coolly.

"Sparks says he has."

"Personally I think Sparks is an idiot; I wouldn't have him inside my yard."

Not a word of regret; no apology; not the slightest hint that he was prepared to refund the money.

"If you don't think the horse has navicular perhaps you'd like to take him back," said Lester.

"I would if I'd room for him."

"I gather, then, you have no intention of doing anything about the matter?"

The two men eyed one another. The farmer, lean, tough looking, his face a hard leathery colour, wearing a weather-stained coat and an old pair of mahogany tops; the ex-cavalry man immaculate in his cut-away swallow-tail and leathers.

"No, I'm afraid he is yours now." Warton turned his horse and walked him over to a girl who had just got on to the back of a grey.

Nick Lester saw the two chatting and laughing. The sight did not improve his temper. Not that Lady Barbara meant much to him; they had known each other since childhood, but he hated to see her talking to that interloper.

The loss of three hundred guineas over the chestnut did not worry him either; it was the principle of the thing—the adding of insult to injury; to come down into another man's country, cut him down in the hunting-field, cut him out with a girl, and then sell him a dud horse, was a bit too like fast work. What did Warton think? That he, Nick Lester, was—a

ground-worm? If so, he should be given a lesson to the contrary. Lester resolved to start in on him that very day; he would begin by showing the field who was the best man to hounds.

THE season was very young and up to that day the two men had avoided "riding jealous." For one thing, anything of the sort was sternly discountenanced by Lord Lawne, who held that hunting should not be made an excuse for steeplechasing and those who must do it should go out with a drag; also the Lawne country, unlike the great open pastures of Leicestershire, was a country where a man might take his own line or follow in the wake of others, but would find it hard to ride at any pace abreast his fellows.

Lester was riding another chestnut, not unlike the unfortunate brute stricken with navicular; it was a horse he could depend on utterly, fast, a fine bold jumper, and possessed of plenty of staying power. Warton's horse was a good-looking, young, black four-year-old that did not know much about hunting yet. "If he comes where I go, I'll make him put that one down," thought Lester.

To make Warton ride as he wanted him to he would need a bit of luck with the kind of hunt they had. Hounds must run fast to enable them both to draw out from the rest of the field.

Hounds obliged in this respect from the second covert, heading straight down the Loddon Vale to a tearing scent. Old Lord Lawne, who was too heavy to ask a horse to take him in the air very often, had had an intricate system of wicket gates installed all over his country. These were all right for the one or two who got there first, but no use for the bulk of the field if they wanted to live with hounds.

Warton, as soon as hounds were running, galloped straight for the only weak-looking place in a thick fence, checked his young horse on getting to it to show him the ditch on the far side. Lester set his horse straight at the blackest place, cleared in fine style, and looked back and grinned. After another field the two men were level again. A white cross in a fence showed that they had wire in front of them; there was a gate on the left. Both made towards the gate. Warton began pulling up, for he did not want to start asking his four-year-old to jump gates just yet; Lester, who knew the chestnut would take anything, pressed on and cleared the gate without a rap.

Warton got off, opened the gate, mounted again and pulled out wide to the right of hounds; he wanted to get away from Lester and ride the line in his own way. Lester did not mean to let him go; he swung across and came pounding up alongside Warton again. This deliberate jockeying was upsetting the four-year-old and began to get on Warton's nerves. He was riding again at what looked the only practicable place in a fence—a gap with a rail. The place was Warton's, for he had marked it, but Lester did not seem to care; they took the rail knee to knee; the black horse got bumped by the chestnut and nearly came down.

"Give me room, man!" Warton shouted.

"You've got all Worcestershire," Lester shouted back.

So that was the way it was! Warton's lips tightened; he rose up alongside Lester. "This is a young horse; I can't hold him any too well;



The pair crashed into it.

if you come too close to me I may ride into you."

By now both men were so angry they had forgotten to watch hounds. A hail from behind reminded them.

"They're going left-handed."

LOOKING back, Warton saw Barbara. Sure enough, as she had called out, hounds were swinging to the left, and the line he and Lester were following would take them away from them. Warton threw his weight on the left rein and got the black's head round. Lester went straight on, cleared a wall, and then swung left handed down the next field.

Warton could see the line to rejoin hounds clearly. A low fence lay in front; then a field of roots, and another cut-and-laid fence would

take him into the same field with them. He had lost distance by the detour they had made, and let the black out over the grass, cleared the first fence, and rode on without checking, chancing a stumble over the roots. The fence in front looked as though it had a ditch away from him and he sent the black at it full speed.

He was some fifty yards from the fence, riding the black at steeplechase pace, when he saw Lester on the chestnut horse cutting in from the other field riding straight across him. Warton could not have stopped the black if he had wanted to. Lester ought to be able to pull out that chestnut; it was his duty to try; he had no business riding straight across another man's line.

All at once Warton realised two things. Lester did not mean to try to pull out the chest-

nut; he was riding straight across the line on purpose, thinking to check him just before the jump. That was one thing. The other—and Warton could have grinned as he realised it—was that when the crash did come there was no doubt who would come off worst. The chestnut would be caught broadside on, completely unbalanced, and knocked head over heels. Lester would have a dreadful fall—the sort of fall men get killed by playing polo. Well, he'd asked for it and he could have it; in any case Warton could not stop the black now. Warton kicked his feet loose of the stirrups.

After the crash, when Lester lay on the ground in that sickening, motionless heap which, from right across a field, distinguishes the difference between a bad fall and a light one, Warton felt pretty awful, for it is a dreadful thing for any

man to feel he has been the cause—however innocently—of another losing his life.

Barbara's words were the first breath of comfort.

"It wasn't your fault," she said. Not that it mattered much whose fault it had been.

They got Lester to a farm, as they believed, all but dead. The doctor came and examined him.

"Light concussion and as far as I can judge no internal injuries; he ought to be all right in three weeks," the doctor pronounced.

* * *

AT dusk Roddy Warton and Barbara rode home together. The sky was streaked with yellow in the west; their horses' hooves squelched in the soft mud of the byroad; all the countryside was bare of leaves. The winter lay in front of them and the landscape was good to see. They rode some way in the silence of perfect understanding; for they did understand each other these two; at least each realised the passionate love of horse and hound that animated the other—an understanding that had created as perfect a sympathy between them as ever any of the arts inspired.

"Lester will think I've added insult to injury—knocking him over like that," said Roddy after a while.

"It wasn't your fault," said Barbara again.

"I know; still, it was unfortunate it should have been him. We had a row this morning."

"What about?"

"I sold him a horse last week, and now he says it has got navicular."

"Has it?"

"I don't know. I sold it him believing the animal was sound; I'd have offered to take the horse back only he made himself so damned unpleasant about it. He's not the sort of fellow that I'd be inclined to believe every word he said anyway."

Barbara looked at her companion quickly. It was most unlike Roddy to speak ill of another man behind his back. He must have some very good reason for what he said.

"It's an odd thing," she said, "but do you know, I've always had the feeling one could not quite trust him."

"His father was a crook," said Roddy shortly. "He let down my old dad; they were gold prospecting together, struck big stuff, and old John Lester came back with it alone; left my father to die."

"You know that?"

"Well, I know my father and he set out together, and my father died. And I know old Lester kept every penny of what they found, and his son has got it now."

"Does Nick Lester know that?"

"I've never asked him. I couldn't; it might seem as though I wanted him to give me some; but you can understand I did not feel too sympathetic when he accused me of doing him over a horse. By the way, I've never mentioned this to a soul here before; it's all over now I know I can trust you to say nothing."

"You can," said Lady Barbara.

* * *

IN due course Nick Lester was able to get on a horse again. Roddy and he were outwardly good friends. Roddy had been over to see Lester while he was laid up; he only went once; nothing was said between the two while in the sick-room, but Roddy knew Lester hated the very feeling of his presence; he could see it in his eyes.

When Lester returned to the hunting-field he and Roddy wished each other a civil good-morning, and each went their own way. Neither man attempted to ride jealous of the other again; each was prepared to give way rather than do that; one visit to the brink of death had been enough for both of them. However, in Lester's heart a little seed was sprouting. Maybe the seed had been born within him, transfused from the blood of the

man who had left his friend to die; anyway it was there.

One non-hunting morning a fortnight before Christmas, Lester went out hacking on a new grey horse he'd bought—a great big animal whose defects he already knew, for the man who had sold him to him had said the grey was a puller. And pull the grey certainly did when Lester let him out in a four-acre field; he had quite a job to check him before they reached a wall.

"You old fool, do you think you can jump a ten-foot wall?" said Lester, as after pulling the horse up he relaxed his aching arms.

He rode along beside the wall and through another field. Hounds were meeting in the neighbourhood next day, and Lester mentally hunted the country as he went along. Suddenly he stopped, stared across at a fence on the left, then trotted over to see if his eyes had seen aright. By George! He'd not been mistaken. If ever he had seen a real death-trap he was looking at one now. The fence was of thick thorn, black as night. Standing out about four feet from the fence were a row of posts joined by a stout strand of new barbed wire. The wire could not possibly be seen by anyone coming at the fence from the other side; there was nothing in the fence to mark it, and anyone jumping at that place would get a fall that would almost certainly break his neck.

The wire was on Parratt's land. A bad fellow Parratt; one of the few farmers in the neighbourhood who was against the hunt. Lester resolved to telephone to Parratt that evening, and get him to do something about the wire before hounds met there next day. A danger post should be put up, at any rate. He took a look round, and marked the wire by three haystacks in the corner of the field; the wire stretched for a distance of two hundred yards on the left of these.

WHEN Lester got home some business claimed him and he forgot to telephone; in fact, he forgot all about the wire. And next morning a discussion with his groom as to the biting of the grey occupied all his mind.

The groom favoured trying the grey in a single snaffle: "It's a'ving its mouth full of steel frets the boss," said the groom.

Eventually Lester agreed to ride the grey in a snaffle. He got to the meet, greeted his friends, observed with little pleasure Roddy and Barbara together as usual, then the business of the day claimed all.

Hounds put out a fox from a bed of osiers, and a nice little hunt started. Both Roddy and Lester got well away, and at the end of ten minutes were leading by a full field. Hounds started to run as if the devil possessed them; they outdistanced Lord Eawne, pounding through his chain of gates, and left everyone but Warton and Lester nowhere. It was one of those hunts when, as the saying is, the pace was too good to inquire, and Lester and Roddy galloping across a grass field were for once completely unconscious of each other's presence, though only a few yards apart.

Suddenly Lester, looking ahead, saw three haystacks and a thick dark fence. Mother of Moses! That was the fence he had seen yesterday, with the wire the other side, and meant to telephone about.

He pulled on the grey and opened his mouth to shout to Roddy. Then an odd thing happened; no sound passed his lips; he felt half mesmerised. Thoughts were mesmerising him—wicked thoughts.

He saw the fence; he pictured that wicked strand of wire standing out on the other side. In front of him was the man he hated; the fellow who had sold him a dud horse, knocked him over in the hunting-field, cut him out with his friends. The wire might only give him a bad fall; it wasn't as if he was conniving

at his death. By Heaven, he'd let the "—" jump it.

For another instant the thought of the enormity of such treachery weighed against the act. He'd be an unspeakable cad knowingly to let a man jump wire. It was unthinkable—unheard of. If anyone ever found out. The rest of the field were coming up, too! What about them? They must be warned.

THEN a voice whispered. *No one knew that he, Lester, knew the wire was there.* Plenty of time to warn the rest of the field after Roddy had jumped. God! How he hated that lean back in its old weather-beaten coat! Lester shut his mouth and threw all his weight on the reins.

The grey horse felt the weight come down on his jaw, and if a horse can do such a thing he must have grinned; for he had already been up to his old tricks. A few moments before, when the reins were slack, he had quietly and deftly slipped his tongue over the bit. If any popinjay thought he was going to pull him back and let another horse go in front he was mistaken, thought the grey, lengthening his stride and stretching his neck till it was like a back of steel.

Roddy, riding fast and straight, heard a frantic sound of "Whoa! Whoa, horse!" behind, and wondered. Was Lester finking a fence? It looked a pretty back place certainly. Then pounding hooves came alongside. Roddy glanced to his left, saw Lester straining on the reins with all his might, his face dead white.

"I . . . I can't stop him," Lester panted; "he's got the bit between his teeth."

"Let him have his head, he'll take you over all right," Roddy called as they raced forward not more than forty yards from the fence now.

"It's wired!" Lester shouted.

IF he lives a thousand years Roddy will never forget that cry. It was not a warning; it was a scream of fear.

Roddy acted instantly. He flung all his weight on the left rein: pulled his horse sideways at the fence and the pair crashed into it. Before the impact knocked consciousness from his mind Roddy saw the grey horse rise in the air and the look on Lester's face. He was never to forget that look.

He came to, to find a crowd round him. Barbara was on her knees dabbing his forehead with a handkerchief. A man held his wrist.

"He's all right," he heard the man say. It was Doctor Parkins; he knew now; he'd seen him at the meet.

The Doctor looked at him: "You're a lucky man," he said; "what made your horse refuse?"

"Refuse!" thought Roddy. His horse would never have refused. Just Providence and a bolting horse had saved his life. He could see it all now. He remembered how Lester had hung back leaving him to go ahead. He must have known that wire was there all the time. And he had just meant to let him jump it without a word. Yes, there was no other explanation. By George! he'd known there were some cads in this world, but he wouldn't have believed any man born of a white mother could have done that.

"Where's Lester?" he asked.

The doctor frowned significantly, and Roddy saw a group of men forming a screen round something on the ground so that the women should not see.

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THE MARQUIS OF READING, G.C.S.I., P.C.

THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES

THE days when War was the sport of Kings and adventurers have gone for ever. Prancing steeds, brilliant uniforms, and flashing swords have been replaced by the drab service khaki and tin hat, the sinister gas-mask, the growling tank, and the democratic bomb. The mobilisation of whole nations, the misapplication of scientific invention and mechanical ingenuity for purposes of wholesale slaughter have made it clear to everyone that, in future, war will be waged upon civilian populations, and that no longer will a privileged military class have the exclusive honour of sacrificing itself in the defence of the Homeland.

A Problem for All.

Bombs dropped from the air make no distinctions of age or sex—indeed they are intended to strike terror into the hearts of the populace, and thus destroy the will to continue the struggle. The idea, then, that civilians need not face this serious problem is no longer tenable; it concerns every man, woman, and even child in the country, and cannot be left entirely in the hands of the specialists of the Admiralty, Air Ministry and War Office. Although it is true that no war ever resembles its predecessor, it is obvious that future wars will become more and more dependent on science, industrial efficiency and financial reserves.

It would therefore be necessary to organise all our resources, and although it is agreed that one central co-ordinating authority is essential, it is unfair to place the gigantic task of directing the readjustment of the industrial life of the country on the shoulders of the military authorities.

When people discuss the next war, it is always in a vague sort of way, as though they do not really believe that it is likely to come in their time, and therefore does not concern them personally. Probably they are right, but the way to deal with possible troubles is to face them and think about them, for nothing is so disconcerting as the unknown, and unfortunately much alarmist nonsense has been written about the imminence and frightfulness of the next war.

Sinister Propaganda.

The general impression seems to be that, almost without warning, squadrons of hostile aeroplanes would appear over our cities and industrial centres spreading death and destruction, before defensive measures could be effectively used. Firstly, it is well to remember that even the most ruthless dictator would have to consider world opinion, and the inevitability of terrible reprisals. As a matter of fact, our defensive measures are by no means contemptible, and the assertion that there are no efficient remedies against gas is a very mischievous one.

In all probability air attacks would be undertaken against London and even other great centres further inland, but the enemy would not have it all their own way; and though some raiders would get through, no more than sporadic local effects need be feared, and these could be largely dealt with by an educated and properly organised civil population. However, the most effective weapon in the armoury would be the propaganda campaign, which is no less sinister because it is used continually and silently. Even now with the best intentions in the world exaggerated accounts of the dangers of air attack are being published, all of which are playing directly into the hands of a possible enemy.

It is, however, unlikely that any attempt to "panic" the population of this country would

THE CIVILIAN and WAR

By MAJOR LLOYD JONES

meet with success, for no people are able to control themselves or their emotions so resolutely in times of emergency, but it cannot be too strongly emphasised that, in such a national crisis, every one will have to take his or her place in a voluntary organisation which should be created before and not after the outbreak of hostilities. Naturally, the existing bodies would mobilise at once, and it is to be devoutly hoped that patriotic enthusiasm would be tempered by reflection, so as to prevent skilled technicians leaving their stations for picturesque positions for which they are not really qualified.

As everyone can remember, in 1914, the very best miners and highly expert engineers were even encouraged to leave their work and turn themselves into very brave, but often indifferent, infantry, while the very dregs of the population drifted into the protected trades to avoid conscription, with the result that

The plan for this prodigious mobilisation would have been drawn up by the civilian chief in collaboration with the general staff in peace time, so as to ensure that no dislocation of essential technical services should occur. In this way, our plant and equipment would be kept up to date, and we should be able to utilise material more and human manual labour less, and thus rely rather on the scientific employment of machinery than the bravery of our soldiers. Such an organisation, knowing in advance what would be required of it, could arrange that specialists were advised for what services they would be wanted, and enable them thus to prepare themselves in time of peace for their allotted tasks in war.

If such an organisation were initiated now, and quietly and gradually perfected, it is unlikely that it would be required, at any rate by this generation, for potential enemies have excellent sources of information, and would not be likely to provoke to extremes an essentially pacific people, obviously prepared for all emergencies, and one moreover which has never been defeated, once they have been driven to take up arms for their ideals or their liberties.

Civilian Experts.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that, though strategical and training questions must be decided by the service chiefs, the control of a war on such a scale is by no means purely a "military" matter in the technical sense of the word, and the supreme control must of course remain in the hands of the civil government. The military chiefs are, after all, only specialists in the handling of combatants, and should not be regarded as inspired miracle-workers in times of war.

Besides, more and more does it become clear that what used to be called the "art of war" does not any longer involve problems which are not regularly faced by civilian leaders in everyday life, such as the movement, supply, and equipping of large collections of men, the organisation of communications, the collection and the sifting of information. With the exception of the actual training in the use of arms and leadership in the field, there is after all little which could not be quickly learned by any intelligent lawyer, business man or journalist, and as a matter of fact when such men have turned their attention to these problems their efforts proved remarkably successful. So much so that some authorities go so far as to assert that one of the reasons for Germany's defeat was the refusal to listen to the promptings of civilian expert minds.

Another undoubted advantage of encouraging civilian initiative would be the widening of the military mind by contact with the best brains of the nation, for it cannot be denied that, though the services produce men of force and character, they can hardly be described as a nursery of originality or initiative. No, it must be frankly admitted that modern war is a struggle between populations, and therefore civilians must think about it, and share the responsibility of leadership, if only to make its repetition impossible.

The R. A. F. in Iraq.

In our issue of November 23rd, under the heading "The R. A. F. in Iraq," our correspondent stated "the whole of the commissariat arrangements" (in Iraq) "have been taken over by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute." We are informed that this statement is incorrect. The N. A. A. F. I. is providing the institute, but the commissariat is organised and conducted by the Royal Air Force.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

December 7th.—33rd Division Artillery Annual Dinner for Officers, Criterion Restaurant. Tickets may be obtained from Mr. E. W. Price, 42 Kilmartin Avenue, S.W.16, or at the Restaurant on the night.

December 7th.—Rifle Brigade Association (Western Branch) Meeting (6.30 p.m.). Dance (8 p.m.). Chevrons Club, 74, St. George's Square, S.W.1.

December 8th.—Q.M.A.A.C. Ninth Annual Dinner (Old Comrades' Association), Georgian Restaurant, Harrod's, at 7 p.m. Apply Ex-Service Women's Club, 5, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

December 10th.—14th Division Annual Dinner, Trocadero, at 7.30. Write—Lieut.-Col. H. A. D. Richards, Bulford Cottage, Eton Green, Godalming.

December 14th.—5th Battalion, Green Howards, Tenth Annual Reunion Dinner past and present officers, Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough. Write—Capt. C. A. Lofthouse, 9, Westbourne Grove, Scarborough.

industrial trouble was created from which the country is suffering even now.

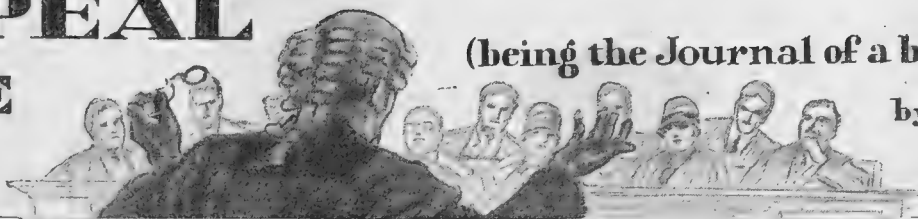
National Mobilisation.

As a rule, it is dangerous to prophesy about the probable duration of a war, but the illusion of the short, sharp, decisive conflict has been destroyed, as far as an educated democratic population is concerned, and "civilised" war to-day means the gradual wearing down of a whole people. Now unless we are prepared to establish military control in all branches of national activity, it is clearly impossible to be prepared for a war which will exact the employment of all our resources, with the inevitable consequence that a period of delay must elapse while the civilian and military organisations are being linked together. While the military authorities are directing the movement of the already mobilised combatant forces, the vast work of installing factories for the manufacture of munitions and equipment would be set in motion by previously appointed civilian experts.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding K.C.)

by Woolsack.



Stern Justice.

HEAVY lies the hand that lays down the law—at least, it is so in Merrie England.

Of course, a nation that takes its pleasures sadly must be expected to take its burdens in the utmost gloomy seriousness. And Justice, admittedly, is one of the greatest of earthly burdens.

Law is real! law is earnest! and its goal is but the gaol! Or the grave, for that matter. Since columns are ever being written (even by the least ponderous of jurists) on the need for capital punishment; and the Swansea assizes have provided the visiting judge with no less than four possible death-sentences at one go.

No! we do not take our law very lightly. Sober, and strict to the letter, are we.

Fervently strict in this matter of keeping to the right path. Not only to the right path, but the right rate of progress on that path. Whether it be in motors or in morals—we must not proceed beyond the statutory maximum swiftness.

Speed Limits.

There's the new 20 miles-per-hour limit that's been imposed on the charabancs. Scotland Yard, so it is reported, are so intent on the literal observance of this bit of law that they're engaging, regardless of cost, the most expert mathematicians to examine the schedules published by motor-coach companies. And if the result works out to show that a speed of 20-25 m.p.h. has been achieved—woe betide the driver!

Which means, presumably, that a run of 200 miles to, say, Cornwall or Yorkshire will have to occupy 10 hours or more (excluding stops).

How nice it will be to jog along at that steady 20 over those long, straight, open, empty roads of far afield! Watching the occasional private car (that doesn't have to advertise its schedule) whizz past at a perfectly safe 50-60 m.p.h.; or, maybe, a train smash up in leaving a station at 10 m.p.h.

By the way, of the various motor-coach smashes we've had, have many been due to speed?

And here's a little problem for the Yard's mathematical experts: If a schedule's average of 20 means that a speed of 30 must have been obtained (which it must) what average are they going to compute so as the maximum of 20 is never once exceeded? The answer, one supposes, is "the lower the more."

Spiritual Road-Hogging.

When it comes to the maximum speed of morals—well, there's all sorts of maxims flying about!

According to reports again, the sexes are still more to be equalised. And the suave, forgetful gentleman who raises his hat and murmurs: "I'm sure we've met before, Miss—er—er,"

will find that he has erred once too often, and will be treated no more leniently than the—but no! we're not to use that term any more. Another maxim says so.

All of us, it seems, are to be looked upon and dealt with as naughty children. Public and policeman alike.

The public will soon be gnashing their teeth in over-lighted parks and in "open-house" night clubs—the police are already gnashing theirs because they can't talk to suspected persons as they'd like to!

What a price we have to pay for living in a land of stern and sober laws!

Other Places other Modes.

It ought to be more human. As in America, where, in the trial of a man charged with the drunken murder of his son, the whole court, judge, jury, witnesses, prosecuting counsel and all were dissolved in tears and, in their eagerness to be rid of one who was causing them such agonising grief, discharged the man forthwith!

Or, as over there also, illumined with humour. Even if it be the grim humour of reducing a couple of witnesses, in an inquiry such as the sinking of the *Vestris*, to a state of nervous breakdown.

Other countries know how to temper Justice with fun.

Why, in Paris, a Bolshevik accused of murdering the Italian Consul there burst out laughing when the magistrate asked him why he had taken a revolver with him to the Consulate! He thought such a question a great joke, and wanted to share it with his counsel there and then.

Rumour doesn't say whether he laughed, too, when the magistrate, in opening the case, declared that "human passions" were not to be introduced into the atmosphere of the court.

Human passions not to be allowed in a French court! There's humour for you!

Back to the Babes!

Then the Italians have a gay, bold "way" with them when it comes to questions of law and order.

No solemn and gloomy inquiries over there. No reports and recommendations that promptly get torn to pieces and then thrown into the dustbin.

The cities becoming overcrowded? Pastoral life deteriorating? The birth-rate declining?

Well, that's simple enough. All three matters have one and the same solution. Cure one and you cure the others. Let's kill three birds with one stone then!

Thereupon edicts are quickly published whereby surplus citizens are ordered back to the land and parentage. Go thou, good man (and/or good woman), and grow more olives and grapes . . . and bambini! Fecundity all round!

It's all so easy! Now why can't we set about things in that way in England?

Instead of having lengthy and futile committees, why can't notices just be posted up everywhere (with silhouettes of Joynson-Hicks, as they have of Mussolini on the street walls in Italy) commanding: "All clear out of the parks! And out of the night-clubs! And get ye home at once and behave like proper citizens!"



LONDON MAGISTRATES—III.

Mr. H. L. Cancellor (Marlborough Street Police Court).

(An impression by Kapp.)

In fact, our laws are so stern and sober that we dread to inflict them on those countries which, for their own good, we attach to—or detach from—ourselves.

Thus, neither on the Gold Coast when we took it over, nor on the Irish Free State when we handed it over, did we impose our juridical code. The authorities let those happy lands go their own sweet, free and easy judicial way.

West Africa, in its murder trials, was not expected to employ the English procedure of open court, jury and defending counsel; and Ireland, apparently, can disregard, if it likes, the decisions of our Privy Council.

For, you see, the law of England is such a bore. So serious and dull.

THE buzzer is blown. It is five o'clock. Men with blackened faces and sweat-drenched bodies emerge from a giant steel cage which has brought them up two thousand feet to the earth's surface. They come along the gangway; white vein-like lines on their dirt-caked skin show how the sweat has oozed out of them whilst they worked. They stream away from the pit-head, forming themselves into groups of threes and fours. They trudge homewards in a comradeship of silence. You hear the steady crunch, crunch of their hobnailed boots on the long hard roadway leading to their cottages. Eight and nine hours spent in the sweltering fetid atmosphere of the interior do not stimulate speech! They are tired, weary men. But they are homeward bound.



Two Typical Miners from Nottingham.

Wearily—Home.

HOME! Where as likely as not the pantry window faces the open midden and the guttering for the suds and dirty household water to trickle down to the sink.

As the queue files homewards, you may see many that are bent-backed and bow-legged. Their bodies are scarred. Old deep scars that they have collected over the years. Others have an odd finger or two missing; some are hopelessly crippled. Only the young men hurry on jauntily. Those who have just entered upon their heritage as pitmen. In a few years they will have become like their elders; bent-backed, bow-legged, with blue-coloured bruises all over their bodies. Time and the nature of their work will take due toll.

These our miners. The men whose industry is seven hundred years old, rivalling in age our ancient aristocracy! Coal. From which the might and world power of Britain sprang. Great is Britain because of the race she has bred. The race of men with the bent backs, the blackened faces, and the sweat-drenched bodies.

A Life of Constant Danger.

THE most dangerous of all occupations, with the highest mortality ratio. The miners deserve to be well looked after. From the moment they descend below the earth's surface, until they ascend again, they are always in danger of wounds or death.

A slight crack in the ceiling two or three feet above them, where they lie on their stomachs hacking at the coal-face; an instant of time lost in getting clear; and then it is that the buzzer is blown at an irregular hour! The women come quickly to their back-doors. They talk in subdued tones. Fear is gnawing at their breasts. Who knows? A father, husband, brother, sweetheart killed?

In such constant danger do our miners work.

MINERS *and the* NATION

THE TRUTH ABOUT the COAL CRISIS

By J. G. Sinclair

Mr. J. G. Sinclair is the author of "Easingden" and "Love in Easingden," two books on mining life which were widely and favourably reviewed in the British and foreign Press.

He was commissioned by BRITANNIA to visit certain of the coal fields in order to get first-hand impressions for the following article on the mines.—ED.

In such unceasing uncertainty as to what may happen to their men do the women of our mining communities live their lives. Fortitude, courage, a despising of danger. Is it surprising that in the Great War our miners had to be forcibly prevented from further recruiting (that we might not run short of coal), so instant and immense was their offer of service. Britain is proud of her miners. But to-day 200,000 are without work!

What the Miners Believe.

WHEN the Editor of BRITANNIA commissioned me to visit certain of the coal fields to get first-hand impressions for this article, the only conditions he laid down were these: "We want you to tell us what you find. We wish to serve no interest but the truth. Give the readers of BRITANNIA the unvarnished truth, without fear or favour. That is what they want."

That instruction is in my mind as I write. Therefore it is no use denying the fact that the

miners believe the country has forgotten them. They think that public opinion might have compelled the Government to cast off its apathy and take action before conditions became as bad as they are now; before it was proposed to dump them down in different parts of the country on the strength of that precious phrase, "transference of labour."

Chaos and Tragedy.

THE Government took the side of the coal-owners and then allowed things to drift! Against the wisest counsels, and the evidence of experience, they yielded to the owners in their demands for the lengthening of working hours. They revived the old bad conditions which the Miners' Federation had fought and extirpated. They sought to get results by a method which is repugnant to the instincts of every Britisher. The British will be led. Compulsion is a weapon that is resisted. But the coalowners got their way. The result is chaos and tragedy unparalleled in the mining industry.

Behind this reaction-aryism, the miners—rightly or wrongly—scent a more sinister

scheme! The belief prevails all over the British coal fields that the real motive of the owners, backed up by the Government, is to break up and disperse Trades Unionism. As far as the Miners' Federation is concerned it will not succeed. It may be weakened; it cannot be destroyed. Its origin relates to far too bitter memories! In the blood and tears of women and children is the Miners' Federation founded; as witness the following piece of history.

The Bad Old Days.

NOT ninety years ago, women were taken down into the workings to do the work of ponies. They were harnessed to the tubs, and brought the coal to the shaft. It was a condition of employment that a married man would consent to this. Their plight was worse than slaves.

Women were kept down the pits for as many as sixteen hours. Children of five and six years of age were put to work. Any man who refused to allow his wife to go to work was liable to summary eviction from the district; and it was not difficult to get him imprisoned. Children have been born in the pits.

In 1842 Lord Shaftesbury got a Bill through the House of Commons making it illegal to employ women and children underground. The then Lord Londonderry bitterly opposed the passing of such a humane measure. In that year skilled hewers received only 3½d. an hour. Out of such origins arose Trades Unionism. These memories are bitten deep

in the collective consciousness of the miners; as well they may be. The miners do not forget!

Statistics of Misery.

DO not terrible economic conditions to-day demand alleviation? In the county of Lanarkshire there are 300,000 dwellings, of which 61,000 contain only one room. There are another 155,000 with only two rooms. At Airdrie the Sanitary Inspector reported 148 single apartment dwellings containing 675 persons. In Durham there are dwellings inhabited by human beings which are not fit to house a dog. In that county 29 per cent. of the mining population inhabit one-roomed premises.

It is true that Mr. Cook's survival in office, with his inchoate policy, lack of vision and hectic irresponsibility, has wrought the miners incalculable injury. But, as Sir Herbert Samuel said, Mr. Cook is a symptom, not a cause.

Where Communism is Bred.

IN South Wales, Durham, Northumberland and Scotland, there are ideal conditions for the growth of Communism. Empty stomachs breed rebels. Bitterness against society. On this Communism thrives. In all these areas there is want of work, lack of food. Fifty thousand men idle in South Wales; seventy thousand in Durham and Northumberland; twenty-five men out of every hundred, in the worst districts in Scotland, at work on short time only!

Large numbers of Welsh miners invested their life's savings in buying their cottages, when prosperity seemed permanent. They cost anything from £200 to £400. They are practically worthless now. Recently one was sold by auction and realised less than £60.

The Rhondda Valley has lost its means of livelihood. Men stand about in groups at the street corners. Once a week they draw unemployment allowances at the Labour Exchanges. On this they somehow keep themselves and their families alive. A typical illustration of conditions I saw in Tonypandy, where half the business premises have their windows white-washed, with notices figured out, "To Let," or "For Sale."

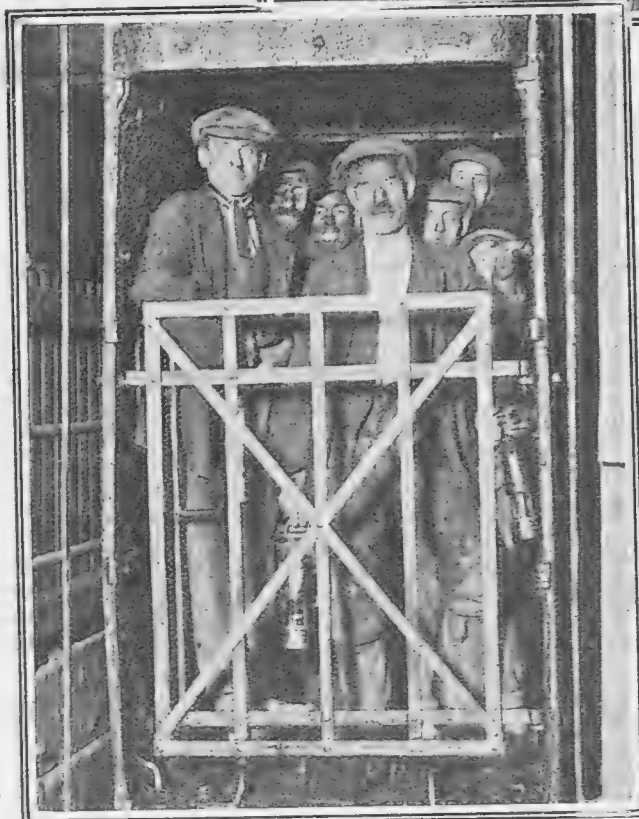
Such are the fertile conditions out of which rebels and Communists are made.

Hatred of Strife.

BUT the British miner is no Communist. At heart there is none more loyal nor intensely national than he. He hates all this "foreign stuff." It is not strife he wants.



Miners' Houses at Alferton, Derbyshire.



In the Cage.

He loathes it. He wants work, fair rewards, and a reasonable, decent life.

Have our legislators, now that Parliament has reassembled, enough wit, vision and resolution immediately to apply themselves to this urgent problem of the Mining Situation? Or must a few more hundred pits be closed, misery increased, and a situation of such peril created as this country has not hitherto been called upon to meet?

The most dangerous of all occupations with the highest mortality ratio. The miners deserve to be well looked after. From the moment they descend beneath the earth's surface, until they ascend again, they are always in danger of wounds or death.



Modern houses which are being erected in certain districts for the more fortunate miners.

(Left) A slight crack in the ceiling above them; an instant of time to clear.

About Tobacco Smoke.

AN initial difficulty confronts anyone who attempts to write with scientific detachment on the habit of smoking tobacco. The writer is bound to be either a smoker or a non-smoker. If a smoker, he may well be moved by a desire to prove that what he likes is really beneficial, or at least not harmful; if a non-smoker, he cannot altogether evade the human weakness of condemning in others a practice which he himself does not enjoy. The writer of this article is a moderate smoker and has every ground to regard himself as a normal adult; it is therefore not surprising that he can find no sound reason for condemning the moderate use of tobacco by other normal adults. Yet it may be pleaded that a bias is dangerous only in so far as it is unconscious; and that a considerable measure of objectivity can be attained by an individual who is aware of his bias and who makes deliberate efforts to correct it. Whether in the present article these two conditions have been satisfied almost anybody can judge better than the writer himself.

What are the constituents of tobacco smoke, and how do they act on the body? These constituents may be classified in three groups. The first of these consists of ammonia gas, a certain volatile organic substance known as pyridine, and various derivatives of pyridine. These substances are intensely irritant to mucous surfaces, and are responsible for the chronic irritation of the mouth and throat, the sore tongue, the morning cough, and the bronchial catarrh that may be met with in the habitual smoker. Ammonia, pyridine and the rest add nothing to the pleasure of smoking; and there is no reason why properly applied research should not find some way of manufacturing tobacco free from these harmful constituents.

Penalties of Inhaling.

IN the second group of tobacco constituents is carbon monoxide, an actively poisonous gas, present not only in tobacco smoke but also in coal-gas and in the exhaust fumes from motor cars. Carbon monoxide produces its poisonous effect by combining with the oxygen-carrying substance in the blood corpuscles known as hæmoglobin. Hæmoglobin combines very readily with carbon monoxide, two hundred times as readily as it does with oxygen, and the result of inhaling carbon monoxide is therefore to put a certain proportion of the hæmoglobin out of play; being attached to the carbon monoxide, the affected hæmoglobin can no longer carry oxygen to the tissues. Normal healthy men would not as a rule show symptoms of poisoning until about 15 per cent. of their hæmoglobin had thus become fixed to carbon monoxide, though individuals hyper-sensitive to this poison might suffer with a much lower percentage.

The proportion of carbon monoxide in cigar smoke is about 8 per cent.; in pipe smoke, over 1 per cent.; and in cigarette smoke, about 0.5 to 1 per cent. When tobacco smoke is taken into the mouth it is freely diluted with air, and the proportion of carbon monoxide in cigar smoke thus diluted is reduced to about 1 per cent. and in cigarette smoke to about 0.1 per cent. Thus in actual smoking it is not tobacco smoke, but tobacco smoke diluted with air that has to be taken into account. Moreover, this diluted smoke is not necessarily inhaled into the lungs, and it is only when carbon monoxide reaches the lungs that it has an opportunity to gain access to the blood and to combine with the hæmoglobin in the corpuscles. Cigar smokers and pipe smokers who merely draw tobacco smoke into the mouth

DO YOU SMOKE?



The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

and then puff it out again are therefore far less liable to absorb carbon monoxide than are cigarette smokers, or at least than those cigarette smokers who practise the habit of inhaling.

The heavy cigarette smoker with this habit may even go so far as to keep out of action during the daytime as much as 10 per cent. of his hæmoglobin; that is, he reduces by this amount the oxygen-carrying value of his blood. Only during sleep or on other occasions when smoking is suspended for several consecutive hours will the normal value of the blood be restored.

Nicotine.

THE third and by far the most important group of the constituents of tobacco includes nicotine, named after Jean Nicot (1530-1600) French Ambassador in Lisbon, who grew tobacco in his garden and held strong views on the medicinal value of tobacco leaves. To nicotine are due practically all those effects of smoking which are considered so desirable by the smoker and so reprehensible by the opponents of tobacco. There is no question that nicotine is a rapid and fatal poison; a single cigar contains sufficient to kill two men. Fortunately, most of the nicotine is destroyed by the heat of the burning tobacco, so that only a small percentage passes into the inhaled smoke. And even this amount will have little chance of reaching the blood unless the smoke is inhaled into the lungs. On the other hand, it has been calculated that a man smoking ten cigarettes, one immediately after the other, and inhaling the smoke, would absorb into his body as much as a tenth of a lethal dose of nicotine.

Nicotine when absorbed has certain well-defined physiological effects on the various organs of the body. Its most characteristic effect, that which constitutes its special appeal to the smoker, is on the central nervous system. Now it must be remembered that very few persons have a nervous system so perfectly adjusted that it reacts adequately and proportionately to the multitudinous stimuli to which it is subjected. Most persons, that is, tend to react too much or too little. They are either unduly sensitive and therefore apt to be irritable and worried by trifles; or unduly lethargic and more or less irresponsible to the demands of life; or the same individual may be sometimes in one of these classes and sometimes in the other. Physiological experiments under laboratory conditions have shown that nicotine helps to bring people in both of these states back to normal; it soothes the hyper-sensitive and stimulates the depressed and so is popular amongst people of diverse psychological types.

Poets and Moralists.

CHARLES LAMB wrote:
For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."

and Byron apostrophised tobacco thus:—

"Sublime tobacco! which
from east to west

Cheers the tar's labour, or
the Turkman's rest."

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich
and ripe;

Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!"

But while nicotine inspires some to poetic fervour, it inspires others to moral reprobation. These latter find in the calm and repose induced by smoking a reason for classifying tobacco with morphine and cocaine as a drug of addiction, and for considering the smoker as one who, like Ephraim, is ever more and more closely joined to his idols. Argued in the air, the case for condemnation seems a strong one. On the other hand, addiction is a matter of degree, and those who classify tobacco with morphine and cocaine can make but a poor case when tested on the practical plane. Thus, while many use tobacco, few suffer obvious harm from it; on the other hand, of those addicted to morphine and cocaine almost everyone is conspicuously damaged both physically and mentally.

Nor is the habit in the two cases equally binding. The temporary or permanent renunciation of tobacco is a common experience; but escape from the morphine or cocaine habit involves a struggle only too rarely crowned with victory. Admittedly tobacco smoking is a habit which tends to establish some claim for repetition, but neither the habit itself nor the urgency of its claim can fairly be compared with the positions created in morphine and cocaine takers; the difference is so extreme that it may be described as one of kind rather than one of degree.

Nicotine and the Stomach.

NICOTINE has several important effects on the digestive canal and its accessory glands. Its immediate action is to stimulate these glands to manufacture their characteristic secretions; later, when smoking has ceased, there is cessation of this glandular activity. Thus are explained both the increased salivation that accompanies smoking, and the parched mouth on the following morning. Similarly, the glands of the stomach are stimulated to manufacture an excess of gastric juices with its accompanying hydrochloric acid. Hence excessive smoking, or even moderate smoking in highly susceptible persons, may lead to hyperacidity in the stomach, and to the expression of this as heartburn. It is held by some authorities that highly acid stomach contents passing into the first part of the intestine (duodenum) favours the occurrence of ulceration, and hence patients suspected to be, or known to be, the subject of ulcer of the duodenum are warned against the use of tobacco.

Nicotine has yet another action on the stomach: it restrains those automatic contractions of the stomach muscle which translate themselves into consciousness as the sensation of hunger. Loss of appetite is thus one of the commonest symptoms of excessive smoking, and indeed every smoker knows how a cigarette may be depended upon to stave off inopportune pangs of hunger.

In next week's BRITANNIA moderate and excessive smoking will be discussed in detail, an account will be given of "smoker's heart," and some of the precautions that have to be taken to avoid absorbing too much nicotine into the body will be described.

PROBLEMS of BROADCASTING

By Capt. P. P. ECKERSLEY

(Chief Engineer of the British Broadcasting Corporation.)



A pleasant noise while washing up.

I WILL endeavour to describe, in the first place, the history of broadcasting from the beginning; secondly, some of the technical problems as they confronted us yesterday, and as they confront us to-day; and, thirdly, the future as I see it.

I wonder what most of you think about broadcasting. I expect to some it is a pleasant noise while washing up; to others a necessary adjunct to any house; but to the lonely people it is a source of continual enjoyment. Do we realise the potentialities of what lies behind broadcasting? The spoken word used to be the only way in which one person could convey his thoughts to another. I believe broadcasting will bring a revolution in our times, because it has the power of personality behind it. You can never put into written things the same power that you can into spoken words. It does not matter what the talker is going to speak about, it all comes down to one thing, that you have behind broadcasting a personality which is actually in your room when you are listening in. I have the sincere feeling about its potentialities.

Only 10,000 Listeners.

One wonders that it was thought about so little at the beginning. I had the privilege of being one of the beginning people in England. About 1919 some enthusiasts, of whom I was one, were keen on the wireless telephone. We got together a lot of valves, and optimism, fixed up an aerial, picked up a microphone, and began to blow into it, and I am pleased to say with some effect.

After a while we began to talk, and 10,000 people used to listen to us. We even got some famous people to talk, and our enthusiasm was worked up to an enormous pitch. That was the beginning. People will tell you that broadcasting began in America, but I do not believe that is perfectly true. Anyway the first time I knew anything about it was at Chelmsford. The Postmaster-General at that time said that this thing had got to stop because it was interfering with legitimate services. It stopped. However, the flag was kept flying by people whom we call amateurs, who spent long hours listening at the

end of their telephones, some writing books about it all.

That was a hard time for wireless, but these amateurs stuck to it. They constantly petitioned the Postmaster-General that there might be a station to listen to, and under the influence of these shock tactics the Postmaster-General eventually permitted a broadcasting station, but said that this station must have certain limitations put upon its activities.

The station must be only 250 watts; transmission should only take place half-an-hour a week; between every item transmitted there should be a three minutes' silence; also that in between every item we should listen to see that we were not interfering with Government services; and further that our little 250 watts were not only to be used in radiating the energy, but also for lighting the valves. We found that it took 400 watts to light the valves. So it went on!

Those were great days. The station was at Writtle, near Chelmsford. We simply picked up the microphone, and as anything occurred to us, so we would send it through. We were a very happy band of some 10,000 people. We gave a play, taking the parts of the characters ourselves. Imagine a long, low hut with wires all round, and all of us talking into little instruments.

How the B.B.C. Began.

Very soon people began to say that it was very interesting. There was a great deal of talk about how to start broadcasting in Great Britain. The Postmaster-General called together all the manufacturers in London and asked them to put up some rule with regard to this; it took them six months. They said they were manufacturers of wireless apparatus, and wanted to go about among the public competing against one another for the sale of wireless receivers, which they would have some difficulty in doing if they had no broadcasting service. They stated that they would like to pool their interest in one central building, whilst competing amongst themselves privately.

They said, "We will place our authority in one central body"; and that is how the British Broadcasting Corporation came into being. It was not a Government monopoly nor a private enterprise. The profits were limited to 7½ per cent., and there was no possibility of any director making any more than 7½ per cent. on the original capital, and no chance of their directing it in any other way than as a public service.

Some people believe that private enterprise

is the only thing to save the country. Others say that a public control is essential, and that a thing like transport should be under public control. However, the British Broadcasting Corporation seems to me to have been a compromise between these two things, because the public had the right to say when they were dissatisfied with it and to dismiss the people there. I think it was an exceedingly good compromise, because the officials were not permanent officials.

The chief stimulus I had was to make the service a success as a public service. I think, therefore, there was something to be said for the old B.B.C., as being something quite original and brilliant in the way of an effort to run a public service in England. People say, how different it must be now that we are under the Government. I want to inform you that we are not under the Government; the Government has less control of broadcasting under the present system than it did under the company system. If you will read our Charter and Constitution you will see that we are freer to-day to do things than ever before. We are given a responsibility towards the public, if we can carry out the job we are content.



The microphone is designed to pick up your voice and turn that voice into electrical vibrations.

Broadcasting Grew in a Night.

I want to draw a contrast with what is going on in America. In those days of Chelmsford, an amateur in America got hold of a valve or two and said he had heard certain things. His firm, the Westinghouse, said what a marvellous thing it was. They advertised and built instruments. Immediately they started telling the world; somebody in Schenectady sat down and got out a similar machine. Again, somebody in a store in New York said that they must get hold of this. Broadcasting grew in a night; stations grew up. People talked and kept on saying who they were.

After a while they began to look for programmes, which the artistes carried out on the lines that if publicity were given to them they would give the programmes free. People, however, got tired, and they started to use their wireless sets for getting results from a long distance. The whole thing then grew up on the basis of reaching out. Never mind if you had no idea of the programme; that did not matter so long as you got somewhere farther away—quantity, rather more than quality, was preferred.

Gradually, however, people began to concentrate on their local stations, and the programme was forced to get better and better. So the small junk station went; slowly the bigger stations began to get hold, slowly the thing began to settle down to a public service. Someone started the idea of selling the time to advertisers. One could buy time from some central broadcasting station in America in the same way as one buys newspaper space.

At the beginning, however, this was a failure

(Continued overleaf.)



The public had the right to say when they were dissatisfied.

because the charge was too cheap, and it only became a success when people put an enormous value upon such advertising. The people in America who are selling time in this manner are getting rich and powerful, and spreading their network all over the country. The situation in America is very different from what it is in England. I am sure, England did lead the way in showing how broadcasting should be run as a public service.

What Happens to the Voice?

To come to my second point, the technical side of broadcasting is as simple as anything in the world. What happens when one talks into the microphone? Simply this: the microphone is designed to pick up your voice and turn that voice into electrical vibrations. The virtue of broadcasting is that you are able to tie up your voice, so to speak, into an electrical parcel and distribute that voice to every home in Britain. It is quite obvious that if you could shout loud enough your voice would be heard throughout London.

You can hear a person talking because the waves in the air carry the voice to you. The farther he is away, the fainter is his voice. Supposing somebody gives you an apparatus called a valve set which you put on your ears and so make them four times as sensitive; then you are faced with another problem. Other people are making noises, and they also would be amplified. That difficulty is overcome by using different wave lengths.

How can we increase the service area? By transmitting at much greater power. It may be asked, if we want to have a very large service area, why not a 1,000 kilowatt or a 10,000 kilowatt station? There is a reason why we cannot have one station to serve the whole of Great Britain, for instance. It is due to the influence of the two rays coming

out from a broadcasting station. One ray, the sky ray I will call it, rises at right-angles from the earth; the other is the earth-bound ray; the latter going along the ground, and the former going up and coming down again. The earth-bound ray gets very tired in comparison with the other. You can never rely on the broadcasting between 200 and 600 metres unless you are in its direct ray.

Value of the Long Wave.

How are you going to get good broadcasting over a wide area? Obviously, one of the best ways is not to have a few high-powered stations; but as many stations as you possibly can. We started the relay station system in Britain, and found it worked well; on a crystal set 60 per cent. of the population could get pro-

Some people believe that private enterprise is the only thing to save the country. Others say that a public control is essential, and that a thing like transport should be under public control. However, the British Broadcasting Corporation seems to me to have been a compromise between these two things, because the public had the right to say when they were dissatisfied with it and to dismiss the people there.

grammes without any interruption. Our relay system brought the enormous population, especially the poorer population, within the scope of broadcasting.

Then we had to consider the people in the country districts. We had to come to the conclusion that we could not put up any more stations, because there has to be a certain density of population before a station is economical. It was decided that a central station to fill up all those areas would be the final consummation of the first part of our work; and, to cut a long story short, we finally got permission to work such a station. We were the first people to think of a long-wave station. The trouble with short waves is that they peter out and you get fading; the value of long waves is that you do not suffer from that fading in the same way. Now with this long power station, and the relay stations, it means that 80 per cent. of the population of Great Britain were able to listen to the broadcasting.

What are we going to do in the future? It is easy to criticise programmes, but a friend of mine who went all over musical Germany says he heard continuous praise for the musical portion of the B.B.C. programme. We have a Talks Department, a Musical Department, and many other Departments. Numbers of people do not give broadcasting the attention it deserves. It is an extremely difficult matter to please everybody, and it would be of great value if we could have alternative programmes. To this end we are building at Potters Bar, near London, a twin wave station, which will be the first of its kind in the world.

Having organised the whole of Great Britain, the next step forward seems to me to be the linking up of national systems, so that they could interchange programmes with one another. There is no technical reason why the whole of Europe should not be linked up.

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THE WEEK ARTISTIC

NEXT week will witness one of those sensational sales at Christie's when individual pictures by English painters of a hundred, and a hundred and fifty years ago will be sold for sums that would keep an average man in comfort for the rest of his life, and when the day's total turnover would provide a man with an income exceeding perhaps £5,000 a year.

The pictures will include the famous series of Turner drawings by J. M. W. Turner, which were collected in the artist's lifetime by Robert Townley Parker, and portraits by Reynolds, Raeburn, Romney, Hoppner, Beechey, and so forth. Though many of the Turners may pass into other Turner collections in England, the portraits will probably all go to America. Does this flight of pictures matter? And how does the flight affect the position of artists working here to-day?

A Hundred Years Ago.

At the turn of the eighteenth to the nineteenth century England was in the position that America is in to-day. She was rich in money and poor in works of art. After the French Revolution and the wars that followed, continental owners of private galleries of pictures were financially embarrassed and constantly expecting new revolutions. In these circumstances enterprising English art dealers set out to import these collections into England, and they succeeded so well that in 1824 William Buchanan was able to publish a list of collections acquired between the Revolution and that date which included the cream of the private art treasures of France, Italy, Spain and the Netherlands. The superb collection of the Duke of Orleans, the Calonne, Fagel, Vitturi, Altieri, and Talleyrand collections and dozens of others all came to England at that time and found new homes in the mansions of the English nobility. At the same time those who bought these great collections of "Old Masters," and all the rest of the English nobility and gentry, sat to the contemporary English portrait painters for their portraits.

What Americans Saw.

Thus when rich Americans began to visit England and to be received in English Society, they saw house after house with walls covered with pictures by Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo and so forth, and with portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough and their followers, and they determined to attempt to rival this display in their own homes. Dealers, corresponding to the English Bryan and Buchanan of the period of Waterloo, began to tour Europe and buy Van Dycks from Genoa, Rembrandts from Germany and Holland, and Italian pictures everywhere for the new collectors in the States; and in England they made and are still making every effort to induce the owners of fine collections to part with their "star" pictures and their family portraits.



Thames Scene

By Allan Walton

was bought about the same time for even less. No American collector of to-day—even the wealthiest—can afford to buy first-class Titians and Rembrandts by the hundred, and Gainsboroughs do not now change hands at 35 guineas apiece.

Allan Walton's Show.

While Americans are buying art, Europe, including England, is producing it; and, indeed, at no time has England had a more vital generation of artists than the generation which fought in the war. I wrote recently of Paul Nash, whose exhibition closed last week after the artist had sold 80 per cent. of the works shown. This week the war generation is represented by Allan Walton, whose pictures are now on view at the Beaux Arts Galleries.

Walton is thirty-six. He was born in Cheshire, was trained as an architect.

studied painting at the Slade School and under Walter Sickert, in England, and under Lucien Simon in Paris. He began his career as a designer of interior decorations, and in this field he still does admirable work. He was responsible for the decorations in the Founder's Hall of the London School of Economics, for a room in the house of Mr. Ernest Debenham, designed to

display his collection of Chinese pictures and porcelain, for a loggia in Blythe Hall when it belonged to Lord Lathom, for a house belonging to Miss Marie Tempest, and a room designed as a setting for some fine examples of French furniture belonging to Lady Listowel.

In the intervals of decorating, Walton paints pictures, and in this field also he is rapidly coming to the front. He takes obvious delight in the medium of oil-paint, and his show is his interpretation of English landscapes seen at their gayest in the unusually gay sun of this year's summer.

Blake at Birmingham.

When William Blake's illustrations for Young's "Night Thoughts" were presented to the nation by Mrs. Francis White Emerson last July, it was the donor's wish that they should be exhibited in provincial galleries before reaching their final home in the British Museum, and in fulfilment of this wish they are now being shown in rotation in the Birmingham City Art Gallery, where they will remain till the end of February. The drawings consist of five hundred and thirty-seven water-colours for engravings for Young's "Night Thoughts," most of which, as the first instalment was a financial failure, were never carried out. The artist worked for two years on these designs and received only 63 guineas. In Blake's lifetime there were few who foresaw the present appreciation of his drawings, while there were many who believed in the immortality of Young. But to-day Blake's designs are worth between £10,000 and £15,000, and Young's "Night Thoughts" are remembered only by one line:

"Procrastination is the Thief of Time."

ENGLISH PICTURES for AMERICA

By R. H. WILENSKI

It Does Not Matter.

But this does not matter to this country; firstly, because the wealth of *objets d'art* here is still enormous; secondly, because many American collectors have bad taste and acquire inferior pictures for fantastic sums; thirdly, because the publicity attendant on sensational "Old Master" transactions tends to keep up public interest in the arts and so to encourage interest in the works of contemporary artists, and fourthly, because the pictures that go each year are not missed by the general public which has few or no opportunities of seeing them in the private mansions from which they are sold.

No More Bargains.

Also, it must be remembered, the American collectors are not buying their Titians and Rembrandts in circumstances such as those in which the English collectors bought theirs, nor can they buy Gainsboroughs and Raeburns for the prices which the present vendors' ancestors paid for them. When the Duke of Bridgewater acquired three hundred pictures from the Orleans Collection for £43,000—less than half the price said, last week, to have been paid for a single Rembrandt—he kept ninety-four pictures, sold the rest for £41,000, and thus got his ninety-four—which included three Titians, several Raphaels, works by Tintoretto, Lorenzo Lotto, Veronese, Domenichino, and so forth—for £2,000. In 1796 Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"—sold by the Duke of Westminster some years ago for approximately £150,000—was bought at a sale in London for 35 guineas, and Gainsborough's lovely "Perdita," in the Wallace Collection,

LEND ME YOUR EARS

I HAVE received the prospectus of the Musical Festival which is to be held at the end of February at Portsmouth. It is a bold enterprise. The Festival lasts four days, and the programme is varied and interesting. All the four concerts will be conducted by Lt.-R. P. O'Donnell, who has made a good reputation for himself, but the authorities have exercised a wise caution in not going to the full length of engaging any one of our usual team of knightly conductors—Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Henry Wood, or Sir Edward Elgar.

The announcement is a welcome sign that music on the South Coast is waking up. I was present a few weeks ago at the Hastings Musical Festival, which was artistically a great success. Incidentally, I listened there to a performance, by the augmented orchestra, of a Mozart Symphony which, I have no hesitation in saying, could bear comparison with any we have heard in London in the last few years, at any rate from a London orchestra. Some weeks previously to that I had been at an equally successful function at Eastbourne.

Wake Up Brighton!

This reminds me that my remarks about the apathy of Brighton have drawn a reply from Miss Eleanor G. Newman, who points out that Brighton now has an orchestra, namely Mr. Menges's Symphonic String Players, which is giving a very successful series of concerts. Far be it from me to underrate the merits of this body of players, or to undervalue the good work they are doing; but after all is said and done, what is one series of concerts compared with what is being done at Eastbourne, Hastings and Portsmouth? Compared with these three towns, none of which has a population of more than a little over ninety thousand, Brighton and Hove, with a joint population of nearly two hundred thousand, cut a sorry figure. The municipality of Brighton should take to heart what the Mayor of Hastings said a few weeks ago, that the Corporation was convinced that the provision of good music was one of the best enterprises on which a Corporation could embark.

I read the other day in an account of the new Aquarium that is being built at Brighton, that "it is intended to run orchestral concerts." This may mean anything from a jazz band of twenty to a full-sized symphony orchestra of fifty to eighty. If Brighton has any municipal pride, it will surely see to it that it is not put off with anything except a full-sized orchestra and a capable conductor.

An Orchestra for the South.

It has often been a cause of wonderment why the South should always have lagged so much behind the North in musical matters. It is possible to draw a line across England from East to West about at the level of London, and if we do, we shall find that nearly all musical enterprise is confined to the counties north of that line. No one has, as far as I know, ever been able to explain why; for the inhabitants of the South of England are surely as artistic as the rest of the country. If one were to

MUSIC in the SOUTH

By A. KALISCH

make a list of painters and writers, one would probably find as many on one side of the line as on the other, perhaps even more on the southern side.

I have a Utopian vision of a great centre for music of the South of England, which would be able to support an institution somewhat on the lines of the Hallé Orchestra and would supply all the large towns which suffer from musical famine. The distances to be covered from town to town are not so great that one good orchestra could not supply them all. I believe, as a matter of fact, that a scheme for the co-operation of the Hastings and Eastbourne



Miss Daisy Kennedy.
An impression by Kapp.

Orchestras, which together would make up a band of over seventy, has before now been considered.

These speculations are interesting in a way, but what is more interesting is the undoubted fact that all these things point to the revival of zeal, or whatever we like to call it, in the South of England. It would be more interesting still to discover what is the cause of it. Is it due to the greater importance which Universities and public schools are showing in music, which is percolating? Are old university men and old public schoolboys doing their bit in their respective homes, or, as the American would say, in their "home towns?" Is it that the great growth of Competition Musical Festivals has aroused a new love of music in the larger masses? Is it the gramophone or the wireless?

Gramophone Popularity.

His Master's Voice by the way has been trying to investigate the subject of the comparative popularity of various types of records, and it has come to the conclusion that Wagner, Beethoven, and Schubert are the most popular in purely industrial districts, and what it calls the "simple ballad" comes next in favour. The same authority says that in the suburbs

the balance is pretty even between all types of music; but the most surprising fact is that jazz predominates just where one would have

thought it had the weakest hold, namely South Kensington, Mayfair, Belgravia and Bloomsbury. This ought to make these districts ashamed of themselves; or can we draw the comforting conclusion that it simply means that their love for dance music goes side by side with an affection for more serious things, and it is perhaps that they are able to satisfy their demands for classical music in the concert hall more easily than can other less fortunate districts. Such statistics are of course to a certain extent fallacious because the life of a dance record or a jazz record is very short. No oblivion is as complete as that of the foxtrot of the week before last.

It is a common experience to find a dance enthusiast gushing over a certain dance in October, and telling you in November that it is as dead as a door-nail. The experience of some gramophone dealers bears out these facts because we are frequently told that whereas a jazz record will sell rapidly perhaps for six weeks, it is quite dead at the end of that time, while a symphony record or a record of a good quartet will go on selling steadily for years. Let us not forget that the sales of the Beethoven Quartets as recorded by the Lener Quartet during the period of the Beethoven Centenary reached six figures—Some people say even half a million.

The Operatic Future.

The cryptic announcement from the Season's in the prospectus of Covent Repertoire will include "a new work," has caused a good deal of speculation as to what this novelty might be. The obvious suggestion that most people are making is that this new opera should be Strauss's "Egyptian Helen," but I

hear that it is doubtful whether we shall hear it because the terms demanded by Richard Strauss are—as his wont is—unfortunately, pretty stiff. At the same time, if something between twenty and thirty German Opera houses can afford them, it seems strange that they should be beyond the reach of Covent Garden. At its recent production in Berlin, the larger portion of the Press dealt with it very faithfully; but I hear from somebody who ought to know that its success with the opera-going public is undoubted. Similarly, the New York critics were more than severe when it was first produced at the beginning of last month, but from there I hear that it is resulting in record receipts.

Apart from the "Egyptian Helen" there have not been many recent operas on the continent for which London seems likely to clamour. "Johnny Plays Up" has, of course, been a sensational success, and has aroused a great deal of controversy, but from what I can hear about it, it seems as if it would be better adapted to a theatre like Daly's than to Covent Garden, for it is on the border line—perhaps just a little on the wrong side of the border line—between serious opera and comedy with music.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

CHRISTMAS BOOKS *and their* STORY

THE other afternoon I went into a well-known London bookshop and I asked, "Have you Kate Greenaway's 'Under the Window'?" They said, "We have," and I said, "Will you show me a copy?" and they fetched it, for this was in the "nursery room," which has many "juveniles," ancient and modern. Also, to win the right spirit of youth, it has, painted in big letters, Stevenson's familiar line about the world being full of such wonderful things that we should all be as happy as Kings; anyhow, at Christmas, which comes soon.

What memories of other years, dim in the mist of their number, came back as I turned over the pages of "Under the Window"! The soft green of the pictures, the quaint dress of the people in them, the gentle goodness of the English scenes depicted. They were all, perhaps, old fashioned, but, as I learned, the book is a favourite still to-day, when it has to contend with the many literary children for which it "blazed" the trail. Plain and coloured! It was Kate Greenaway and Ralph Caldecott who brought the English child's spirit to the English child's book, they who caught the natural soul of the cradle, the nursery and the playground, as "A.A.M." has done for a later generation in the Christopher Robin books, so charmingly pictured by Mr. Ernest Shepard.

"Moral Lessons."

Earlier, for a long, dry time, there had been the "juveniles" which we associate with Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld, Mrs. Sarah Trimmer, and other dear ladies and good men who worked in the same pattern of "moral lessons." What was a hearty, innocent child to say to a masterpiece by Mrs. Barbauld called "Early Lessons," or to another entitled "Hymns in Prose for Children"? What was a young, lively girl to say about Mrs. Barbauld's sober "Passages," chosen for her particular benefit from the English poets and prose writers? The present English young person, taken to a bookshop and let choose her own ideals, would be very angry with Mrs. Barbauld, and not less angry with Mrs. Trimmer.

She was certainly a knowing lady and one of her books of instruction was "An Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature," but when I asked for it the bookseller said, "No: we don't have it; dead, ages ago, I should think." It was Mrs. Trimmer who invented the picture-card as an easy way of teaching the quite young mind to study through the eye. This should be recorded in her favour, just as there should be the footnote to Mrs. Barbauld that, in a poem, when England was gloomy before Waterloo, she said a traveller from the Antipodes would one day sit on a broken arch of London Bridge and contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's. There, no doubt, Macaulay got the hint for his fabled New Zealander doing the same thing. But, ordinarily, the Barbaulds and the Trimmers were not inspiring, certainly for the English child of the time, and the spinster taste of their names makes you feel as much.

By *James Milne*

Kate Greenaway to the Rescue.

It was an escape from the desert to the sown when Kate Greenaway came along with "Under the Window" and its companion books, and Caldecott with his pictures for "John Gilpin," "The House That Jack Built," or "The Babes in the Wood." That prophet of Victorian days, John Ruskin, whose life somebody has been

Islington in 1763, and is buried in the churchyard of his native village, Waltham St. Lawrence. Young folks might well go there on pilgrimage, as older folk go to

Stratford, saluting the memory of Shakespeare, or to Woodbridge where Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, is buried. John was a born publisher for the three reasons that he struck a new line, knew how to prepare it, and then how to sell it. He presented pincushions as bribes to mothers who bought his nursery books, and he was not above sticking an advertisement for a medicine he sold into one of them, "Goody Two Shoes."

"Goody Two-Shoes."

Its heroine had a father and he died "miserably" because he was "seized with a violent fever in a place where Dr. James's Powder was not to be had." One wonders if Samuel Johnson or Oliver Goldsmith, when they called at Newbery's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, got this powder, or did they write for his "juveniles"? There is a belief that Goldsmith did, and particularly he has been credited with the lines in "Goody Two-Shoes" about the small folk—

*Who from a state of Rags and Caire,
And having Shoes but half a Paire,
Their Fortune and Their Fame
would fix
And Gallop in a Coach and Six.*

Goldsmith brings John Newbery into "The Vicar of Wakefield," by making Dr. Primrose say, "When we met him, at that time, he was actually compiling materials for the history of one, Mr. Thomas Trip." The reference there is to a Newbery volume, "Tommy Trip and His Dog Powder," which remains fresh enough to delight children of this generation, and they are not always easily pleased. They would, however, probably have liked John because he was a "good-natured man" with a "red, pimpled face." But he was a restless fellow, and even a "red pimpled face" would not make up for that with children, who hate fuss.

"He was no sooner alighted," we may read in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "but he was in haste to go, for he was ever on business of the utmost importance." He began this activity as a youth in the Berkshire town of Reading, an incident of it being that he married his dead master's widow, and then he went to London and a larger sphere.

The First Gift Book.

We shall never know, perhaps, just who launched the first gift book for a child, because there may have been something of the sort, in a rude, emblematic shape, when the world itself was young; something to guide by fear, though hardly to inspire by beauty. Our early architect of it, however, is John Newbery, at the Bible and the Sun, under the shadow of St. Paul's. He could not, being no longer there, help the Barbaulds and the Trimmers coming along on his heels with their dreary tomes of correction. But Kate Greenaway, the mother of the Christmas books, as

(Continued overleaf.)



An Ernest Shepard picture, in a new edition of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's famous "Golden Age," which the Bodley Head publishes for this Christmas.

"novelising," says in his "Præterita" that Kate Greenaway, especially, gave the babes and sucklings of England a new world of faery. He wanted her to illustrate an old English nursery book of which he was very fond, "Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats." When I turned again to my courteous bookseller he shook his head and said, "Never heard of it," so I had to be content with—

*Under the window is my garden,
Where sweet, sweet flowers grow;
And in the pear-tree dwells a robin,
The dearest bird I know.*

But young people and "grown-ups," while they get or gather their Christmas books, should also have a memory of gratitude for old John Newbery of St. Paul's Churchyard. He was the pioneer of the child's book, the first English bookseller, who made it a business of importance, and therefore he may fairly be called the patron-saint of the nursery. He was born in the year 1713, a child of Berkshire, and he died at

it is at this moment in London, would have rejoiced his soul. Moreover, he and she may also be regarded as father and mother to the Christmas book for "Grown-ups," in that it has developed from the infant seeds they sowed. Perhaps a definite encouragement and influence in the chain of evolution is to be found in the "Books of Beauty," which we associate with the name of Lady Blessington. She was scarcely a literary woman, but she was artistic as well as socially ambitious, and at times, may be, hard up, like other beautiful women of history. At all events there was occasion, or attraction for her to launch her "Books of Beauty" and "Grown-ups" bought them or got them as gifts.

Pick What You Like Best.

Now, as of old, the best way to choose the Christmas books you want to give others, or for yourself, is to join the crowd in the bookshops, see what there is, and pick what you like most. But a little guidance will be useful, and the lists which follow represent the pick of the market:

FOR CHILDREN:

A Fairy Garland, illustrated by EDMUND DULAC, Cassell, 15s.

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, with a preface by HUGH WALPOLE, Knopf, 12s. 6d.

The Complete History of the Bastable Family, by EDITH NESBIT, Benn, 10s.

The House at Pook Corner, by A. A. MILNE, illustrated by ERNEST H. SHEPARD, Methuen, 7s. 6d.

Green Magic, by ROMER WILSON, Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.

The Children's Hour, by ARTHUR MEE, Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.

My Animal Friendships, by CHERRY KLAR-TON, Arrowsmith, 5s.

Arabella Epps—Her Book; verses by EILEEN DE MANCHA and H. C. G. STEVENS; drawings by DENIS COWLES; music by H. C. G. STEVENS; foreword by FAY COMPTON; Cassell, 5s.

FOR GIRLS:

The Madonna, An Anthology, edited by SIR JAMES MARCHANT, Longmans, 18s.

The Magic Inkpot, Irish stories by the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, illustrated by EDMOND BROCK and Lady MARGARET STEWART, Macmillan, 15s.

A Book of Old-Fashioned Girls, by ROSE FYLEMAN, illustrated in colour by ETHEL EVERETT, Methuen, 7s. 6d.

An Alphabet of Magic, by ELEANOR FARJEON, Medici Society, 6s.

Tales of Scottish Keeps and Castles, by ELIZABETH W. GRIERSON, Black, 6s.

Millie in the Fifth, by EVELYN SMITH, Blackie, 5s.

A Fairy to Stay, by MARGARET BEATRICE LODGE, Milford, 5s.

Princess Prunella, by KATHARINE OLD-MEADOW, Collins, 5s.

FOR BOYS:

The Young Rider: Poems for Health and Pleasure, by GOLDEN GORSE, Country Life, 10s. 6d.

Romantic Tales from the Punjab, by CHARLES SWYNNERTON, Milford, 10s. 6d.

Macaulay's Lays, with an introduction by G. M. TREVELYAN, Longmans, 7s. 6d.

The Book of Polar Exploration, by E. L. ELIAS, Harrap, 7s. 6d.

The Winged Trees, by MARJORIE BOWEN, Basil Blackwood, 6s.

The Steel Highway, by CECIL J. ALLEN, Longmans, 6s.

Mighty Men, by ELEANOR FARJEON, Blackwell, 5s.

Rome Through Five Centuries, by D. A. MACKENZIE, Blackie, 5s.

FOR "GROWN UPS":

Kipling's Inclusive Verse, 1885-1926. Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.

A Fox-Hunting Anthology, compiled by E. D. CUMING. Cassell, 21s.

The Plays of J. M. Barrie. Hodder and Stoughton, 21s.

The Oxford Book of Regency Verse, edited by H. S. MILFORD. Oxford Press, 8s. 6d.

An Anthology of "Nineties" Verse, by A. J. A. SYMONS. Matthews and Marrot, 7s. 6d.

The Tagore Birthday Book, edited by C. F. ANDREWS. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.

The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill, by MAX BEERBOHM. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.

Five Days and Two More, by SIR TIMOTHY EDEN, illustrated by JOHN NICHOLSON. Longmans, 7s. 6d.

A Christmas Book, An Anthology, by WYNDHAM LEWIS and G. C. HESELTINE. Dent, 6s.

The Week-End Book. Nonesuch Press, 6s.

FOR OLD OR YOUNG:

Jacob Faithful, by CAPTAIN MARRYAT, with colour drawings by R. W. BUSS. Constable, two volumes, 42s.

A London Reverie, by JOSEPH PENNELL. Macmillan, 25s.

The Golden Octopus, legends of the South Seas, by VISCOUNT HASTINGS, illustrated by BLAIRE YOUNG. Nash, 21s.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, by WASHINGTON IRVING, with colour and line drawings, by ARTHUR RACKHAM. Harrap, 17s. 6d.

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WHAT *the* INDIAN PRINCES WANT

By Sir Manubhai Mehta

(Prime Minister of Baroda from 1916 to 1927, and now Prime Minister of Bikaner. Sir Manubhai is in London to represent the Maharajah of Bikaner before the Butler Commission which is sitting in Whitehall to inquire into the future of Indian States.)

THE reason why the Indian Princes and their Minister and deputies have come to London is to fix the relations of the Indian States with the Imperial Government and the Government of India.

Until 1914, the Indian Princes were not allowed to meet and exchange views regarding their relations with the Imperial Government and the Government of India, consequently they had no common point of view. The treaties which the East India Company maintained with each separate State, included invariably a clause forbidding diplomatic relations between two or more States; and this was interpreted so rigorously as to prevent even informal personal visits by the sovereign of one State to a sovereign of another State, let alone formal consultations on political and social practice.

In that year, however, Lord Hardinge held the first conference of Indian Princes. In 1919, the Chamber of Princes was started to enable the Princes, among other things, to form a common point of view, with regard to their rights and duties towards the Imperial Government and the Government of India. Formerly there was no *esprit de corps* among the Indian Princes; but now, on account of the formation of the Chamber of Princes, and also on account of the birth of new problems in British India as the result of the grant of self-government to British Indians, that *esprit de corps* has been formed.

Independence Not Wanted.

THE Viceroy is theoretically different from the Governor-General of India. He represents the King Emperor; and as such, deals

with the Indian Princes. The Governor-General, on the other hand, is the Head of the Government of India, which is the legitimate successor to the East India Company. But in practice, by a historical coincidence, the two offices have converged in one and the same person. The Indian Princes have no objection to this; but they would prefer that the Viceroy should be a member of the British Royal Family—for example, the Duke of York or the Duke of Gloucester.

700 States.

BEFORE proceeding further, it may be mentioned that there are about 700 States in India, some of which are as large as Wales and others not more than a few hundred square miles of territory. Some of the Princes enjoy full sovereign rights in matters of internal administration, while others have their sovereignty considerably limited. None of them, however, wants complete independence. They do not want to have diplomatic relations with each

other, or with other Asiatic or European powers.

All they want is that the treaties which the East India Company entered into with them shall be re-interpreted in the light of modern conditions; they want it to be made clear that they owe allegiance to the British Crown, but not to the Government of India. They wish to work in harmony with British India in anything that concerns their common interests—as its voluntary and equal partners, but not as its subordinates. They suggest that a permanent representative of the Indian States in London be appointed to advise the Secretary of State for India on matters which concern or conflict with the interests of British India.

This is the general position regarding the constitutional relations of the Indian Princes with the Imperial Government and the Government of India. But they have a number of points to raise concerning the detailed political practice of to-day. As matters stand, the Political Secretary of the Viceroy can, if he is so inclined (and it has happened in the past that he was so inclined) work a good deal of mischief. He can, for example, appoint a Resident who can stretch his powers and become a sort of second ruler in that State. The Indian Princes do not think that this is quite fair to them.

A Fiscal Union.

IT should not be understood from the above remarks that the Indian Princes do not want Britishers to have anything to do with their States. The fact that they employ British

officials in their States as ministers or advisers makes such a supposition impossible. It is only an objection to British officials interfering with their States in a way which is not justified by the treaties. Local coinages and stamps, for example, have often been abolished by these Residents, not for the good of those States, but for the good of the Government of India.

Then, again, there is the question of railways. If, for example, a railway is built through the territory of an Indian State, the strip along which the line is constructed falls under the sovereignty and police jurisdiction not of that State, but of the Government of India. This "foreign land" within an Indian Prince's territory, besides limiting that Prince's sovereignty, is a practical nuisance to him. The Prince's subjects can go there and make the most seditious speeches against him, and yet he cannot arrest them. This has happened often in recent years.

A Council of Six.

THEN there are fiscal grievances. At present customs and excise are not only controlled by the Government of India, but run wholly for their benefit. The revenue of coinage and postal and telegraphic services again go to the Government of India, and we have no say in their policy. We suggest that a customs and fiscal union should be created and a joint committee be set up with the future rulers of British India (whoever they may be, whether Britishers or British Indians) to co-operate and consult with equal powers and equal interests.

Our present idea is that we should have a standing council of six, consisting of the Political Secretary, three Princes or Ministers of States, and two disinterested British representatives from England who would work out these problems which affect the Indian States jointly, and meet an equal number of representatives of British India to discuss the problems in which British India also is concerned.

Reforms from Within.

IT is pointed out that the Indian States are very backward, and that life and property are not quite safe in them. We admit that some of the States are backward: though not as backward as it is made out. We want these States to be brought up to the level of the more enlightened ones. But we wish that these reforms should come from within, perhaps in consultations among the Chamber of Princes, and not from without—that is, from British India. We wish British Indians nothing but well; we have no desire whatever to obstruct their legitimate destinies. But we want them to be equally fair to us. We want neither to dominate them nor be dominated by them.

DEATH OF A FAUN

BY PAMELA TRENCH

Decorated by

Agnes Janie

HOW has he slipped from us? What song
Beats in his ears that he is deaf to ours?
How still he lies! As if strange hands
Had loosed their hold upon a world of
flowers

And drawn him close to blossom
Against a heart in quiet lands.

The wind has spoken with his voice
And trees were repetitions of his eyes
In which lay forests and the far
Rumour of mountains and the inland rise
Of seaward-going rivers,
And all lovely things that are.

But now on lustral ilex shade
He has laid down his burden of heart-beat
And drooped his little horned head
Gently towards his little golden feet,
Like a slack-bow whose arrows
Into invisible breasts have sped.

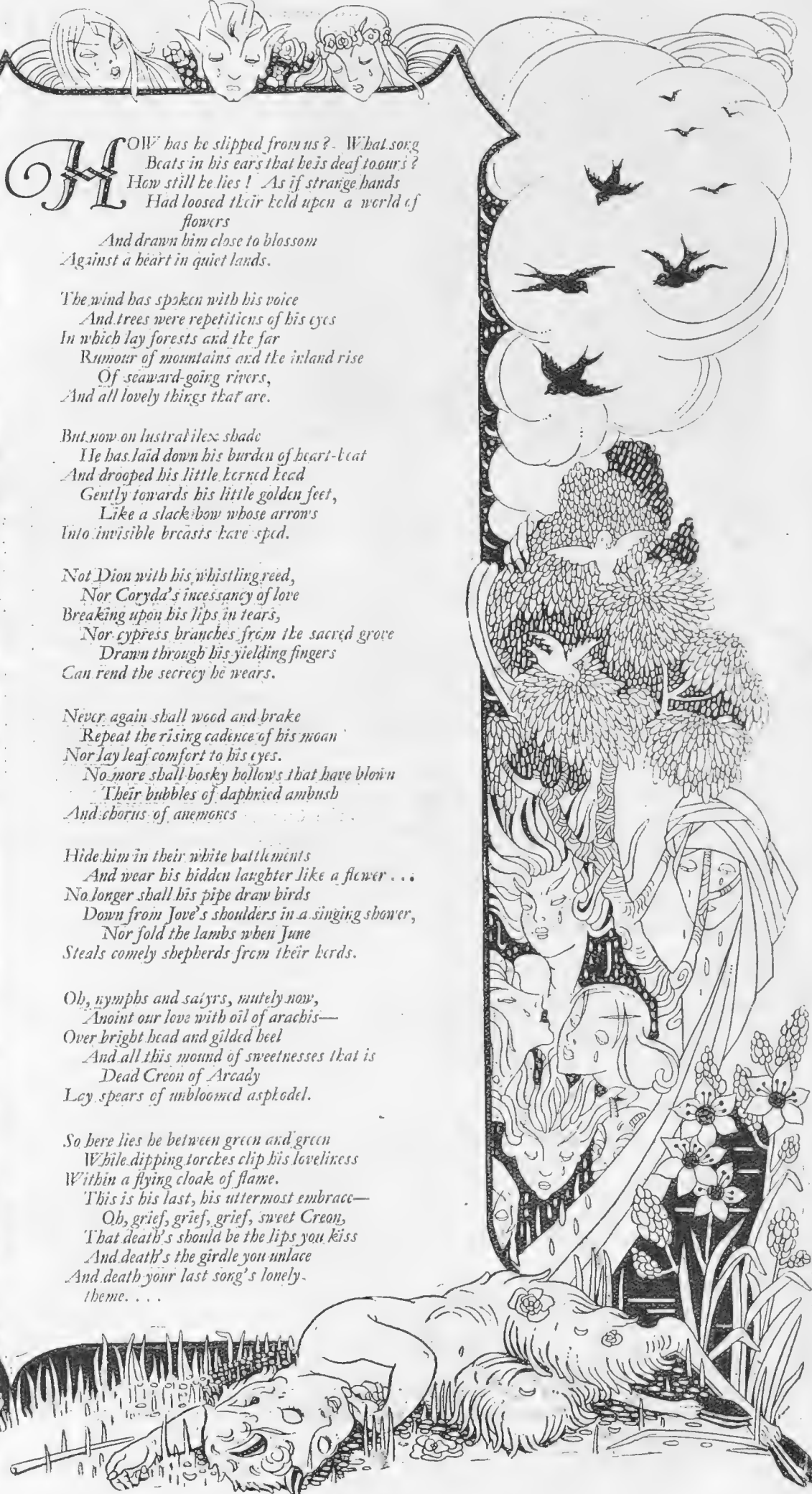
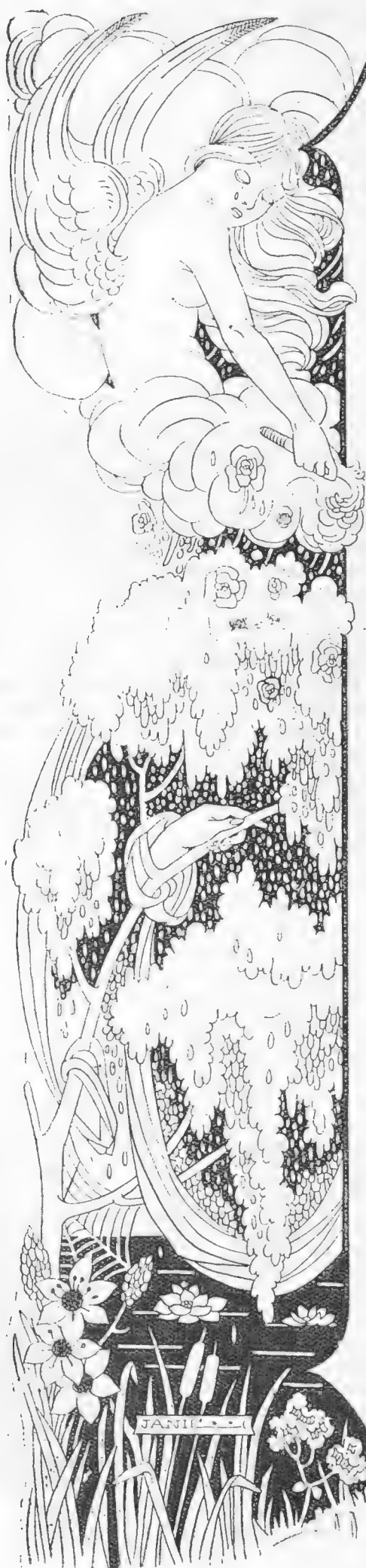
Not Dion with his whistling reed,
Nor Coryda's incessancy of love
Breaking upon his lips in tears,
Nor cypress branches from the sacred grove
Drawn through his yielding fingers
Can rend the secrecy he wears.

Never again shall wood and brake
Repeat the rising cadence of his moan
Nor lay leaf comfort to his eyes.
No more shall bosky hollows that have blown
Their bubbles of daphned ambush
And chorons of anemones

Hide him in their white battlements
And wear his hidden laughter like a flower...
No longer shall his pipe draw birds
Down from Jove's shoulders in a singing shower,
Nor fold the lambs when June
Steals comely shepherds from their herds.

Oh, nymphs and satyrs, mutely now,
Anoint our love with oil of arachis—
Over bright head and gilded beel
And all this mound of sweetnesses that is
Dead Creon of Arcady
Lay spears of unbloomed asphodel.

So here lies he between green and green
While dipping torches clip his loveliness
Within a flying cloak of flame.
This is his last, his uttermost embrace—
Oh, grief, grief, grief, sweet Creon,
That death's should be the lips you kiss
And death's the girdle you unlace
And death your last song's lonely
theme. . . .



AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



"UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW"

By E. T. BROWN

ON Monday next London will be invaded for the umpteenth time by the annual contingent of farmers who are "up for the Cattle Show," as the display staged by the Smithfield Club is popularly termed.

Townfolk in general, and Londoners in particular, are not noted for their fondness for agricultural shows. But the Smithfield comes into a somewhat different category, and it attracts a vast throng of visitors who are concerned with seeing their Christmas dinners in the flesh, while they are still alive and majestic.

The Dolphin Yard in 1799.

Smithfield has always been London's own show from the day of its inception. This was as long ago as 1799, when the first show was held in Wootton's Dolphin Yard. What a tiny show it was compared with Smithfield as we know it to-day, when the Agricultural Hall is packed with entries, and when it is impossible to squeeze any more into available space. There were only two classes at the original show for cattle and two for sheep, while pigs were ignored altogether, although pork was just as popular then as it is to-day.

What a contrast to the classification at the present show, acknowledged by all to be the premier fat stock show of the world, at which there are 61 classes for cattle, 36 for sheep, 32 for pigs, and 13 slaughter classes. The total entries are well over a thousand, while the membership of the Club has grown from 113 to over 1,500.

A Shock for Our Grandfathers.

Could our grandfathers but see the class of animal now exhibited they would probably suffer from severe shock, for gone are the enormous animals that secured prizes in those far-off days.

To the majority of people an animal is just an animal, and they probably think that the cattle, sheep and pigs of our ancestors were similar to those they see in the fields and yards to-day. Not a bit of it. Although people may not change much, animals do, especially when they have to be fashioned into sizes and shapes most popular for the public. There are almost as many changes among cattle, sheep and pigs as there are in ladies' dresses.

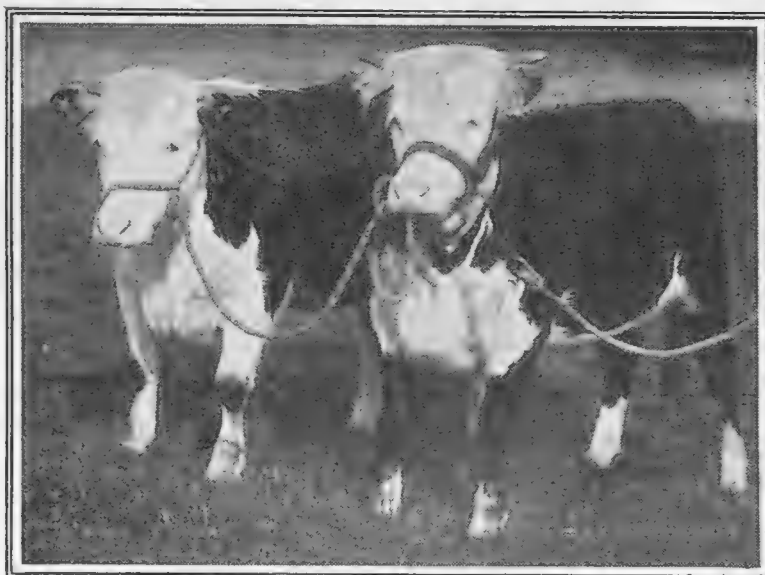
What has brought this about? Why does the Smithfield Show stand for the very latest fashion, and set the fashion in fat animals for the whole world? The answer is simple. It is because the Council has made it its business to study the public consumer, the housewife who purchases a steak, a joint, or a few chops, and who is emphatic in her declaration to her butcher that "there must not be too much fat, and it must be small."

Breeders Ruled by the Gas Oven.

The whole enormous business of live stock

breeding in the United Kingdom is really dependent on the whims of the housewife, the appetite and tastes of the breadwinner, and—the size of the gas oven. A trivial thing this gas oven, yet how powerful a factor in modern life. To think that the very size of our animals is now dictated by the capacity of our ovens.

At the rock-bottom, however, it is only common sense, for the tendency nowadays is to live in a tiny house, flat or bungalow, with a microscopic and diminutive gas cooker, while modern tastes run towards hot meals rather than cold, home-cooked meat.



A PAIR OF HEREFORD STEERS.

No breed can excel the Hereford for the quantity or quality of its flesh.

To be popular, therefore, and to meet the demand, joints must be tiny too, and so our stock-breeders (than whom there are no more progressive men in the world, whatever may be said to the contrary) have set about breeding animals to yield these small joints and to combine early maturity with weight for age. Thus the live stock assembled at the Hall for this year's show will exhibit, to no small degree, the influence of modern fashion in joints and the dictates of the gas oven.

A Short but a Happy Life.

Very short lives are enjoyed by the animals destined for the butcher nowadays. Almost from the time of their birth they are subjected to far more care, attention and methodical feeding than those bred even twenty years ago.

Diet for such animals is as carefully planned as a menu for the most fastidious diner-out. Those in charge of the animals that are put to fatten consider proteins, carbohydrates and vitamins with far more care than the rations should be "balanced" to a nicety than any chef puts into his work.

When visitors at the show pause before one of these grand examples of early-maturing beef, a regular symmetrical block of meat on four short legs, they are looking at the finished product of many months of hard work, careful attention and planning.

Few of us realise, when we discuss that delicately flavoured leg of mutton that graces our board, how much work has gone to prepare it just as we like it, apart from the culinary arts. It has to be small; therefore the farmer must select a small breed of sheep, and by careful breeding keep it small, even though he may live on land where all things tend to increase in size.

He must mate his animals so that the resulting lamb may possess the power to grow plump at a very early age, and not only plump, but carrying meat in the right places where lie those joints most in favour with purchasers. This means skill in feeding, in choosing the right foods to aid the lamb in its growth at the appropriate times, and keeping it on the move the whole brief period of its life.

Credit to the Smithfield Club.

To the Smithfield Club belongs the credit of having fostered the spirit of enterprise and improvement in our animals. Without its aid it is highly probable that we should still be eating meat composed chiefly of fat and with enormous waste to every joint we purchased.

Bullocks used to be kept for four or five years before they were fit for the butcher, a leg of mutton used to be cut from a wether sheep of four years old at least, while pigs, too, were equally slow to mature.

Imagine the amount they would consume in the way of food during that period. Now a bullock to be really prime will not be over two years of age, probably less, sheep will go to the butcher ere they are a year old, and pigs when they are six to eight months. A quick turnover enabling the farmer to keep more stock and to get rid of it speedily, that is what the Smithfield Show stands for to-day.

Marking Imported Eggs.

The end of a long and sometimes rather bitter controversy in which agriculturists have been for many years keenly interested has been reached with the laying before Parliament an Order in Council providing for the marking of imported eggs.

The vital part of the Order is in these terms: "It shall not be lawful to import any hen or duck eggs in shell into the United Kingdom, nor to sell or expose for sale in the United Kingdom any imported hen or duck eggs in shell unless they bear an indication of origin." The new measure will come into operation about April next. The application for the Order was put forward by the National Poultry Council and the National Farmers' Union.

THE SMALLHOLDING and ALLOTMENT

Seakale Before Your Neighbour.

SEAKALE is the easiest thing in the world to force. Roots may be lifted for forcing for the table this month, although perhaps rather better samples are obtained a little later on. The point of importance is to have strong roots to begin with. Any place where a temperature of 45 to 55 degrees can be maintained may be used for the purpose of forcing this delicious vegetable. Among such places are mushroom houses, cellars, pits, or old sheds.

The plants may be planted thickly in boxes or pots, or they may be put into a bed, but in all cases light must be excluded to secure thorough blanching. By such simple means as these it is possible to obtain a supply regularly until permanent beds in the open come into use.

Jerusalem Artichokes.

Of all vegetable crops the Jerusalem artichoke is perhaps the simplest to grow successfully, while it is one of the most abundant croppers. It belongs to the sunflower family, and reproduces itself mainly by means of underground tubers formed at the base of the stem.

A native of North America, it was introduced into this country in 1617, and although it has been cultivated as an article of food ever since, it has never attained to much popularity. Unlike the potato, the tuber contains no starch, and it is not therefore floury when cooked. Perhaps this accounts for its lack of favour.

The stem of the Jerusalem artichoke is erect and very stout, and under favourable conditions grows to a height of eight or ten feet. The flower-heads are very small. The colour of the tubers varies greatly, some varieties being white, others pale pink, and others again purple. It grows well and yields abundantly in cold and exposed situations as well as in more favoured quarters, and it does not appear to be troubled with any disease.

Vegetables in Winter.

Many of those who grow vegetables very successfully are greatly puzzled as to which crops they should lift and store, and which they should leave in the ground until required for use. Parsnips, of course, are actually improved by a spell of frost when left in the open, and artichokes, too, are unharmed. The long sorts of beet will also stand well, as will celery if the tops be protected by litter and the earthing-up has been well done.

Broccoli will take no harm if headed towards the north, and cabbages will stand any amount

Articles on the Smallholding and Allotment will appear regularly in BRITANNIA, and Mr. E. T. Brown will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers.

*Inquiries should be addressed to him,
c/o BRITANNIA,*

*Inveresk House,
Strand, London.*

of frost. Carrots and turnips, however, will begin to split if left much longer in the open. Cauliflowers will go brown if exposed to the frost, but will keep quite a long time if pulled up by the roots and hung head downwards in a frost-proof place.

The Poor Man's Cow.

The goat is an inexpensive but a remarkable bit of machinery, which can in the course of a year, out of substances quite insignificant in value, manufacture food equivalent to 400 lbs. of beef or mutton. A well-bred animal will give up to three quarts of milk daily, while there are cases on record in which as much as

a gallon has been produced for months on-end.

Goats' milk is considerably richer than cows', and it has the added advantage of being absolutely free from tubercular taint. For children and invalids it cannot be equalled.

Not only does the goat supply a first-grade milk in considerable quantities, but it also provides the household with an excellent form of meat, since kids when about three weeks old are splendid for the table and carry quite a large amount of flesh.

There are many different breeds of goats, but there are three most suited to the small owner. These are the English, the Anglo-Nubian and the Toggenburg. The English is the cheapest and most commonly kept, but is not nearly so good a milker as the Anglo-Nubian, while this in its turn is inferior to the Toggenburg.

Present Time Jobs.

Heavy land is difficult to dig, but it will grow abundant crops if dug now and left fallow during the winter. The action of frost greatly improves it.

This year's celery bed makes an ideal spot for onions next season. It should be well dug as soon as possible.

A good supply of Brussels sprouts can still be secured if any yellowing leaves are picked off, and each plant be given a pinch of nitrate of soda, followed by a good hoeing.

Have a look at the grease bands on the fruit trees to make sure they are "tacky." All rubbish and leaves that have stuck to them should be removed, as these form a bridge over which the insects can crawl.

Pruning of fruit trees should be completed as soon as possible. Delay is dangerous.

Sow now:—Out-of-doors, broad beans and round-seeded peas; under glass, cauliflowers, lettuces, mustard, cress, radishes, cucumbers and tomatoes.

E. T. B.

THE TALE OF YOUR DOG By Michael Chance

(V.) Maxims of Dog Management

IF your dog receives proper care at your hands he will enjoy a healthy, happy life. So give him a chance.

Treat him and talk to him as an equal; be his pal rather than his master. The best way to ensure his obedience is to gain his confidence.

Never lose your temper with him. You cannot control your dog if you cannot control yourself.

You must be firm and yet patient; remember that you may not be conveying your wishes and intentions as clearly as you think you are.

Use your imagination in dealing with your dog; he cannot always tell you his wants and troubles.

Avoid Needless Thrashing.

SCOLDING is usually more effective than beating; but all punishment is useless unless it is just. Never punish your dog unless he understands the reason for it; the best plan is to catch him red-handed.

Never thrash your dog if you can avoid it, and only then for some grave misdemeanour; and in no case thrash him twice within a short period. Dogs and women should never be cowed.

Never shout at a dog in anger. Shouting confuses the dog and lessens your own authority. A dog understands orders from the tone of the voice. Quietness and firmness of tone are more effective than all the yelling in the world.

On no account allow an order to remain unobeyed. If your dog hesitates to come to you or to go to a particular place, do not drag him by the collar; it is undignified for you both and teaches him nothing. Force him, by patience, to obey the word of command.

Your Dog's Comfort.

AMONGST dogs cleanliness is greater than godliness. Your dog's health and happiness, and your own, depend on it.

If you like your own bed to be clean and dry, see that your dog's is equally so. He prefers wood-wool because there are bugs in straw; and he likes his bedding changed once a week. If you do not yourself like stale tea with smuts in it, see that your dog's drinking water is clean and fresh. There should be a law against chaining up dogs. A kennel with a small run is an easy and inexpensive matter.

If you allow your dog to sleep on your bed, give him all the more air and exercise in the daytime. It is better for him to be thin than fat; if you cannot spare the time to exercise him properly give him away.

If you believe in baths for yourself, give one to your dog at least once a month in winter and twice a month in summer. Give him his meals at regular hours. How would you like to be kept waiting for your lunch until three o'clock and have it at eleven the next day? Do not feed him with scraps at meal times.

If you live in the country, let your dog have plenty of rattling. You probably enjoy a game of tennis yourself. Do not let your dog mix with all and sundry; this is sanitation, not snobbery.

A Character Reader.

DO not let your dog bark unnecessarily; let him have a reputation among your neighbours of being a good fellow and not a nuisance. If he should be a nuisance to other people, blame yourself and not the dog. In teaching him tricks or obedience, make your lessons short; a bored dog is a bad pupil.

Do not be penny wise and pound foolish. If he is mildly out of sorts, try castor oil. If he is really ill (his normal temperature is 101½), keep him warm and send for a vet. If that is too much trouble or expense, give him to someone who deserves to have him.

A dog is quick to read character; so show him the best side of yours. Never quarrel with your wife in front of your dog; dogs are sensitive creatures.

Give him in his short life all the sun and air, consideration, exercise, fun and happiness that you can; he will repay you a thousand-fold and maybe he will be waiting for you in the next world with a cheery bark of welcome and a prodigious tail-wagging that surely will be good to see.

HUNTING *the* FOX

By "Harborough"

"The Glorious Uncertainty."

THIS very hackneyed expression is used of the turf almost to the exclusion of any other game of chance; but it is quite wrong, of course, that this should be so, for, if you can name me anything more gloriously uncertain than fox-hunting, I will call you a Maskelyne and Devant or any other kind of conjuror you may fancy.

For instance, during the past ten days, taking the time from the moment this is written, the howling blast, thunder, lightning and hail, and in some places snow, have been doing their best to stop the form of exercise and enjoyment which so many of us believe is the best thing in the world for our digestions and our tempers. Yet in some parts of the hunting world they have been having the most extraordinary fun.

That's the best (and the worst) of fox-hunting—you never know. You go out saying: "Oh, well, we shan't have any fun—but it's a nice hack anyway, and it looks as if it wouldn't rain." You have not keyed your nerves up to the top B in Bravery—you may feel as if your skin don't fit you and God hates you—when suddenly, in some place where there never has been a fox, there's a sudden stir—then an echo—must be a train whistle; you think—then there's a terrific commotion—someone comes past at the *allegretto agitato* pace, catches you a bang on the knee and asks you what the thunder you are doing hanging about for, and shouts that they have slipped away at the top end.

Charge and Barge.

You are then drawn into the vortex of those who mean to go, and are saying bad words because they have missed the start, and also of those who never have meant to go. There's only one thing to do, of course; cease at once to be a gentleman, charge and barge with the best and the worst, and hope for "open water" ahead—if you can't open the gates, jump them! It is a moment for a display of such "devil" as you may possess, and trusting to luck. And your courage, or otherwise is almost certain to meet its just reward. You may get a start you have not entirely deserved and see the best hunt of the season, or if you have failed to grasp your nettle and jump that big place, which you were not expecting to be asked to jump, never see them again till you meet them trotting back to their next draw in their own country, the fox with which you failed to go away having taken them deep into the heart of their next-door neighbour's before either he beat them or they beat him.

It is such a toss-up, and yet they speak only of the glorious uncertainty of the turf! The Cardinal Wiseman of the Chasse is, of course, he who does not take anything on trust and, whatever the conditions, takes measures against getting left—that is to say, if he is one of the kind who wants a front seat in the stalls and is anxious to see every bit of the play so far as the Fickle Goddess will let him.

Varying Fortunes.

Whilst, as I say, in some parts of the world they have been blown to bits and had hardly a sign of a hunt—the Beaufort, for instance, touched low water mark during the cyclone period when only four met "Master" instead of the possible four hundred—the Warwickshire brought off some really good little bursts on their Friday (November 23rd), one over an hour

of the best. It was from their Hanwell fixture (no relation to the establishment nearer London), and it was in the maddest, "baddest" weather imaginable. They took him away from the Hanwell "goss" over the brook of the same name, which the truly brave charged as if it were only a cart-rut full to the brim with water. He beat them.

But this performance was no flash in the pan, for there were two more, fast as you could want, one over one hour—some people said nearer two—from Mottingham—a screaming scent all the way to near Warmington, where he got into a hole, and another good 30 minutes and a bittock from Page's, a good serving scent and the weather of the world's worst. So how dare one generalise or say as the farmer's wife did in the song, "My dear it rains, it hails, it pours, you cannot hunt to-day!"

They have been having a few more troubles in Warwickshire, and two more of my personal friends have been in the wars and both have collected broken ribs, but both decline to acknowledge defeat—one is a well-known ex-general of Cavalry and another a Warwickshire lady whom we all like immensely and who, incidentally, has forgotten more than a good many of us know about the art and science of equitation.

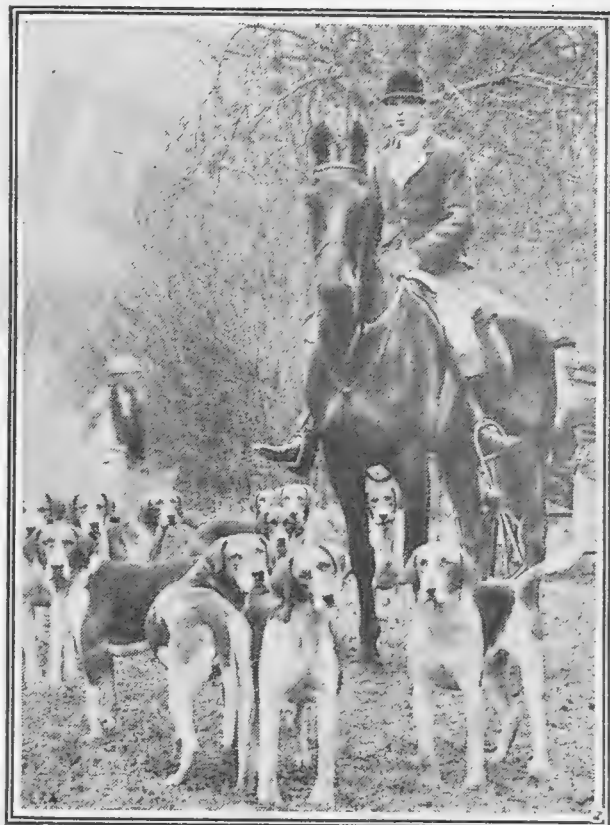
Ribs, incidentally, and I speak with much authority, are about the most painful and plaguey things you can break! You daren't sneeze, coughing is an agony, and even laughing most unpleasant, so when both these undaunted people tell me that they are going out hunting again almost at once, heavily strapped up, I take off my hat to them. The Warwickshire Master is much better, and F. Dawe, the first whip who got such a crumpler the other day has recovered.

High Leicestershire.

In the Fernie region, whither I go back the very day that these notes will see the light in *BRITANNIA*, they have been nearly blown off the earth. The continuous tempests have not done them any good, and as someone I know up that way sagely remarks: "I hate a wind at all times, but on the sea and out hunting it serves no useful purpose!" I quite agree. It makes your eyes and other things stream, it tries to blow your hat off, and it blows all scent away, especially in the Leicestershire Highlands.

The new regime, the joint Wernher-Edmonstone dual monarchy, is doing splendidly, and Bert Peaker, the new huntsman who came to them from the Crawley and Horsham and has Kinch and Dimbledee turning hounds to him, is, they find, the right man in the right spot. They all know their job and go the shortest way to their work. Peaker is no novice in a galloping grass country, as he was broken in under the great artist Frank Freeman in the Pytchley country, and has been with the Holderness, Heythrop, Southwold and Whaddon Chase, in all of which countries no inferior performer could get to his hounds at all. He is a brother of Alf Peaker, the Brocklesby huntsman.

If you are fond of jumping, I can quite confidently recommend the "Billesdon" to you,



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, M.F.H.

The Beaufort hounds have never been out of the family since their establishment, and the mastership has always been held by the reigning Duke save in 1896-97, when Mr. Wemyss was joint master. His present Grace is one of the best amateur huntsmen in England, and hunts hounds four days out of the six they go out, Tom Newman, the professional huntsman, taking the other two. The Cheshire are the only other six days a week pack in England.

for you can get as much as you want and perhaps a bit more sometimes, for the rails are braw strong. It is a most cheery part of the hunting world, where everyone thoroughly understands how to create the correct atmosphere of the fox-hunt—and I defy you to meet a nicer lot of people. Rather different to some places one has to strike in the course of an adventurous, but always interesting career, and I am thinking of somewhere far closer home where I had a rather amusing experience with a jealous and quite stupid "star," whom I failed to understand was any kind of a "star" at all.

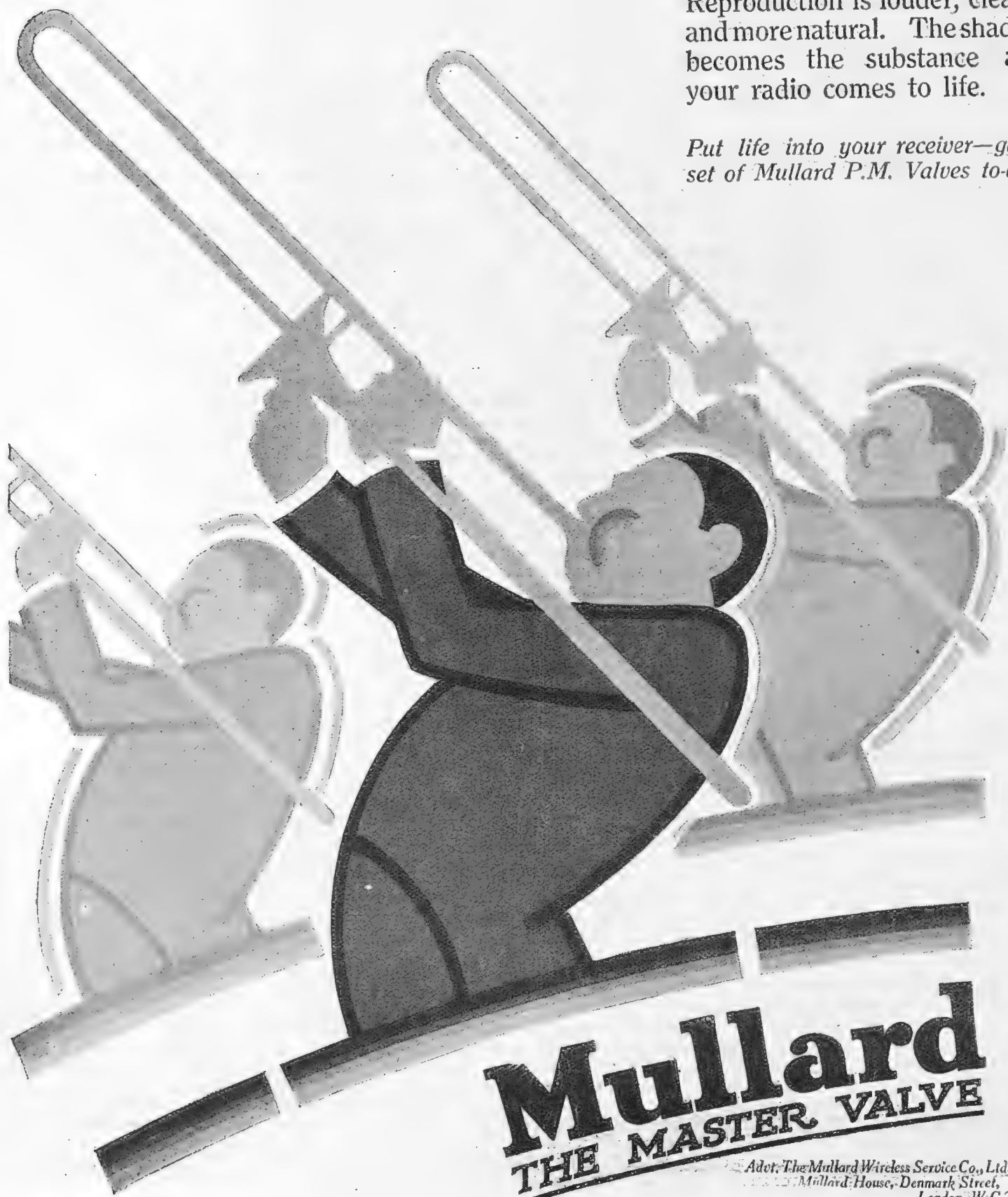
He was waiting at the head of a select queue at a well-strafed gap. Hounds were giving the customary and definite indication that something would soon be happening, so, seeing no special reason for staying to watch an exhibition of third-class equitation, I hopped into the next field, well away on the right of the "star" and his audience, and then pulled up to wait till things really boiled up. The "star's" dignity was hurt, so I gathered, because he trotted up and told me that I ought to be ashamed of myself and that I deserved to be jumped on next time I did it. Not seeing things from his point of view, I answered with three short words, and said he had my leave to jump on me if he could, if hounds ran, but that I believed it would take a better and bolder man than he was to do it. I never saw him when they did go, but when they checked, one of his pals, who was obviously told off to do it came into me at right angles when I was standing stock-still. Nice little sportsmen, both of 'em, weren't they?

I once knew, and still know quite intimately, a man who had very much the same thing done to him by some people of the same sort, and he said: "Look here, don't you try that on again. I've ridden against plug-uglies who were so tough and rough to look at that they would make men like you get off and sit down by the wayside and burst into tears!"

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RADIO REFLECTIONS

POINTS *for the* BEGINNER

SEVERAL correspondents have remarked that in spite of my obvious endeavour to avoid technicalities these notes are still above their heads, since they have not the slightest glimmering of radio knowledge, although anxious to learn. Well, in view of the fact that every day more and more people join the ranks of wireless set users who are in this condition of elementary ignorance, perhaps it would be as well to include just one or two paragraphs each week for their special benefit. And, as much misconception exists as to aerial requirements, it might be well to begin with this.

The aerial, then, should be as high as possible, and not too long. The General Post Office regulations allow us a maximum length of 100 feet, no matter whether the aerial is of the single or double variety. This length is reckoned from the free end of the wire, away from the house, right down to the aerial terminal of the set, and includes, therefore, the down lead and the lead in. It is generally thought that the longer the aerial, the better the results will be; but as a matter of fact with any good modern set there is a limit beyond which it is desirable to go, and if maximum selectivity is desired it is advisable not to make full use of the 100 feet allowed.

A common error is the supposition that the aerial must be insulated from any object which it touches; and that when efficient insulation has been provided, no more care is required. The fact is that it is isolation rather than insulation that is required. The aerial must be kept as far as possible away from any earthed object, such as trees or walls. If it must touch them, then insulation is necessary, of course; but the ideal aerial would make no contact with any mass at all until it reached the aerial terminal of the receiver.

With the best aerial in the world, many beginners are liable to error which sacrifices efficiency at the shrine of tidiness! Rather than have the faintest trace of trailing wires inside the house, they nail or staple the connection from the lead-in to the set along wainscoting or behind picture rails, quite regardless—or rather, ignorant—of the fact that this completely neutralises any benefit which might be derived from a thoroughly efficient aerial. Just the same scrupulous isolation of the aerial wire is required indoors as out.

The Essential Earth Lead.

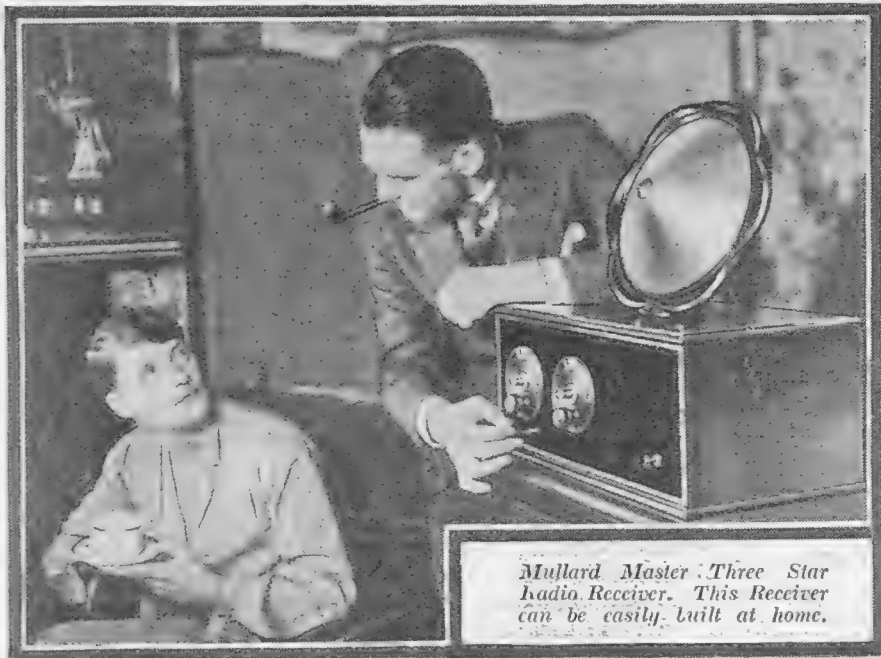
The earth lead is, of course, an essential part of the aerial system, and although rather more liberty may be taken in regard to its proximity to, or even contact with, earthed masses. The earth wire, in fact, may be regarded as a sort of exhaust pipe through which the electrons can escape when they have performed their task in the set. The more unimpeded this escape path is, the better the results will be, so that the provision of a really sound "earth" is really just as important as the erection of an efficient aerial.

By R. W. BEARE

A small point that is often overlooked, is the desirability of keeping aerial and earth wires as widely separated as possible up to the point of their connection with the set. I have even found cases where twin flex has been used, the red wire being the aerial and the black the earth. It is little short of marvellous that a set can work at all under such a handicap; but the fact that it does is no guarantee that it might not function still more efficiently if the ordinary technical requirements were more faithfully observed.

Overseas Radio.

It is very satisfactory to learn that a growing business is being done overseas in British radio sets and components. Export returns show that during August, sets and components



Mullard Master Three Star Radio Receiver. This Receiver can be easily built at home.

to the total value of nearly £70,000 were shipped abroad, mainly to Australia. European countries, notably Spain, France, Norway and Belgium, are also showing a growing predilection for British products, the first-mentioned of these countries having bought parts to the value of £4,830 during the month. Considerable competition with American products exists, of course, in the farther Dominions; but to my knowledge British manufacturers are fully alive to the value of such markets, and are giving the export side of their business the fullest attention.

Wanted—An Automatic S.O.S.

A feature of almost every shipping disaster of recent years has been the heroism of the wireless operator, who has continued to tap out his S.O.S. until the last moment, and has all too often lost his life in the process. It seems rather remarkable that the unfortunate necessity has been allowed to continue; and even now, when the matter has been raised in the form of a question in Parliament, no satisfactory reply has been given.

To an amateur, the mechanism necessary to send the distress signal automatically does not seem difficult to devise, especially when

one considers the almost miraculous ingenuity of various other inventions connected with radio—television, for instance. In any case, it is surely time that this essential part of a ship's radio apparatus should be perfected, complication or no complication.

Another feature of wireless at sea, which I understand is under consideration by the Post Office, is the establishment of something in the nature of a stockbroker's office on trans-Atlantic liners! I am afraid I do not recall word for word the Shakespearean prophecy as to the "girdling of the earth," but this latest development, if and when it comes, certainly tends towards its still more complete fulfilment.

A Battery Eliminator Hint.

How many thousands of us have scrapped our last dry battery and are now using eliminators through which the domestic electric supply is employed it would be impossible to guess.

But I don't suppose that I am the only one who has been careless—or unfortunate! In extenuation, let me say that this was in early days, so far as I am concerned. But, having been long accustomed to sets in which both L.T. and H.T. were switched on or off by a single knob or lever, I used frequently to forget the necessity for switching off the H.T. eliminator separately from the set.

As the instrument I was using was of the electrolytic type—which was and is thoroughly sound if given reasonable attention—the electrolyte was positively boiled away in less than a week. Not expecting anything of the kind, it was some little time before I was able to trace the source of the trouble. Although with other types of eliminator, effect could not follow so closely on cause as in this case, it is well

to adopt the new habit immediately of switching off the eliminator supply as well as the filament supply.

It is possible, of course, to arrange all the switching to be done in one operation, but in view of the complication I doubt whether it is worth the trouble in most cases.

Another thing to be guarded against, when utilising the house supply, is the over-charging of accumulators. Modern valves take so little current to heat their filaments that the drain is easily made up with quite occasional use of a trickle charger. Overcharging is distinctly bad, and involves an extravagant use of distilled water to make good the loss of electrolyte through evaporation. A good hydrometer, intelligently used, is a vital necessity in every house where home charging is performed.

If your radio won't work, write to BRITANNIA about it.

Mr. R. W. Beare will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. All letters should be addressed to him,

c/o BRITANNIA,

Inveresk House,

Strand, London.

FOUNDATIONS of the FASCIST STATE

A STABILISED GOVERNMENT

By Benito Mussolini

AMID the innovations and experiments of the new Fascist civilisation there is one factor which interests the whole world—the organisation of the State.

Let me assert at once that before reaching this form of State organisation, which I now consider stabilised, the steps taken have been long, and the research, analysis and discussion exhaustive.

The fact is that five years of harmonious work have transformed, in essentials, the economic, political and moral life of Italy. Let me add that the discipline which I have imposed is not a forced discipline, it is not born out of preconceived ideas, and does not obey the selfish interests of groups or classes. Our discipline has one vision and one end, the welfare and the good name of the Italian nation.

THE humble classes, because they are more numerous and perhaps deserve more solicitude, are nearest to my heart as the responsible leader. I have seen men from the countryside in the trenches and I understand how much the nation owes to those healthy people. On the other hand, our industrial workers are sober, genial, healthy and strong, which gives pride to one who must rule and lead a people. By statistics and the help of studious men we are now able to foresee the great issues of to-morrow.

IHAVE wanted the Fascist Government, above all things, to take good care of the social legislation needed to carry out our part of agreed international programmes for industry and for those who are working for its future. I think that Italy has advanced beyond all the European nations; in fact, it has ratified the laws for the eight-hour day, for obligatory insurance, for the regulation of the work of women and children, for assistance and benefit, for adult education, and finally for obligatory insurance against tuberculosis.

IWANT to give to every man and woman so generous an opportunity that work will be done, not as labour, but as joy of life. In 1923, some months after the march on Rome, I insisted on the ratification of the law for an eight-hour day. All the masses, seeing a friend in the legislative policy of Fascism, gave their approval to national syndicalism. Instead of the old professional syndicates we substituted Fascist corporations. At a meeting on December 19th, 1923, I had occasion to affirm that: "Peace within is primarily a task of Government. Public order must never be troubled for any reason whatsoever. That is the political side. But there is also the economic side; it is one of collaboration. There are other problems, such as the one of exportation. I remind Italian industry of these principles. Until now it has been too individualistic. The old system and old ways must be abandoned."

LITTLE by little the old Labour structure and associations were abandoned. We were directed more and more toward the co-operative conception of the State. I did not want to deprive Labour of one of its holidays and I fixed instead of May 1st a gay and glorious

THIS is the concluding instalment of Benito Mussolini's story of his life. In it Mussolini gives an emphatic answer to those who doubt the continuance of the Fascist State in Italy.

Mussolini declares that the Fascist State is now definitely stabilised, and that five years of Fascist rule has transformed, in all essentials, "the economic, political and moral life of Italy." Fascism, in the words of its creator, "has left an indelible impression upon the history of the Twentieth Century."

date in Italian life—April 21st, the birthday of Rome. Rome is a city which has given legislation to the world. The Roman Law is still the text which rules the relations of civil life. To celebrate a Labour day I could not have selected a more suggestive and worthy date. To bring into reality in a precise co-ordination all the provisions that I undertook and that Fascism and the Corporations had brought about in all their complexity, I made the Great Council approve a document which I do not hesitate to declare is of historical importance. It is the Labour Charter. It is composed of thirty paragraphs. Each of them contains a fundamental truth.

That document has been welcomed by all Italians. Fascism was and is not the protector of any class, but a supreme regulator of relations between all citizens of our State. The Labour Charter attracted attention in every part of the world. It became a formidable pillar of the new constitution of the Fascist State.

WE have solved a series of problems of no little importance: we have abolished disorder and doubt which poisoned our national soul. We have given a rhythm, a law, and a protection to work; we have found in the collaboration of classes the reason for our possibilities and for our future power. We do not lose time in troubles, in strikes, which, while they vex the spirit, imperil also our own strength and the solidity of our economy. We consider conflict a luxury for the rich. We conserve our national strength.

And Capital is not exiled as in Russia, for we consider it an increasingly important factor in production. In this, my autobiography, I have emphasised more than once the fact that I have always tried to weave the character of an organic and coherent structure into all the fabric of my political work. I have not confined myself to giving merely an outward veneer or contour to Italian life; I have wished to influence the depths of its spirit. I founded my labour on facts and the real conditions of the Italian people; from such realistic activity I drew valuable lessons.

ONE of the reforms which I have promoted is the reorganisation of schools. This has been called the Gentile Reform from the name

of the Minister of Public Instruction, appointed by me immediately following the march on Rome. The gravity and importance of school problems cannot escape the attention of any modern statesman mindful of the destiny of his people. The school must be considered in all its complete expression—Public School, Intermediate Schools, University Institutions, all exercise a profound influence on the trend, moral and economic, of the life of any nation. From the beginning this has always been in my mind. Perhaps my early experience as a school teacher added to my interest in youth and its development. In Italy there were traditions of higher culture, but the Public School had declined because of lack of funds, and above all because of the lack of spiritual vision.

Although the percentage of illiteracy tended to diminish, even to disappear in certain regions and particularly in Piedmont, the citizens did not get from the school the educational foundations—physical, intellectual and moral—which they should have done. The Intermediate Schools were too crowded because everybody was admitted through endless sessions of examinations which were reduced often to a spiritless formality. We lacked intelligent systems of selection for vocations and the educational valuations of individuals. A mill ground on and on, turning out stock patterns of human beings.

IT was time that the delicate machinery of such consequence to the spiritual life of the nation should be renewed by a precise, definite organic form. We were determined to infuse into the Public Schools those broad humanistic currents in which our history and our traditions are so rich. Finally, it was essential to impose a new discipline in education to which everyone had to submit, and the teachers themselves first of all! To be sure, teachers draw a very modest wage in Italy; and this is a problem which I have determined to face and solve as soon as the condition of the budget will allow. Nevertheless, I cannot admit a limited pinch-penny treatment of education.

WE had an old school law which took its name from Minister Casati, a law launched in 1859, which had remained the fundamental law even after alterations by such

Ministers as Coppino, Daneo and Credaro. We had to renew and refashion it under the ardent will of our Party, to give it a broad didactic and moral vision, and a spirit of vital rebirth which would appeal to the new Italy. Great ideas and great revolutions always create the right hour for the solution of many problems. The School Problem, which had dragged on for many decades, finally received its solution with the Gentile Reform. This is not the place to explain the reform in detail. I want to indicate, however, those fundamental lines which I myself discussed and disposed of in a few compact discussions with the Minister of Public Instruction. They can be summarised as follows:

First.—The State furnishes schooling only to those who deserve it because of their merits. This puts on the scrap-heap the democratic concept which considered a State school as an institution for everyone—a basket into which treasure and waste was piled together. The middle-class had considered the school at its service and therefore did not respect it. The demand was only for the greatest indulgence possible, to reach as quickly as possible the merely utilitarian purposes such as a degree or a perfunctory passing to promotions.

Second.—The students of the State schools and of the independent schools shall find themselves under equal conditions when taking the State examinations, before committees appointed by the Government. Thus the regime of independent schools is encouraged; analogous to that of England. This regime is advantageous for the Catholics, the owners of many schools, but it displeases the anti-clericals of old time. Nevertheless it allows me a free development of scholastic initiative outside conventional lines.

Third.—The State watches over the independent schools and creates a rivalry between independent and State schools, thus raising the culture and the atmosphere of all schools.

Fourth.—Admission to the Intermediate schools is now made only by examinations. The schools are directed toward a broad humanistic culture but with a standard of scholarship which eliminates for ever the disorder and easy-going ways of the old democratic schools. By means of these and other reforms the elementary school comes to have two distinct but co-ordinated purposes. One is the preparation for the Intermediate school, but the other is a high type of broad popular education complete in itself.

THE applying of this reform, which overthrew old interests, old ideas, and especially the utilitarian spirit of the population, aroused an unavoidable spirit of ill-feeling. It was used by the opposition Press, especially by the *Corriere Della Sera*, for controversial purposes; but the reform has been put through with my energy and has marked the beginning of a real rebirth of Italian schools and Italian culture.

University reform has been co-ordinated with the reforms in the primary and intermediate schools. Its purpose is to divide the university students into different organic institutions without useless overlapping. The rule of State

examinations is imposed also for Universities, to which both the students of the State and independent schools can be admitted.

During a visit of the delegations of the Fascist University groups, I had the opportunity of declaring the Gentile Reform to be "the most revolutionary of all the reforms which we have voted on, because it has completely transformed a condition of things which have lasted since 1859."

NOW I was the son of a school mistress; I myself had taught in the elementary and secondary schools. I knew the school problem. Because of that, it has been my wish to bring it to its concrete conclusion. From our university chairs, true scientists and poets shall again illuminate Italian thought, while secondary schools will give technical and executive elements to our population, and the public school shall create a background of civic education and collective virtues in the masses. I have willed that departments of Fascist economics, of corporative law, and a



In spite of strong opposition, Mussolini succeeded in reorganising Italy's Air Force, mainly, as he says, by "personal performance and devotion."

whole series of fruitful institutes of Fascist culture, should be created in collaboration with the universities.

But more than the Institutes of Fascist Universities, and closer to my heart, is a new institution which has all the fresh and original marks of the Fascist revolution. It is the National Organisation of Balilla. Under the name of a legendary little Genoese hero the new generation of children and of youth has been organized. These no longer depend as in the past, upon various playground associations, scattered political schools and accessory formations, but are trained through rigid discipline in gymnastic exercises and in the general rules of a well-ordered life. They are accustomed to obedience and they are made to see a sane vision of the future.

To prove the importance that educational revival has in my mind, I gave a lecture at the University of Perugia, which has been pronounced by scholars to be an enlargement of the world's concept of its duty to youth. Finally, to pay a tribute to culture and to higher culture, and to everyone who in the field of science, art and letters, has kept high the name of Italy, I have created an Italian Academy, with a membership of "immortals."

Now, enough of schools—we will turn to another subject.

THE armed forces of the State had fallen into degradation in the years 1919, 1920 and 1921. The flower of our race had been pushed aside and humiliated. Conditions even reached the point when the Minister of War in those "liberal" days had a circular distributed advising officers not to appear in uniform in public and to refrain from carrying arms in order not to be subjected to challenges of gangsters and hooligans. This aberration, which it is better to pass over quickly for the sake of one's country, was destined to find its avenger in Fascism. It was one of the factors which created an atmosphere of ardent desire for change. To-day, the spirit of the country is different; to-day the armed forces of the State are justly considered the secure, worthy and honoured defence of the Nation. I had a very clear and decisive programme, when in 1922, at the moment of the March on Rome, I selected as my collaborators the best leaders of the Victory of 1918.

I had selected General Armando Diaz as Minister of War. I appointed Admiral Thaon de Revel, the greatest leader of our war on the sea, as Minister of the Navy. On January 5th, 1923, General Diaz presented a complete programme of Army reform to the Council of Ministers. That was a historical meeting; fundamental decisions for the renewal of the armed forces were taken; and we were able to declare to the country in a solemn and explicit fashion that, with that meeting, the Army was given a new life in which to accomplish the high mission that had been entrusted to it, in the supreme interests of the Nation.

I HAD fulfilled the first promise I had made myself and to the Italian people. Immediately after that I dedicated myself

to a reorganisation of aviation, which had been neglected by former administrations. My task was not easy; everything had to be done again. The aerodromes, machines, pilots, organisers and technicians were all restored. A feeling of abandonment, of dejection and mistrust had been diffused in Italy by the enemies of aviation. I put all my energy into the situation. I gave even personal performance and devotion. I succeeded in my purpose; for the successes of De Pinedo, of Maddalena, the flights in squadrons, and the great manoeuvres, have all demonstrated that Italian aviation has acquired great agility and prestige, not only in Italy, but wherever there is air to fly in. The same can be said of the Navy, which has been reorganised.

AFTER some time, General Diaz was obliged to resign on account of ill-health. General Di Giorgio commanded for a time. But afterwards I saw clearly the necessity of gathering all the armed forces of the State under one control. I assumed, then, the portfolios of War, Navy and Aeronautics. In consequence of this I have created a commander-in-chief of all general staffs who has the task of preparing all the plans of the various branches of our forces with one end in view—Victory.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our military spirit is lively ; it is not aggressive, but it will not be taken by surprise. It is a peaceful spirit, but it is watchful ! To complete the revival of Fascism, I found it was necessary to keep in mind also several lesser problems which, for the dignity and strength of the life of the Nation, were in need of immediate solution.

The retired Government employees who received very small pensions before the war, had seen with alarm the value of their already meagre resources diminishing because of the successive depreciation of the currency. I had to make a provision of an exceptional kind for their protection, by making their pensions adequate to the cost of living. I made a provision favouring the clergy also. This would have been inconceivable at the time of the Masonic demagoguery and social democracy which was dominated by superficial and wrathful anticlericalism. Our clergy in Italy number about 60,000.

BUT the priest who does his duty and shows the people the great humane and divine truths, is helped and assisted. Because many of them lived in poverty, we took measures of a general character to better the conditions of their lives.

The policy of public works in Italy had always had an electoral character ; works to be done were decided here and there, not according to an organic plan and to any plain necessity, but to give sporadic satisfaction to this or that group of voters. I stopped this legalised favouritism. I instituted Bureaux of Public Works, entrusting them to persons in whom I had complete confidence. In this way I was able to better the conditions of the roads of the South. I mapped out a programme for aqueducts, railroads and ports.

The great Public Services of the State, the railroads, mails, telegraph, telephone, the monopolies—all function again. Some persons are even sarcastic about the new regularity . . .

And this is easily explained—for we must not forget that the Italian people has been for many years rebellious against any discipline . . . Some remnants of the mental attitudes of the old days still come to light.

I HAVE given particular attention to the Capital. Rome is a universal city, dear to the heart of Italians and to the whole world. It is the Capital of the New Italy. It is the seat of Christianity. It has taught and will teach law and art to the whole world. I could not refuse the resources necessary to make this magnificent Capital a city aesthetically beautiful, politically ordered and disciplined.

With its natural port of Ostia, with its new roads, it will become one of the most orderly and clean cities of Europe. By isolating the monuments of ancient Rome, the relation between ancient Romans and the Italians is made more beautiful and suggestive. This work of revaluation, almost of re-creation, of the Capital was not made with detriment to other Italian cities. Each one of them has the typical characters of ancient Capitals. They are cities like Perugia, Milan, Naples, Florence, Palermo, Bologna, Turin, Genoa, which have had a sovereign history worthy of high respect ; but, none of them ever think of competing with Rome and its eternal glory.

SOME writers who have followed point by point the vicissitudes of our political life lately raised an interesting question : Why did the National Fascist Party not decree its own disbandment or slip into disorganisation after the revolutionary victory of October, 1922 ?

In order to answer this question, it is necessary to bring certain essential points into relief. All revolutions are complex ; in certain historical moments, the sacrifice of those who were the well deserving lieutenants of yesterday might become indispensable for the supreme interest of to-morrow. Nevertheless, in my own life, I have never deliberately desired the sacrifice of anyone ; therefore I have made use of the high influence which I have always had to stop stagnation, personal interests and contentions—I have preferred to prevent rather than to repress. But, when it has been necessary, I have shown myself to be inexorable. In fact, I had to keep in mind that, when one party has shouldered the responsibility of all power, it has to know how to perform major operations against secession. Because of my personality, and because I created the Party, I have always dominated it. The sporadic cases of secession due, not to differences of method, but to personal temperament, usually withered under the general loss of esteem and interest and by disclosure of selfish ends. This consciousness of my incontestable domination has given me the ability to make the Party survive. But other reasons also were opposed to the disbandment of the Party. First of all, a sentimental *motif* had stamped itself upon my soul and upon the grateful spirit of the Nation. The Fascisti (the young particularly) had followed me with blind and absolute devotion. I had led them through the most dramatic difficulties, taking

A lofty vision leads the Italian people to-day. It animates my long labours. I proclaim myself the servant of Italy. I feel that all Italians understand and love me. I know that he only is loved who leads without weakness, without deviation, with disinterest and with a full faith.

them away from Universities, from jobs, from factories. The young men had not hesitated when confronted by danger. They had known how to risk their future positions together with their lives and fortunes. I owed and owe to the military men of previous days my strongest gratitude ; to disband the Party and retire would have been first of all an act of utter ingratitude.

THERE was a much more important reason. I considered the formation of new Italian rule one of the principal duties of Fascism. It would be created by the vigour of labour, through a well-experimented process of selection, without the risky creation of too many improvised military leaders. It was the Party's right to offer me the men of our own regime to take positions of responsibility. It had to abandon the programme of violent struggle, and yet conserve intact its character of proud political intransigence. Many signs made me understand that it was not possible to patch up the old with the new world. I had, therefore, need of reserves of men for the future. The chief of the Government could very well be the Chief of the Party. In the meantime, to mark a fundamental point for public order, my Government in December, 1922, issued a manifesto to the Fascists themselves. It was as follows : "Every Fascist must be a guardian of order. Every disturber is an enemy, even if he carries in his pocket the identification card of the Party." Thus the position and the duty of the Party in the life of the Fascist regime were indicated in a few words.

We had plenty of pitfalls and snares in 1922. The Party had reached a peculiar sensitiveness through its intense experience. In the moment of its hardest test it had shown itself equipped to guide the interests of the country as a whole. The revolution had not had lengthy or bloody consequences, as in other revolutions, except during moments of actual battle. Violence, as I have said before, had been controlled by my will. Nevertheless, the position of some opposing newspapers was strange indeed. That of the *Corriere Della Sera* (Liberal) and that of the *Avanti* (Socialist), agreed (strange bed-fellows !) in harshly criticising the simultaneous and violent action of Fascism, while they wished in their hearts (and wrote) that the Fascista experiment would end. According to these journals, it was a matter of an experiment of short duration, in which Fascism would be destroyed, either on parliamentary rocks or by inefficiency to direct the complexities of Italian life. One grave danger threatened the Party—the too numerous admission of new elements. Our small band of earlier days was now growing to excess. Once the solidity of Fascism had been proven, all the old world wanted to rush into its ranks. If this had happened, we would have come back to the old mentality and defects by mere excess of growth, instead of keeping that growth selective through education and devotion.

AFTER I had closed the registration in the Party in 1926, I used all my force, care and means for the education of youth. The *Avanguardia* was then created, together with the Opera Nazionale Balilla, the organisation for boys and girls, which, because of its numerous merits and the high value of its educational activities, I have chosen even recently to call "The invaluable pupil of the Fascista regime." This programme brought forth unparalleled results ; due to it, the Party has never encountered a really serious crisis. I believe that there can be counted among my qualities that of being able to act in good season, and to strike at the right moment without false sentimentality.

I have always had at my side good secretaries of the Party who have helped me unfailingly. Michele Bianchi had already led the Party with ability until the march on Rome. He had been able to balance the particularly violent character of the movement with the demands of political situations. Michele Bianchi has been an excellent political secretary because of this very reason, and to-day he is still with the Government, as my very highly appreciated collaborator in internal politics. . . .

I HAVE always controlled my impatience. I have avoided leaps in the dark. I do not dream my way to conclusions, I have blended the pre-existing needs with the formation of a future. Naturally, giving the State a complete Fascist character, and filling all the national life with the vitality of the Blackshirts, I not only did not detract from, but added always to the importance of the National Fascist Party as the force of the regime. This transposition from political organisation to the permanent organisation of a State guarantees the future of the regime in the most solid manner. I have laid the corner-stone of representative reform with my own hands, based on the interests of Italian unity, and I have arranged that the Grand Fascist Council shall become a definite constitutional organ for the stability of the State. Thus the Fascist Party, while remaining independent, is bound by ties of steel to the very essence of the new Fascist state.

One theme that is always interesting, though often misconceived both among Italians and foreigners, is that of the relations between State and Church in Italy. The Law of the Guarantees in 1870, by which the question was believed to be solved, remains a form of relationship which has not caused friction of any great significance since the rise of Fascism. To be sure, the Holy See renews, once in a while, protestations for the supposed rights usurped in Rome by the Italian State, but there are no substantial motives of apprehension or any profound divergencies.

If, however, anti-clericalism was superficial and coarse, the Church, on the other hand, with its incomprehension of the new Italy and with the tenacity of its intransigent position had only exasperated its opponents. Anti-church forces even went so far as to ban every Catholic symbol and even Christian doctrine from the schools. We had to distinguish and separate the principles of political clericalism from the vital essence of Catholic faith.

FASCISM has relieved this troubled atmosphere infested by misunderstanding and superficialities. I did not deceive myself as to the seriousness of the crisis which is always open between State and Church. I had not fooled myself into thinking that I would be able to cure a dissension which involves the highest interests and principles; but I had made a deep study of those lines of set directions and inflexible temperaments which, if softened, were destined to make the principle of religious faith, religious observance and respect for the forms of worship bloom once more, independent of political controversies. They are, in fact, the essential factors of the moral and civic development of a country which is renewing itself. To be sincere, I must add that high circles of the Vatican have not always been known to appreciate my work, possibly for political reasons. Neither have I been helped in the steps which it was necessary for me to take. My labour had been neither easy nor light; our Masonry had drawn a most intricate net of anti-religious activity, dominating currents of thought, exercising its influence over publishing houses, over teaching, over the administration of justice, and even over certain parts of the armed forces.

TO give an idea of how far things had gone, this significant example is sufficient. When I made my first speech of November 16th, 1922, after the Fascist revolution, I concluded by invoking the assistance of God in my difficult task. Well, this sentence of mine seemed to be out of place. In the Italian Parliament, a field of action of Italian Masonry, the name of God had been banned for a long time. Not even the Popular Party—the so-called Catholic Party—had ever thought of speaking of God. In Italy, a political man did not even turn his thought to the Deity. And, even if he had ever thought of it, political opportunism and cowardice would have prevented him, particularly in a legislative assembly. It remained for me to make this bold innovation! And in an intense moment of revolution. What is the truth? It is that a faith openly professed is a sign of strength!

I have seen the religious spirit bloom again: Churches once more are crowded, the ministers of God have gained new respect. Fascism has done, and is doing, its duty.

But some ecclesiastical circles have not shown, as I have said, ability to value and understand in all its importance the political

and moral rebirth of the new Italy. One of the first symptoms of such incomprehension was exhibited at the beginning of Fascist rule. At first the so-called Catholic Party wanted to collaborate with the new regime by having some members in the Government. This collaboration, however, began to lead us through a series of reticences and misunderstandings, and after six months I was forced to show the door to the ministers belonging to that party.

TO-DAY, with the highest loyalty, Fascism understands and values the Church and its strength; such is the duty of every Catholic citizen. But politics, and the defence of national interests, must be the work of the modern Fascist Italians who want the immortal and irreplaceable Church of Saint Peter respected, and do not wish ever to confound themselves with any political force which has no disclosed outline and knows no patriotism. Whatever the errors of its representatives may be, nobody thinks of depriving the Church of its universal character, but everybody is right in complaining about certain disavowals of certain Italian Catholics, and may justly resent political approval of certain middle European



Romano Mussolini, the youngest son of the Duce.

currents, upon which Italy places even now her most ample reservations. Faith in Italy has been strengthened; Fascism has given impulse and vigour to the religion of the country.

SOME readers of my autobiographic record may attribute the character of a completed life story to these pages of mine. If they have believed that story completed they are mistaken. But it is absurd to believe that one can conclude a life of battles at the age of forty-five!

Detailed memoirs of an intimate and personal character are the attributes of old age and the chimney-corner. I have no intention of writing any memoirs. They only represent the consciousness of a definite and completed cycle, and they do not appear of much importance to a man who is in the most vigorous ardour of his activities! In the prime of life!

I was the leader of the revolution and chief of the Government at thirty-nine. Not only have I not finished my job—I often feel that I have not even begun it.

My crowning achievements are yet to come. I go toward them at this moment. However, I take pride in affirming that I have laid very solid foundations for the building of Fascism.

Many ask me what my policy will be in the future and where my final objective lies. Here are my answers: I ask nothing for myself, nor for mine; no material goods, no honours, no testimonials, no resolutions of approval which presume to consecrate me to history. My objective is simple: I want to make Italy great, respected and feared; I want to render my nation worthy of her noble and ancient traditions.

I want to accelerate her evolution towards the highest forms of national co-operation, I want to make a greater prosperity always possible for the whole people. I want to create a political organisation to express, to guarantee and to safeguard our development. With all my strength, with all my energies, without pause, without interruption, I intend to bring to them their fullest opportunities. I do not lose sight of the experience of other peoples, but I build with elements of our own and in harmony with our own possibilities, with our traditions, and with the energy of the Italian people. I have made a profound study of the interests, the aspirations and the tendencies of our masses. I value them, I launch them—I guide them.

Our garrison is the Party, which has demonstrated its unreplaceable strength. I trust in youth. The spiritual and material life of youth is led by attentive and quick minds and by ardent hearts. I do not reject advice even from opponents, whenever they are honest. I am contemptuous of dishonest and lying opponents and slanderers.

I AM strict with my most faithful followers. I always intervene where excesses and intemperances are revealed. I am near to the heart of the masses. I know and feel their aspirations and their interests. I know the virtue of the race. I probe its purity and soundness. I fight vice and degeneration and will put them down. The so-called "liberal institutions" created at other times because of a fallacious appearance of protection are destroyed and bereft of their phrases and false idealisms by the new forces of Fascism, with its idealism based on realities.

Air and light, strength and energy, shine and vibrate in the infinite sky of Italy! A most lofty civil and National vision leads the Italian people to-day to its goal. It animates my long labours. I am forty-five, and I feel the vigour of my work and my thought. I proclaim myself the servant of Italy. I feel that all Italians understand and love me; I know that only he is loved who leads without weakness, without deviation, with disinterest and with full faith.

THEREFORE looking back on those things which I have already done, I know that Fascism, being a creation of the Italian race, has met and will again meet great historical needs; and so, unconquerable, is destined to leave its indelible impression on the twentieth century of History.

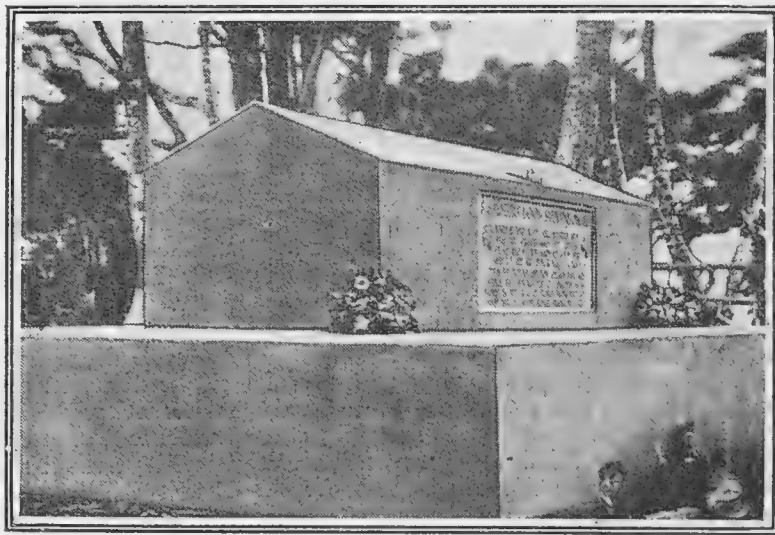
THE END.

Benito Mussolini

THE RESTING PLACE of R.L.S.

A Pilgrimage to Apia

By B. Magee



Robert Louis Stevenson's tomb in Samoa.

*Vaea's storied mountain stands
Storm swept from coral seas,
Its crown the wealth of tropic lands,
Its green robes made with God's own hands
From His immensities.*

*On Vaea Tusitala sleeps
Beneath Samoan skies,
And every breeze that landward sweeps
Where Nature her wild vigil keeps
Croons Nature's lullabies.*

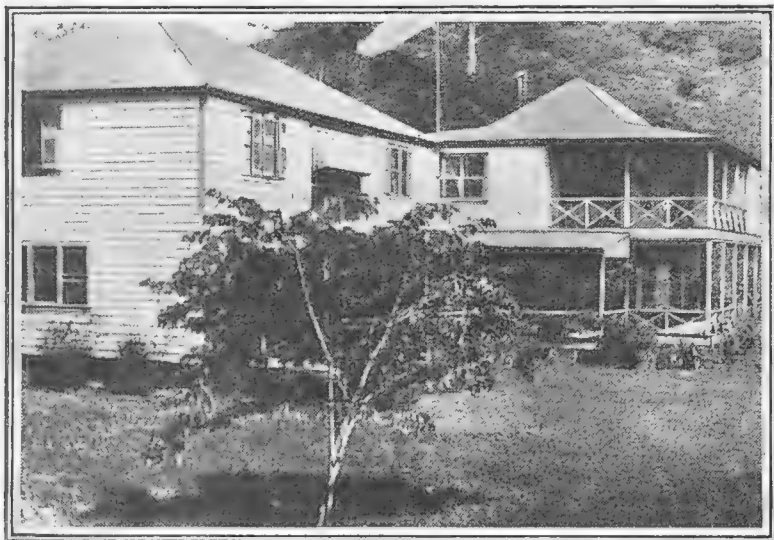
H. E. HOLLAND.

As vessels steam cautiously towards Apia, the capital of Samoa, high hills look down on the treacherous reefs over which seethe the turbulent waters. The great hill which arrests attention seems to the passengers on deck the most suitable place to have placed the casket containing the remains of Robert Louis Stevenson. But it is a hill behind this one upon which the famous author has been given his place of sepulchre.

Mount Vaea's crest is not visible from the harbour, neither is it visible from Vailima, though Vailima is visible from it. The dense forest hems in the tomb from the intrusion even of that little segment of a restless world that has its habitation in Samoa's capital.

A Home for all Time.

Early one morning, with a party, the writer set off to pay homage to Robert Louis Stevenson upon the mountain top where soft sunlight and the green of trees and the lavender of evening skies environ his tomb. We motored to "Vailima," the author's old residence, now occupied by the Administrator (General Richardson) under New Zealand's mandate. The house has been considerably enlarged and modernised since R.L.S. lived and wrote in it.



"Vailima," the house in which R. L. Stevenson lived.

It is set in beautiful tropical surroundings, and as a home for Stevenson it filled the bill, as he said.

"I would not change my present installation for any post, dignity, honour or advantage conceivable to me. Our fine days are certainly fine like heaven: such a blue of the sea, such green of the trees, and such crimson of the hibiscus you never saw, and the air as mild and gentle as a baby's breath. . . . I love the land, and I have chosen it to be my home while I live, and my grave after I am dead. And I love the people, and have chosen them to be my people to live and die with," he wrote to a friend.

"Vailima," which means the five rivers, is about three miles from Apia. To one knowing the author's affection for Mother Nature it is the spot where one would expect him to pitch camp, for there he might rhapsodise in the very homeland of the beautiful and chant the glories of the open air.

"You must be very miserable indeed," he once admonished a friend, "if you can be miserable in the open air. It stupefies and woos and amuses you; it is like some great healthy narcotic; and the visions are visions of green trees, and men ploughing, and larks and the golden morning clouds breaking and showing the high blue sky beyond. After all, life is very livable under the blue sky. It is in houses mostly that the blue devils do consort."

The Road of Loving Hearts.

After viewing "Vailima," and in fancy peopling it again with Stevenson, his family, and the intimates who visited him there from far and near, we looked up the great mountain, heavily bush-clad in tropical redundancy. An American of the party quailed at the ascent we contemplated and said: "No, guy, I'll buy a six-cent postcard and see the tomb on that," and proceeded to make himself comfortable near the gates of "Vailima" until our return.

A beautiful track, called "The Road of Loving Hearts," takes one to the foot of the hill on which, after life's fitful fever, Stevenson sleeps well. There is no formed track up the mountain and the only guide is the rough path trodden out by pilgrims making the ascent. In many places

the foothold is precarious and only tree-trunks and projecting stones enable one to climb the steep pinches met frequently on the way. One advantage is the shade afforded by the trees overhead from the fierce tropical sun.

The climb seemed interminable, but we were heartened to persevere on meeting an American lady over seventy years of age tripping down from the mountain top. She had chosen early morning to do her climbing—"before sun-up," to use the vernacular of her country. After an hour's steady climb we were at last rewarded by seeing the tomb through trees standing like sentinels guarding a shrine, anon bending their leaf-crowned heads in the breeze.

The Grave on a Hill-top.

The scene from the mountain top is magnificent. The dense forest lies spread out below and rolls away to meet the sky; a glimpse of the sea is had from between the trees, showing the tumultuous silver foam breaking over the reef in the bay far below; whilst the silence of sleep seemed to rest on the lonely hill.

It is easy to understand why Stevenson selected this hill-top for a sepulchre; it is above and beyond the reach of the clamours of humankind, and the only sounds to disturb its repose are the requiem drawn from the great fronded palms by the breeze, the melody of wild bird notes droning a perpetual dirge, or forest choristers chanting hymns of gladness.

On one side of the tomb is inscribed the years of Stevenson's birth and death and his well-known verse:—

1850—1894.

*Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.*

*This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."*

On the front of the tomb is R.L.S.'s tribute to his wife, who died in America twenty years after the death of her husband, and whose ashes were taken to Samoa and deposited in the tomb:—

F. V. de G. S.

AOLELE,

*Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The august father gave to me.*

1914.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

THE REV. BASIL G. BOURCHIER

FROM the religious point of view, human beings, I have always found, fall roughly into one of three main categories.

There are those who are ardently religious; that is to say they try—no matter how miserably they fail—to live up to some Divine teaching from the strictest evangelism to the very shadow of the Vatican.

There are those who are ardently irreligious; that is to say, they not only fail to subscribe to any creed whatever but they are definitely scornful of, not to say inimical to, those who do.

And there is the third rather despicable type of person who has neither the restraint and moral courage to be one thing nor the daredevilry to be the other. I mean those who are merely indifferent.

A Question None Escape.

Probably only your religious man would admit that the question at the head of this article applied to him at all. Actually, it applies to all three with equal relevance.

Every man over the age of twenty-five has asked himself what religion means to him. Some fail to realise when they reach this spiritual crisis, being blind to the fundamental issues which so often lie behind little everyday decisions.

Nevertheless, it is a question, however disguised, which none of us can escape. Incidentally, it is the most important matter about which life demands an immediate and unequivocal reply.

Think for a moment, then, what religion really means to you.

We know that it is quite impossible to serve both God and Mammon. Anyone who knows the first thing about the service of either can see that.

But the vital thing is this: Unless you serve God very definitely with all your heart and soul you are on active service for the Devil. Human nature dearly loves a compromise, but not in all things is it possible. In this particular instance there is no "No Man's Land."

Do not delude yourself that you can step outside the Scheme of Things and live unto yourself. No man can do that.

You were born into this world with an influence on your fellow beings. Try as you may, you cannot avoid using it; your weight must tell in the scales by the simple law of gravity.

Men have tried to lead their separate lives. Oh, yes, they have sought seclusion and shut themselves away in some isolated spot where they neither told the world of what they did nor heard of what the world was doing.

The Power of Example.

But they were not so isolated as they thought. They forgot the power of example. The example they set told, however feebly, on their fellow beings, despite their constant aim that it should not do so.

Remember that every word you speak or do not speak, everything you do or refrain from doing, and every thought you think or do not think, is a brick in the structure which, when you are dead, men will call your "life."

Then ask yourself again what religion means to you.

If it means nothing to you, if you are one of the irreligious, I am sorry.

I am not sorry because you do not believe in something which I do believe in, nor, I hope,



WHAT DOES RELIGION MEAN TO YOU?

in the spirit of that most ignoble sin—self-righteousness. I have, I assure you, as much respect or more for those who disagree with me as for those with whom I think alike.

But I am sorry, because if you have not a religious belief of some sort I fail to see what faith can anchor you to life.

A man who does not believe in life beyond the grave must surely lose his reason. For if life were not eternal then any isolated portion of it would be too monstrous a futility to contemplate.

A Guiding Light.

Religion—any religion—is part of man's desperate but natural effort to understand and find a reason for his life. It exists as a beacon to guide him through the darkness, and knowledge of it, even from the necessarily limited range of human outlook, exposes the oft-hidden pattern of justice, accounting for the vast and seemingly cruel divergence in the fortunes of mankind.

Surely anyone who walks without that guiding light deserves the pity and needs the immediate practical help of those who do.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT
will be occupied next week by
the Rev. John A. Mayo.

Again, if you are merely indifferent to religion my feelings are very much the same.

You not only stumble along without the light, but you do not see the need for light at all. Yours is not even the fierce but fatal courage of the man who says, "I am all sufficient; I need no God!" Yours is not even the blind optimism of the atheist who says: "There is no God."

You have no cause for which to fight; none to oppose. Your senses must be numbed, your soul inert, because the greatest thing in all Eternity finds you unmoved and unresponsive. The greatest men of all the ages have been fighters for good or ill. No man fights more valiantly for Right than he who yesterday was on the side of Evil.

Hold Fast!

But neither in this world nor the next is there any place for those who are indifferent. If you are one of them—I pity you with all my heart and soul.

Lastly, you may be, as I hope you are, one of those to whom religion is a rock—the only rock—in a world where the greatest madness stalks abroad as sanity and the greatest virtue is acclaimed as vice.

The forces of evil fling their grim battalions against the fortress which is a few men's faith—and recoil impotent and abashed. It is nearly two thousand years since Calvary, but that simple, rough-hewn wooden Cross still holds at bay the wolves that hunger for destruction.

If you are one to whom religion is the very meaning of existence—hold fast! While one man—and one man alone—has faith in God the world is safe.

That one man might be . . . you. Be that as it may, we do well to remind ourselves that neither wickedness nor

godness can be said to be determined merely by attendance at Church or Chapel. People who regularly frequent a place of worship are often the reverse of good, whilst thousands, who never cross the threshold of a religious building from January 1st to December 31st simply go through life irradiating kindness and doing lovely acts. Wherefore, to stress church-going as the cause of people being good or bad is to land oneself in hopeless difficulties.

Now, in my judgment, attachment to some form of religious worship is the normal thing. Deep down in the heart of every man, woman, and child is the instinct for God, and every Church that offers to its members a "sensible presentation" of Christianity supplies something in people's lives that can be obtained nowhere else in the world. Within the four walls of a "live" Church you can obtain something—an "indefinable" something—which, for example, you can never obtain on the golf-links or by walking in the country. Psychologically I am certain that this is so.

Interior Peace.

A congregation of sincere, enthused, and expectant persons is able to create a certain spiritual "atmosphere," charged with unseen, yet very real, forces of a beneficial kind. Hence the oft-reiterated Divine injunction that men are "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together." Happy people are these, for their feet are planted on the rock, and life for them moves, not in the shadow, but in the sun. They possess that interior peace which passeth all understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away. Church for them is just the trysting-place, where they meet their Friend and pledge their troth either to other and renew their love.

Therefore I say again—neither goodness nor badness is to be determined by mere church-going.

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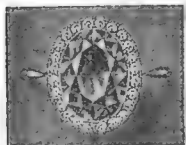
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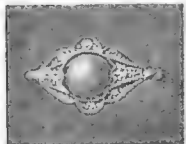
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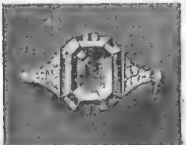
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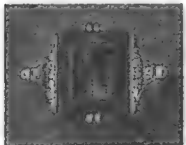
5019.—Beautiful Ciro Emerald or Sapphire with Ciro Diamonds set in platinette, £1.1.0



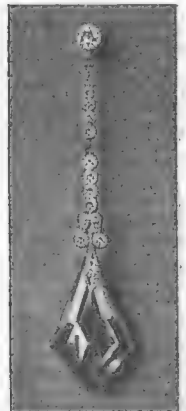
531.—Selected Ciro Pearl, tastefully set with Ciro Diamonds on gold and platinette mount, £1.1.0



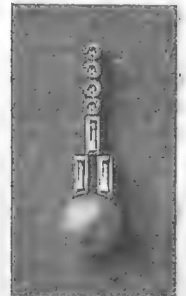
597.—Ciro Sapphire (or Emerald) and Ciro Diamonds mounted in gold and platinette, £1.1.0



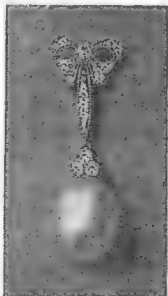
598.—Square-cut Ciro Emerald, or Sapphire and Ciro Diamond, mounted in platinette, £1.1.0



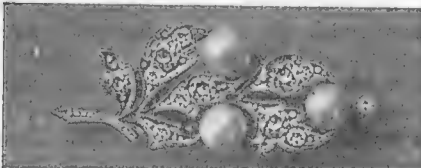
1138.—Ciro Sapphire or Emerald, mounted in platinette with Ciro Diamonds, Per pair, £1.1.0



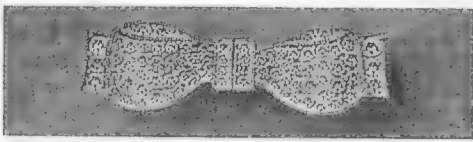
1156.—Selected Ciro Pearls with Ciro Diamonds and Crystals, Per pair, £1.1.0



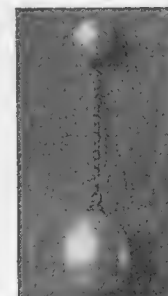
1107.—Selected Ciro Pearls and Ciro Diamonds, platinette setting, Per pair, £1.1.0



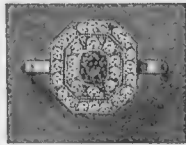
4258.—Brooch or hat ornament of Ciro Pearls and Ciro Diamonds mounted in platinette, £1.1.0



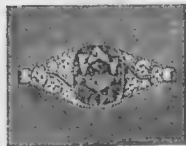
4346.—Dainty Bow Brooch or Hat Ornament closely set with Ciro Diamonds in platinette, £1.1.0



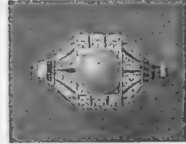
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5095.—Selected Ciro Pearl, Emerald or Sapphire, enshrined in a setting of Ciro Diamonds, platinette mount, £1.1.0



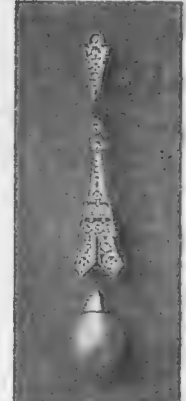
5081.—Ciro Emerald, or Sapphire, and Ciro Diamonds in platinette mount, £1.1.0



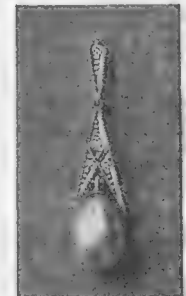
533.—Selected Ciro Pearl with Ciro Diamonds, Emeralds, or Sapphires, in gold and platinette, £1.1.0



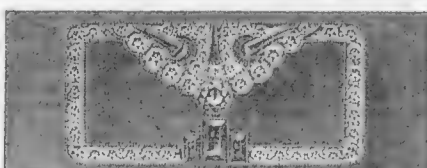
5022.—Fine Ciro Emerald, or Sapphire, with Ciro Diamonds set in gold and platinette, £1.1.0



1078.—Ciro Pearl Earrings, set with Ciro Diamonds in platinette, Per pair, £1.1.0

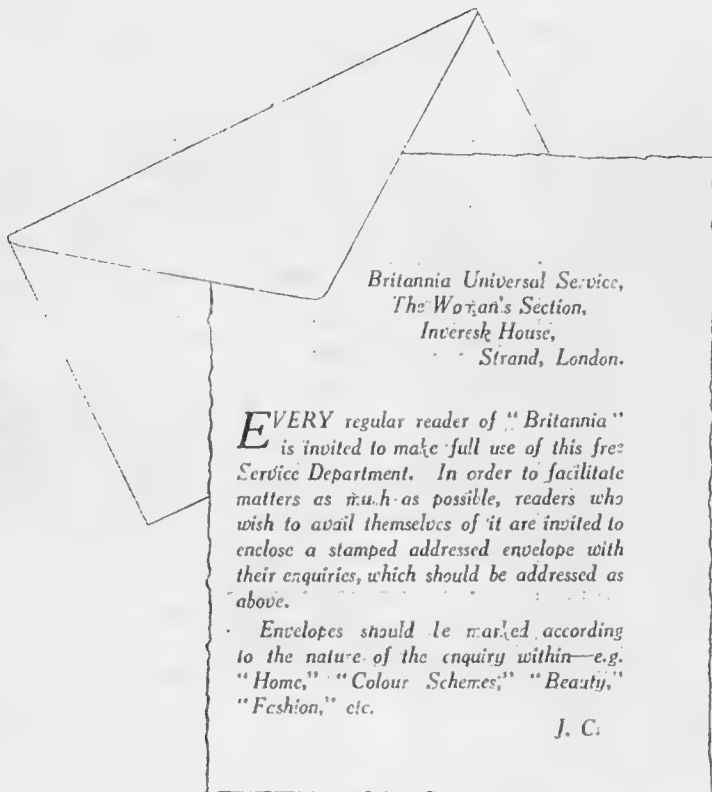


1079.—Semi-drop Ciro Pearl Earrings; platinette mountings, set with Ciro Diamonds, Per pair, £1.1.0



4341.—Hat ornament of Ciro Diamonds and Sapphires set in platinette, £1.1.0

All Earrings made for pierced and unpierced ears.



The Woman's Section

Edited by

JULIA CAIRNS

Cookery—Home—Garden

Beauty—Children—Fashion

AND

COMPLETE SERVICE

"MEN have always had the best of both worlds. They have had their homes and they have had their careers."

So remarked Vera Brittain the other night at a meeting of the Women's Group of the Fabian Society. It is at present occupied in a survey of the eventful road stretching from the twentieth century back into the nineteenth, noting the landmarks of change in the position of women. The opening lecture, which she gave, was concerned with women in the professions.

Home or a career? Apparently, nearly every one there thought a woman might have both.

An interesting survey was given by Vera Brittain which was of the changes during thirty or more years, most significant perhaps in its figures. In industry, women are still underpaid, restricted and less well-organised than men. In domestic work, pay is better than it used to be and the hours are shorter, but the limitations are still much what they were. At home, women are better educated and more respected by their husbands, their fathers, their sons. In public, they participate in many activities.

Parasites Banished

INDICTMENT of the social butterfly was severe: "Women who take a great deal from life and who don't give much back." For the most part, the parasitical position has been left behind. With its departure has gone, too, the attitude that despised woman if she had to work and did work.

Seventy years ago there were no women doctors, lawyers, engineers, veterinary surgeons, scientists, social workers, other than philanthropists, but a few writers like George Eliot, and for the rest, underpaid and bullied governesses, underpaid and ill-treated nurses. In 1891, there were over 50,000 nurses of a kind, 150,000 teachers of a kind, 18,000 women clerks and secretaries; in 1895, actually 60 women members of the Institute of Journalists. In 1911, engineers, barristers and solicitors were

HOME or CAREER?

ISN'T IT A QUESTION OF "HOME WHEN THERE ARE CHILDREN," AND "A CAREER WHEN THERE ARE NONE"?

still conspicuous by their absence, but there were 477 women doctors, 2 veterinary surgeons, 7 architects and 3 Nonconformist ministers. A great change was wrought by the Sex Disqualification Removal Act of 1919. In 1921, there were 1,253 women doctors (Dr. Stella Churchill from the chair later pointed out that there were 33,000 medical men), 24 veterinary surgeons, 49 architects, 147 ministers of religion, 46 engineers, 20 barristers, 17 solicitors, though 86 per cent. of the women in the professions were still nurses and teachers. In 1926, women barristers had increased to 77.

Behind the Throne

THOUGH there was comparatively little prejudice against women as such in journalism, there were very few editors except of women's papers, very few women leader writers, and very few writers on foreign affairs. According to Lady Rhondda, of the 27,000 company directors in England but 300 were women. The British diplomatic and consular services had no women, unlike some other countries. There was a ripple of delight at the "In diplomacy, woman works behind the scenes. It does not matter how hard she works behind the throne as long as she doesn't make any attempt to sit on it."

And now to the debatable points at first issue and at last. At least three of Vera Brittain's remarks are double-edged swords. "The professional attitude . . . (of) . . . professional work." "Women's progress is incidentally subsidiary to personal relationships. The only remedy is in the woman herself. We must not let any tie interfere with our business." "The only thing we can do is to violate our consciences and put the greater service before the less."

Making Homes

SHALL it be, then, home or career? The professional woman who wants to marry has every right to do whatever she elects. Her position remains unchanged unless she has children. Then most certainly, the greater service comes before the less, for no matter how well-paid and efficient

helpers may be, they can never make the real home. True mothers alone can achieve that, and it is a full-time position—we must not let any tie interfere with this business.

Britain needs real homes. There only can the finest types of sons and daughters be nurtured. It does not mean going back to the parasitical position of women. It does not mean wider relationships submerged once more in the merely personal. It does not mean that the professional woman retrogrades from the position she has achieved to one she despises. It is precisely the professional attitude which is required to transform those old houses of ours, mis-called "homes," from the counterfeit to the true.

The professional woman does not go back to the stultifying routine and limited circles of domesticity. She transforms them because she has become different.

The Real Mother

AFTER all, the professional attitude is at most concentration on the immediate job in hand to the exclusion of everything else. Children want so much, and for the most part receive so little because to give it means that knowledge of mind which belongs only to the expert psychologist, that breadth of acquaintance with affairs which only a woman who has mixed and mingled with the world can give, that insight and understanding for education given by a profession, and that sweetness of a boundless love only to be found in the heart of the real mother. Isn't the answer to the question, "Home when there are children," and "Career when there are none"?

RANA.



With its old oak timbers and walls washed in palest primrose, this miniature entrance is one that offers a cordial welcome to each guest.

ROOMS That Are KIND To Your FRIENDS

VIVIDLY decorated interiors often detract from the colour charm of dress, whereas rooms that merely hint at colour will emphasise every shade that your guests may wear

BY
JULIA CAIRNS

MANY of us have grown quite fond of flower colours, haven't we? We love to see them in our homes . . . love to recall, maybe, a mass of flaming marigolds in the dining-room; . . . vivid scarlet berries, dripping trails of colour against the silhouetted hedgerow, in the drawing-room. And so on. That is one point of view—ours. But there is another—that of our guests. Consider them. . . . Only a moment, yet a full moment, filled with fast-flying thoughts, while they wait for the now-closed door to open, wondering what is within. Whether vividly coloured walls will challenge the colours of their carefully chosen evening gowns . . . whether clashing colours will meet them, like the sound of a discordant violin, putting them all out of tune for the evening. But the moment passes. The door opens . . . there are softly shaded lights, shedding a welcome glow . . . colours that merely murmur rather than colours that shout . . . colours that whisper a peaceful harmony, as it were, playing their soft accompaniment to your guests, in their gowns whose individual colours become them so well.

And we ourselves? Indeed, we should have been more than a little sorry had, say, vivid scarlet decorations appeared unkind to Pamela's

petunia frock (which they most certainly would have done), or if Sheila's shell-pink gown had assumed a pitiable anæmic expression in the midst of an over-enthusiastic outburst of marigold colourings.

THEREFORE, bearing in mind that vividly decorated interiors often detract from the colour charm of dress, it is a very sound principle to give careful consideration to the possibilities of decorative schemes which, in the main, simply hint at colour, but into which we can, if we so desire, introduce definitely high spots of colour by way of the lesser accessories, which can be changed at will.

For instance, take the case of the hall. Imagine that it is comparatively small . . . perhaps one of those almost pocket-handkerchief affairs one finds in the case of the small modern house, or of two country cottages knocked into one.

The walls, maybe, are painted in the softest shade of primrose (the pale shades of the petals . . . not the bright colour of the honey guides). This will give almost the effect of deep, warm cream, rather than of yellow. The ceiling is washed in ivory, and the woodwork and surround are stained to match the oak

furniture. On the floor, perhaps, a plain carpet, in a greyish-green is one alternative, another being a small, all-over patterned carpet in grey flecked with green. Thus the carpet, in quiet contrast to the walls, strikes a restful rather than an arresting colour note. In the dining-room the walls might be washed in antique ivory, with the ceiling a lighter shade of ivory, while the woodwork could be stained to match the furniture.

The carpet might be expressed in beech-leaf brown, or, if you prefer a patterned carpet, one with an all-over shaded design, introducing tones of beige and brown would give the same effect.

YOU may be inclined to think this a somewhat ordinary scheme . . . but let me tell you, if you bring in your high spots of colour by means of such interchangeable additions as tapering candles, flowers and, perhaps, a cushion or two on the easy chairs, it will whisper of beauty and harmony of soft, neutral colours, when employed as a background. Moreover, it will delight even your most fastidious guest, for, be her gown scarlet or orange, crimson or emerald, it will, in a setting such as this, be as happy as the flowers of midsummer in the herbaceous border.

Then, having taken so much care and thought for your guests at dinner, they must not be suddenly confronted with a blaze of riotous colour in the drawing-room, which would, perhaps, kill the diaphanous beauty of soft chiffons in eau-de-nil, love-in-the-mist, champignon-pink, or palest lavender; or clash with charmeuse of jade, turquoise, or vivid flame.

So why not go back to Nature and borrow her restful greens and browns, which are so charming in themselves, and yet form such an effective setting for every flower, be it a larkspur, lupin, or even a damask rose? For then, if you choose carefully your shades of green, you will have selected the very best and happiest background for the many varied shades and tones of Fashion's mood to-day.

SUPPOSE you have furniture of mahogany, its deep, rich, red tones like the living trees in the woods. Then, for the walls, and hangings, the soft creamy colour of Madonna lilies, the shadowy green of their leaves,



Schemed mainly in ivory, with wood-work painted in lily leaf green, the guest room will become a pleasantly restful room for almost every temperament.

and the soft yellow of their centres would be a happy inspiration.

Let me describe a room where the decorations were carried out in this way. It did not appear to lack colour, for the tones of the furniture and the contrasting grey-green of the furnishing fabrics were enough to supply a very definite colour interest, while at the same time they were sufficiently unobtrusive to serve as a fitting background for almost any colour. The walls were painted in old ivory, and the woodwork stained to match the furniture. The carpet and curtains were a plain grey-green, and the three-piece suite was upholstered in slubb repp in a slightly deeper shade of the same colour, while the lamps were shaded in softest amber.

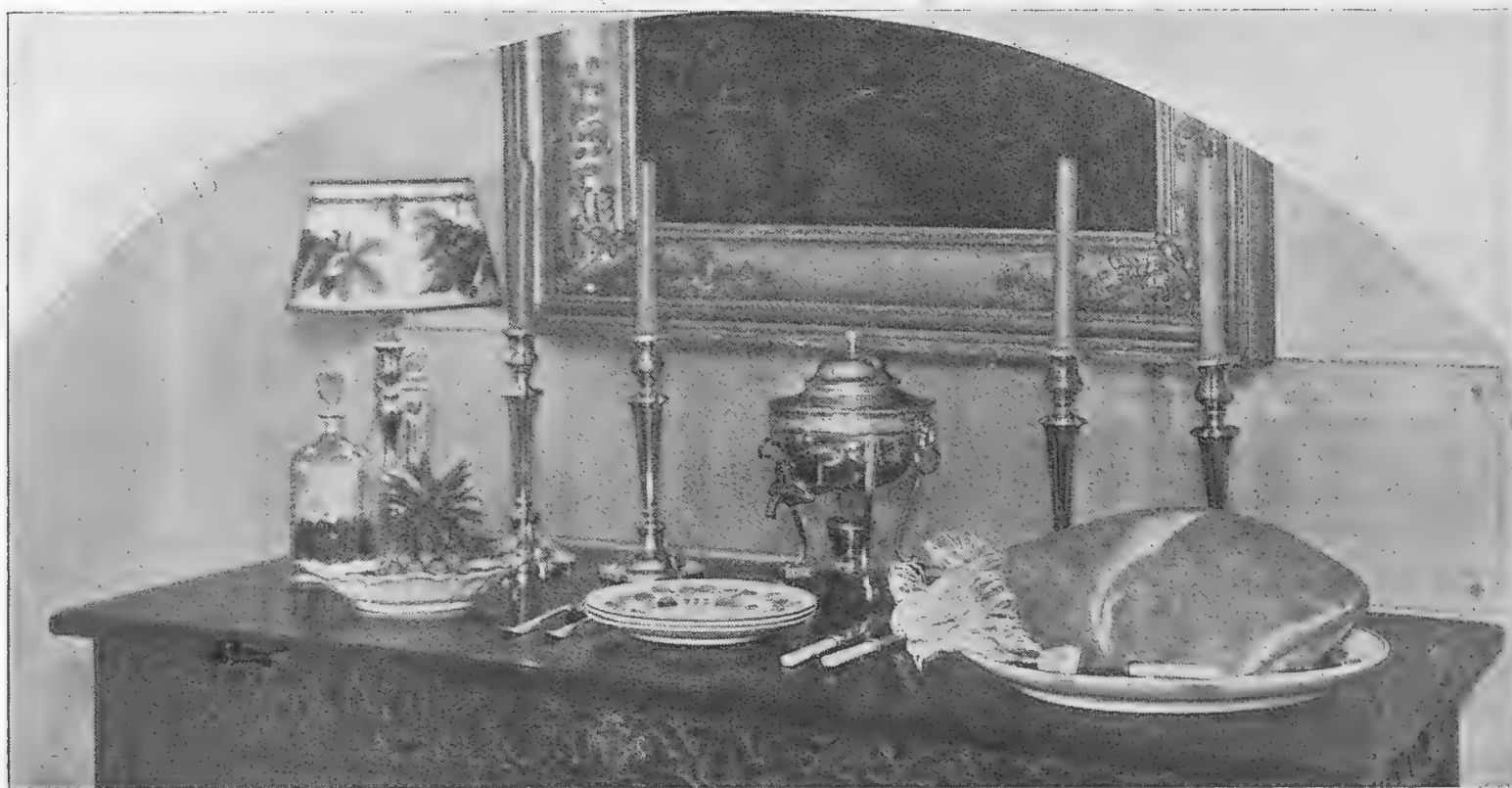
Again, think of your guest who comes to stay—say the week-end guest. You will want to make her just as happy in her surroundings as your guest of the evening. So you will again introduce quiet, restful colours—this time, into the guest bedroom . . . not only in order to avoid possible interference with other colours, but also because of the soft restfulness of such shades.

PICTURE a scheme carried out in this way. . . . Walls of the very palest shade of Adams green, and woodwork painted ivory—a plain willow-green carpet, fitted close to the skirting; curtains and bedspread of plain materials in softest willow-green; and the only relief, candles of amber.

Such a scheme would be restful indeed, in the busy streets of a large town, where things have a way of appearing grey, colourless—even drab. But imagine its success in the country, where everything in the outside world is gloriously fresh and green—and within, one's bedroom is just an echo of Nature.



Merely whispering of colour, these ivory walls are tinged with palest azure blue, to give a cloud-like effect. Furnishing fabrics of beige complete a pleasantly neutral scheme.



HAM

I SQUEAK as delightedly as any pig when, on coming to my breakfast, I am saluted by a lordly York ham sitting upon my sideboard, crying: "Good morning, come and eat me!" I never refuse his invitation; he is one of my dearest friends, yet I am always ready to cut him. Now those who eat ham without its fat know not what is what. With boiled turkey and other birds it is the fat that makes ham so satisfactory and digestible an addition. Sometimes I think that turkeys were invented for the one purpose of being consumed with ham.

The Four Ways

A FEW words about the four ways of cooking ham. You can boil him in cold water, which should be brought not too quickly to the boil; then boiling slowly till done, allowing three and a half hours for twelve pounds up to five and a half hours for twenty-eight! Leave it in the water for half an hour or so if it is destined to be eaten cold. To soak a ham in cold water before cooking for any time up to a whole day mellows the flavour, the same applying to bacon that is to be baked or boiled. Skin him, and if wanted as cold only, breadcrumb him with baked breadcrumbs. You can bake him, first boiling him for an hour, then putting him into a baking tin, half an inch deep with good stock. Clothe him with a close-fitting waistcoat of buttered paper; over that a thick coat of flour-and-water paste, which secure with a tightly-fitting muslin overcoat. Then bake, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound and twenty more for pot-luck. You may steam him, if you have a vessel big enough; twenty-five minutes per pound and twenty-five more. Mind the water does not boil away, have ready some very hot to add if need be. And you can roast him; no, probably you cannot, for only too few to-day have facilities for real roasting.

Multiple Deliciousnesses

WHAT is there better on earth, or perhaps anywhere else, than thick slices of ham grilled with poached, not fried, eggs? Answer me that! For supper in place of the eggs you can have grilled sausages or mushrooms or kidneys; or boiled peas or spinach; or baked potatoes. And what about a ham omelette? Here follows a very pleasing dish for any meal: boil a couple of eggs hard, then make a savoury mess thus: half a pound of finely minced ham, half a breakfast cupful of baked breadcrumbs, a saltspoonful each of grated lemon rind and of very finely chopped parsley, using a small amount of well-beaten egg as a "binder." Divide this into two equal parts. Brush each of the eggs with a beaten brother, and wrap on evenly his share of the mixture; baked breadcrumbs over all, and then fry deeply. I prefer half the quantities for the mixture or twice the number of eggs.

Another—

HAM croquettes are nearly as exciting as croquettes. This way: make ready two breakfast cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes; mix in a tablespoonful of butter, the beaten yolks of two eggs and a dash of grey or red pepper. Mash this until smooth as smooth and then set it aside to cool. Put a breakfast cupful of finely minced cold lean ham, Yorker preferably, into a frying pan and warm it up with the beaten yolk of an egg for a couple of minutes, then allow it to cool off. Now comes the fun! In the hollow of your left hand, unless you are left-handed, mould a thickish cup of the potato and put into it a heaped teaspoonful of the ham; wrap the potato round the ham; egg and breadcrumb each croquette and fry deep. It adds to the joy if you serve them with hot fried chopped parsley. Hamcelry is good—made so: butter a shallow fireproof dish or a pie-dish. Mix into a breakfast cupful of plain white sauce, six tablespoonfuls of fairly finely chopped, cooked celery, the same amount of minced cold ham, not too fat, and a teaspoonful of made mustard. Put this in the dish. Sprinkle heavily with baked breadcrumbs and then lightly with grated stale cheese. Lastly, quite a few drops of lemon-juice, or of Worcestershire sauce. Hot up in the oven.

Some Odds and Ends

COLD ham can be used for all sorts of jolly odds and jolly ends. Minced, the lean only, and mixed into a potato salad it is really nice. Then it can be treated saucily, thus: pick off the lean bits from the bone that is left, being careful to reject any "rusty" pieces; chop them, mash them and put them into a pan with just enough veal stock (or other kind), or made Bovril, to make the mixture quite moist. Stir it in a pan over a slow heat and be careful there is no sticking to the pan. When it is quite hot add a little grey pepper, a few pinches of mixed herbs and a breakfast cupful of the stock. Stew gently for a quarter of an hour. Strain. Bottle. A little of this is a profitable addition to almost all gravies.

Potted ham is best made at home, and is easy. Chop and mash into a paste a pound of cold, lean York ham with a quarter that amount of the fat, or of butter. Season as you like with mace, or all-spice, or nutmeg. Press it closely into pots or jars, pouring a quarter-inch deep of melted butter on top. Cover with oiled paper and keep in a cool place until you feel you must eat it up. It is fine on hot buttered toast!

Savouries

SAVOURY bits for supper, or now and then for breakfast, are to be made up from ham. Here is one: put a little butter in a frying pan and when it is very hot cook therein, say, half-a-pound of fairly fat slices of York ham. When the edges begin to be curly-wurly, dust each slice with flour, and when this is nicely brown turn the heat low. In a bowl mix half a tablespoonful of lemon-juice with the same quantity of unmade mustard. Pour this over the slices, and when all is well and truly done put it away, into yourself or anybody else that you love. But beware of dryness—add a little water if there is danger. Lastly, this: mince finely a quarter of a pound of quite cold lean ham and hot it in a pan with a teaspoonful or so of Worcestershire sauce, half that quantity of curry powder, a dessertspoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of milk, mixing thoroughly. Eat it on squared or any other shaped, decrusted, hot buttered toast. Then drink a health to Mr. York Ham.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

JUST THE VERY GIFT

BRITANNIA will advise you on what to buy and where to buy, if you will write to the Service Department as directed on page 943. In order to help us to help you to make your selection, please indicate the approximate price you wish to pay, and state clearly the type of person for whom the gift is intended.

NOT just a gift, but *the* gift—that is what you want yours to be if you are to keep faith with Santa Claus, or, in other words, with the spirit of Christmas. It's the expenditure of thought, not necessarily of large sums of money, that is expressive of goodwill and makes for the perfect present, and however lovely a thing may be in itself, it can, if given to the wrong person, be spoilt in the choosing. Those people who settle down to Bridge, etc., with that "I've-done-all-my-Christmas-shopping" air! This is the way their Christmas lists read. I know, I've seen some of them—"twenty presents at so much," "ten at so much," "five at so much," and so on . . . soulless affairs, aren't they?

WE need a list, of course we do—in fact two or three, for if December 25th really means something to us, we are, in our agitation, more likely to lose it when we want it! But when making your list, do spare a moment to jot against those names a note of what the owners might be expected to like! This is a practical age, and there is a growing tendency for Christmas Gifts to take a practical form—something to wear—something to use; but if you have made up your mind to give some dainty dress accessory, it is more than worth while to bear in mind the colouring of your friends' frocks. Of what use, I ask you, is a navy-blue hand-bag to the woman whose out-of-door Winter scheme is "all-brown"? Or a rainbow coloured scarf to an elderly dame, who eschews (and perhaps rightly!) all that is jauntily gay in the matter of dress.

PRESENTS for the Home, whether practical or decorative, or a little of both, can be every bit as personal as things to wear or carry, but here, again, let us give some thought to general effects, both as regards style and colouring. Those whose rooms are furnished strictly to Period will not be really grateful to you for something that isn't in keeping, however attractive, but it is the prettiest compliment in the world to show your friends that you have taken an intelligent interest in their surroundings and appreciate their taste, even if it isn't altogether in agreement with your own.

THE young people who are just married, who find furnishing out of income a rather difficult proposition, will welcome really appro-

priate presents, especially if trouble has been taken to find out what their homes lack, while china, etc., may be an actual embarrassment to those who have no settled abode. It is better to refrain from giving books to people who do not care for—in fact, even perhaps dislike—reading, but books, if they are carefully chosen, are among the happiest of Christmas gifts. But do be sure that your very proper Aunt isn't sent the naughtiest novel of the year, or your sporting friend the Sitwells' latest poetical effort.

AND—the Little Ones! Christmas means so much to them that it is surely worth while to send something that will give real pleasure. Remember that some children are older for their age than others, and vice versa. Small girls and boys who consider themselves grown-up will be terribly hurt if given "toys," so called, but it is equally hard for others to receive something that they will like "when they are older," when a pair of pink, dimpled fists would give everything in the world for a soft, cuddly toy. A few judicious inquiries from parents and nurses should give a clue.

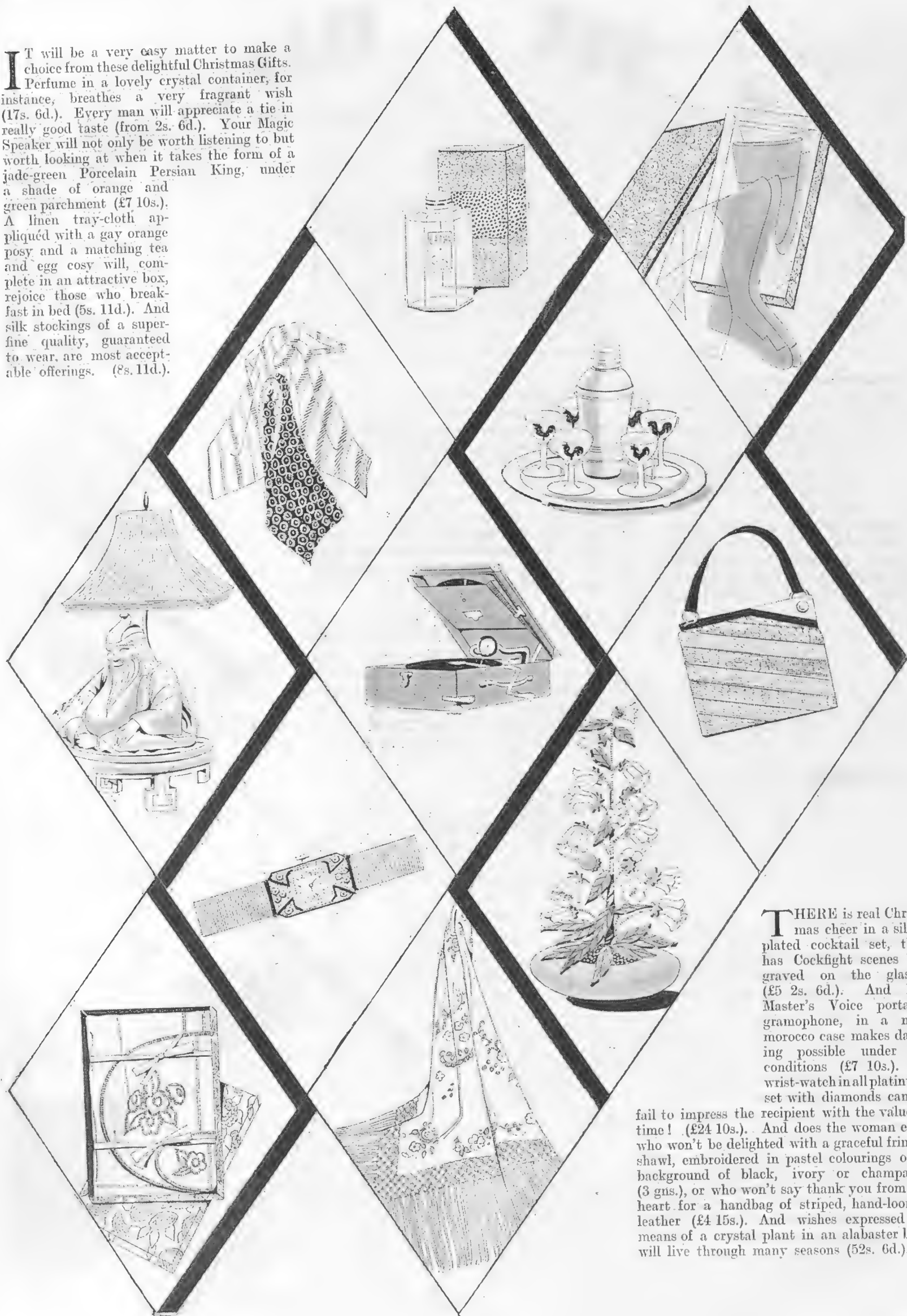
BY the way, little people will doubly appreciate that Christmas stocking if it contains, as well, something for their own special toy friends . . . a new outfit for "Christina" or whatever Madame La Poupee's name may be, packed in a miniature trunk . . . a comfy chair for "Teddy" . . . a brush to keep "Dusty's" coat glossy. Never let your gifts be too educative. The present with a "lesson" in it, so to speak, is reminiscent of the bad old custom (still prevailing in parts of Germany and France) of placing a twig, suggestive of a rod, in the Christmas stocking, bundle or shoe. Rather a bad joke, even when side by side with a compensating packet of sweets!

MARJORY CHARLTON,

An artistic ornament in the form of a brooch, set with semi-precious stones, is sufficient trimming for any hat (1 gu.). Or why not let this gallant ship (a model of Sir Francis Drake's Golden Hind) carry your Christmas wishes—it is a delightful ornament (£2. 19. 6.) An 8-day enamel and silver-gilt clock, with a luminous dial, is a pleasant way of finding out the time (£4. 15. 0). The gallant wooden gee-gee, twelve by ten inches, will delight the Nursery People (3/6), and a gift a man is sure to like is a multi-coloured leather pouch, in his club or regimental colours (30/-), not forgetting the Pipe of Peace (25/-).



IT will be a very easy matter to make a choice from these delightful Christmas Gifts. Perfume in a lovely crystal container, for instance, breathes a very fragrant wish (17s. 6d.). Every man will appreciate a tie in really good taste (from 2s. 6d.). Your Magic Speaker will not only be worth listening to but worth looking at when it takes the form of a jade-green Porcelain Persian King, under a shade of orange and green parchment (£7 10s.). A linen tray-cloth appliquéd with a gay orange posy and a matching tea and egg cosy will, complete in an attractive box, rejoice those who breakfast in bed (5s. 11d.). And silk stockings of a super-fine quality, guaranteed to wear, are most acceptable offerings. (8s. 11d.).



THERE is real Christmas cheer in a silver plated cocktail set, that has Cockfight scenes engraved on the glasses (£5 2s. 6d.). And His Master's Voice portable gramophone, in a neat morocco case makes dancing possible under all conditions (£7 10s.). A wrist-watch in all platinum, set with diamonds cannot fail to impress the recipient with the value of time! (£24 10s.). And does the woman exist who won't be delighted with a graceful fringed shawl, embroidered in pastel colourings on a background of black, ivory or champagne (3 gns.), or who won't say thank you from the heart for a handbag of striped, hand-loomed leather (£4 15s.). And wishes expressed by means of a crystal plant in an alabaster bowl will live through many seasons (52s. 6d.).

GAUNTLET gloves for motoring, with cape palms, wool-lined and with Coney backs, are ideal presents for men (27s. 6d.). A cashmere travelling rug is always a joy in winter, and the more especially when it is carried out in one of the season's intriguing new shades, and has a case of matching leather (£4 15s.). A single gardenia made of feathers is the latest thing in buttonholes (7s. 6d.). Your gardening friends will simply love a garden basket, made of strong green wicker, all complete with practical garden tools, (from 31s. 3d.). And here's another practical present for a man—a silver plated Storm Lighter, that can be chosen in his club or regimental colours (30/-)

ASABLE-MAR-MOT stole, crêpe de Chine lined admirably sets off a winter suit (6½ guineas). An organdy lavender sachet ornamented with a spray of china forget-me-nots, will keep your wardrobe fragrant (6s.). He won't lose his walking stick when he travels, if it is collapsible and fits into his suitcase (from 10s. 6d.). A pearl necklace or jewellery of the inexpensive variety make delightful gifts—necklaces, rings and earrings from £1 1s., jewelled hat or shoulder brooch, £5-5s. A crystal glass Grape Fruit Holder, of graceful design, will embellish any breakfast table (5s. 11d.). Dancers will delight in an enamelled Vanity and cigarette case combined, fitted with pencil, lipstick and mirror, and two compartments for powder. (£11-18s. 6d.).

FLOWERING SHRUBS

By Marion Cran

Next week read what Marion Cran has to say about Garden Plants as Xmas Presents

SOME people had better not read this article, because it may light up in them a longing to grow things which are really too large to be practicable! A well-grown shrub takes a good deal of room, swamping a little town garden; there are so many charming flowers which can be grown there that it is a pity to have it shadowed and overgrown by one or two large shrubs, lovely enough in their season but soon past, leaving nothing to follow on. For people with plenty of room the flowering shrubs offer an excellent solution of the labour problem, they can be planted to give bloom in almost every month of the year, and if among green lawns with wide carpets under them of spring, summer and autumn bulbs the garden will be a lovely place. Shrubs want comparatively little attention once they are well established, and do not require the constant staking, rearranging and division of herbaceous borders, rock gardens, etc., and they can be chosen in one form or another to give bloom the whole year round.

IN January there are the golden Japanese witch-hazel and the delicious Allspice with its prim pretty flowers; in February and March the swinging green festoons of Garrya, starry Magnolia, the golden Bell-bushes, sweet daphnes, and the waxen blooms of the Korean Snowball shrubs, rather flat-faced "snowballs" to be exact, but of an incomparable fragrance. In April and May come the tossing lilacs, flowering currants, mock-oranges, crab-apples, laburnums, berberises, céanothus, hawthorns, wisteria, and all the blossom-spate of fruit orchards. In June the rhododendrons and azaleas carry on the bright flame; till July and August remind us that the purple colour of lilac comes back to the garden again in the shape of long plumes of honey-scented buddleia; we have then, too, the later kinds of mock-

orange—the great garden groundsels, spiræas, tamarisk, the beautiful shrubby speedwells and the lordly candelabra flowers. In September and October there are Jerusalem sage, with its grey furry leaves and whorls of primrose yellow flowers—the great glossy-leaved Magnolias, the hydrangeas, cotoneasters and hardy fuchsias; while November and December round off the year with Arbutus, a fascinating shrub which

HERE is then a skeleton list of the year's round of beautiful and interesting shrubs; in each genus there will be found some kinds which are lovelier than others, and more worth growing, so that it would take a whole book to give an exhaustive list. Among the crab-apples, for instance, John Downie is a most admirable fellow, hardy and good-natured, and makes a very shapely standard—a fine subject for a modest ornamental avenue; in spring the white trusses of blossom carry a fresh and dewy scent, the very breath of the youth of the year; in autumn the boughs are thickly hung with bright scarlet little apples shaped like bobbins. Another beautiful crab of quite another tone is called *Pyrus Eleyi*; it bears wine-coloured flowers on red-brown shoots, richly coloured when the sun strikes through them; the foliage has a red-bronze colouring, and in September and October the boughs are laden with little round glossy apples, red as jasper. Among the mock oranges the most beautiful, to my mind, is "Virginal"; most people will plant the old-fashioned *laburnum*, but the variety *Alschingeri* is better, a very fine large-flowered kind which grows to the same height as our favourite old "golden chain."

AND so it is in every genus; there is a choice to be made, and in that way taste and personality are free to express themselves in everybody's garden. Pruning is generally practised far too vigorously among flowering



In June, the bright rhododendrons carry on the flame.

bears at the same time its white bell-flowers and fruits of brilliant orange and red like strawberries. The end of the year brings, too, the winter flowering jasmine; the fragrant tiny blossoms of winter honeysuckle; and that *Berberis Bealii* which has leaves like very large spiky holly and long sprays of pale-yellow bells, smelling very strong and sweetly like lilies-of-the-valley.

GARDENING. — FREE Catalogues. Send a postcard to

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shrubs; most of them are best left alone with an occasional thinning out of overcrowded branches; but here, again, intelligence and taste can have their way. The Chinese Wisteria, for instance, which we see in great sheets of mauve at the end of May and sometimes in early June, is nearly always grown as a climber on houses and walls; but it can also be a very decorative shrub by summer and winter pruning, the curious, gnarled, perverse habit of the stem-growth giving it a great deal of character and charm.

THERE is another Wisteria species called "Multijuga," which has very much longer racemes of bloom than the one with which we are all familiar; they hang heavy and straight in the mass, but I have never tried this species as a shrub or seen it grown in that way, as I have the other.

The Cotoneasters are a great family, so hardy and yet so widely varied in habit and growth that in one variety or another they should find a place in every garden. One of the best known is that pleasant deciduous shrub C. Hori-



WELL CHOSEN

SHRUBS

WILL BLOOM

FOR YOU

ALL THE YEAR

ROUND

In May and April Wisteria draws her gorgeous curtain. The picture on the left shows Wisteria "Multijuga"—of which the blooms hang so heavy in mass as to suggest a beautiful tapestry.

zontalis. It makes a beautiful wall covering, or a pretty rounded bush in the open. Bees adore the pink blossom sparkling on every bough in May; and, later on, when autumn tints appear upon the leaves, growing red berries finish the bright picture. Cotoneaster Simonsii is a very valuable garden shrub, tall and branching, with a brown downy velvet on the young wood; its greatest beauty comes in the time of fruit, when it gleams with vermilion berries. The whole family is hardy, generous, perfectly easy to grow in any well-drained land, but it does not care for heavy clay.

REMEMBER TO—

Rake up dead leaves and store for leaf-mould. Dig over herbaceous borders if the weather is favourable.

Divide your Lilies-of-the-Valley where they are overcrowded. Plant roses.

Put a mulch of light litter round all delicate plants. Tie up and point bundles of sticks suitable for flower-stakes later on.

Continue the pruning of fruit trees, mulch newly planted trees and stake them.

The small town garden must sternly look away from flowering shrubs—they need more room than the small garden can give.

EACH flowering shrub in turn is, in truth, a lifetime's study, but it is not every mortal these hurrying times who cares to learn in the less hastening way. There is much in Nature's rhythm that escapes the ear of to-day, dulled by its robots, and yet never perhaps in any of those civilisations which have from time to time skimmed the surface of Time, has there been one in which the troubled ear of Humanity has strained in a more humble and universal effort to catch the beat in the great heart of the soil.

Give and— Give Again!

And "Remember" by not forgetting
the Work of the Disabled Soldiers.

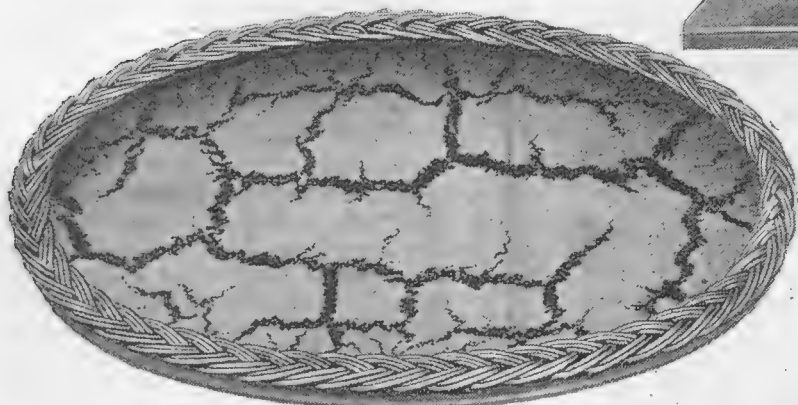
ATTRACTIVE Christmas presents, you will say to yourself, when these pages catch your eye. And so they are, combining most pleasingly the decorative and the practical.

But they are rather more than that . . . for the work of our disabled soldiers, they typify all that is best in the English character . . . that unquenchable spirit that refuses to acknowledge defeat, either from a tangible and human foe or from those more insidious enemies that come in the guise of blindness, paralysis, and the many other disabilities that are the heritage of the war.

BUT it is not from the sentimental but from the practical point of view that I want to put the case of the work of these disabled men before you. Because that is how the men themselves would, I know, like me to put it. With rates and taxes growing higher and higher, and school fees, etc., rising in proportion, the Christmas quarter makes such very severe demands upon those with inelastic incomes (the great majority, in fact), that although hearts may be open in the cause of charity, purses cannot always follow suit. But the men who, despite their handicap, have, during the ten years that have elapsed since the Armistice, turned themselves into useful, self-supporting citizens do not want charity. Why should they? They have justified themselves—their work stands on its own merits.

BUT it cannot be too often said (for the sake of the men's own dignity, not because help would not be willingly forthcoming) that the prices asked for their work never exceed those that prevail in the open market . . . sometimes, indeed, they are under the market price . . . not because the labour is sweated . . . that would

DIFFICULT to find a present for a man! Why? Give him this oak pipe stand, designed on Jacobean lines, that holds eight pipes, and in the correct way. It can stand on his desk or table and will help to induce the habit of tidiness! (7s. 6d.).



THIS oval veined lacquer tray measures sixteen by eleven inches, and costs 6s. 9d. It is to be obtained in a variety of two-colour effects and also in plain colours. Cellulose lacquer, as used on motor cars, is employed, so there is no question of their durability.



SCREENS are too often mere utility affairs and most unpleasing to look upon, although they may stop draughts. But this one, with its three folds, carried out in gilt in antique style, the panels painted with Dutch galleons, is not only decorative but an effective background for old furniture (£14 14s.).

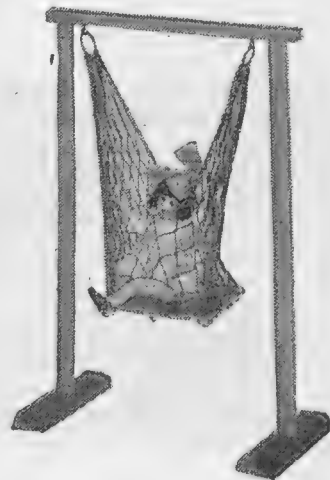


A WASTE-PAPER tub can be useful, as well as decorative, when it is carried out in green papier maché and has a panel painting of a ship (£2 2s.). The green decorated Sutherland table is delightful too (£5). Likewise the bird panel book-stops (£2), and the green and gold vase lamp, complete with shade. This is priced at £1 15s. 6d.



THIS delightful pair of bellows painted with realistic flowers against a cream background, is a copy from the antique (£1 12s. 6d.). So is the round waste-paper tub beside it, decorated with a lovely Victorian book-plate panel of flowers (£2 2s. 0d.).

TO the right is a swing for Dolly, eighteen inches high and twelve inches wide, that will be much appreciated by the many small people who love dolls. It can be taken to pieces, and is sold all ready packed in an attractive box (3s. 6d.).



indeed be an unpleasant reflection . . . but because the big organisations that deal with the sale of such work buy, as manufacturers, their materials carefully, and in very large quantities, studying the rise and fall of the market, and often buying ahead very advantageously . . . and the public get the benefit. In every case business men, proved business men, alive and go-ahead, are at the heads of these organisations. Their ever-increasing business is built up on value for money, quite apart from the nature of the work.

FURNITURE, beautifully designed and perfectly finished—some pieces modernistic, others perfect copies from the antique—leather work, both plain and tooled, brass and copper work, wood work, lacquer work, wool rugs and foot-muffs, mats, goods in string and netting, hand loom tweeds, woven from pure British wool and dyed with British dyes—these are only a few of the activities of the various centres.

So, if this Christmas, you include among your purchases some of the work of disabled men you will know that you are buying wisely. You will know, too, that you are helping the men who have "given all" for England's sake to rise from despondency and helplessness to a

renewed hope and a striking power of achievement in many crafts, and you will give—not once, but twice.

RUTH JARDINE.



YOU want to give your friends something that is both original and in good taste? Well, then—you will go a long way before you find anything more charming than a lacquer mirror, after the Queen Anne manner (£2 2s.). Or a green wooden manicure box, copied from the Italian, charmingly decorated and lined inside with antique gilt including the loose tray. The price is only £2 15s.

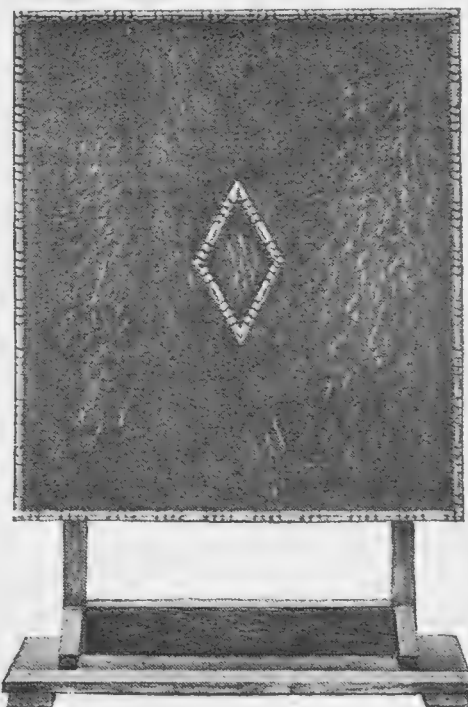


EVERY woman will be appreciative of a work-basket that she can carry on her arm, leaving her hands free when she has occasion to move it from room to room. This one, carried out in rose, green, blue, lilac and tango, attractively shot with gold, is completely lined inside (6s.).

MATCH your waste-paper basket to your flowered wall-paper or creosone! This one in blue shot with gold, is decorated with larkspurs and tulips; delphiniums, lupins, hollyhocks, are included in the range—the baskets blending in colour (19s. 6d.).

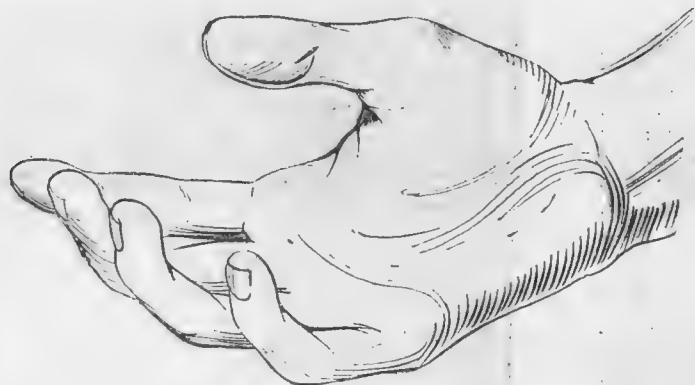


WHEN a fire momentarily burns too brightly, a fire-screen will make all the difference to comfort. Here is one, designed on Jacobean lines, twenty-seven inches high and eighteen inches wide. It has a use in summer, too—to stand in front of the fireless grate that always has such a cheerless appearance (19s. 6d.).



THE attractive painted "pieces" on the left are all carried out in antique green, charming in any setting—and include a fireside chair (£6 10s. 6d.), a Chinese lacquer cabinet (£9 9s.), a newspaper rack (£2 5s.), a letter tray with handle (£2 5s. 6d.), and a pen tray (12s.).

We will tell you where to buy these attractive Xmas gifts if you write to the Service Dept. as directed on page 943.



This Tipping Necessity!

ARE MEN LESS SELF-RESPECTING THAN WOMEN?

WHAT is the matter with the world to-day? Especially what is the matter with the men in it who want to be paid twice over for everything they do?

When "tipping" is mentioned as a problem for women, the tips considered are usually those given to waiters, railway porters, and chamber-maids and taxi-drivers, but the average woman who is self-supporting and a "householder," even though hers be but a single room and her vote a latchkey one, soon realises that in these days you can get nothing done for you unless you "tip."

And it is not only the labouring classes that are guilty: men higher up in the social scale are just as bad.

IF there is anything wrong with your telephone, you must tip the man who comes to overhaul it—at least, if you do not, there is certain to be a good deal of delay next time it happens. If you want a gas stove installed in a new flat, you must judiciously hint to the inspector in charge of the district that you are going to be "very much obliged to him" if he'll hurry it up; if you want to buy a new cooking stove or have the old one changed, you had better do the same thing to the clerk in the showroom. Not long ago an American friend told me that if you wanted a good state-room on board a liner at a reasonable price, you must tell the clerks in the booking office that it will be worth their while to see you get one.

AND the boy who delivers your laundry, your coal, your groceries; the lift boy who takes your parcels, the inspector who comes to look at your drains—they all obviously expect a tip, and look aggrieved if they do not get one. It is curious too, that, as a rule, it is the men who look expectant—not the women. Of course you tip your friend's maid when you stay there, and the woman who takes your cloak at the theatre or hotel, but, on the whole, women who are paid wages for doing their job do the work in return as a matter of course. They do not expect to be paid twice over for it.

Isn't it time that men were taught a lesson—the lesson of independence? Of course it is—but who is going to begin? Dare any woman, for instance, give the exact fare to the taxi-driver who has let her open the door of the taxi on a wet day when she got in, and when she got out—who has, in effect, done nothing for her but drive her to her destination without even the civility of putting out his pipe or cigarette or give here a courteous acknowledgment of her direction? Of course not!

So the woman who is a wage-earner with a small income must "budget" for several pounds a year in tips if she values a smoothly running household and prompt attention to deficiencies. Has anyone a remedy?

JOAN WESTON EDWARDS.



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TELLUS SUPER VACUUM CLEANER, Limited,
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of this epoch-
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The "Murren" Ski-ing Suit for Ladies.

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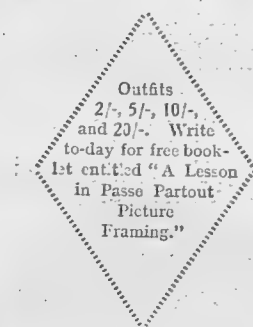
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Seal your Christmas Gift Parcels with NULLI SECUNDUS Holly Gummed Tape & Seals. 6d. & 1/- boxes. All Stationers.



Do not let your bathroom shelf be without a good mouth-wash.

Can You afford to Smile?

BY SONIA

IT is said, both frequently and truthfully, that the first hint of charm in a woman is expressed in her smile.

Although this is true of some women with fascinatingly attractive smiles, we must, I am afraid, admit that it is not quite true in a large number of cases. When well-shaped lips are parted to display two rows of even, white teeth, radiantly sparkling—yes, then there is charm, but how few of us can legitimately afford the luxury of a smile?

AND you yourself . . . what does your smile display?

If the proper care of the teeth is started when you are young, they and your health will certainly say "thank you" for the great attention you pay them. For not only are they a very great asset so far as your personality and beauty are concerned, but many common, and a great many uncommon, ailments can be traced to defective teeth. A child's first teeth should receive the utmost consideration. One is sometimes apt to think first teeth do not matter, but on the contrary they matter a great deal! Their care is not only important for the present but to the future health and

beauty of the adult. Teeth should never be allowed to decay. At the first sign, stopping should be resorted to, otherwise untold harm may be done. The mouth will become full of poison, poison that, secreted in the glands and nerve channels, will be gradually discharged into the mouth. If teeth are lost before time, the jaw does not grow sufficiently to receive the second teeth, with the result that they grow in all manner of irregular ways.

THE child, imitating the grown-up, should be taught to cleanse the teeth regularly every morning, every night, and after each meal. Every particle of food should be brushed out and occasionally a dental silk drawn between each tooth. Otherwise the bacterial poisons which are formed will be carried into the blood and the digestive system.

The mouth, to be kept in a perfectly clean condition, requires a good tooth paste, or dentifrice, and a reliable mouth-wash. Great care must be taken to preserve the enamel, for once it is broken through to the pulp cavity, the nerves are exposed. Avoid eating, if you care about your teeth, too many sweet things. Some fruits, such as apples, help to cleanse the mouth.



The choice of a reliable tooth-paste should be a matter for careful consideration.

GEORGETTE expresses the frock on the right, the close-fitting bodice displaying something quite new in trimming—pin tucks disposed geometrically. The skirt has the new tunic effect, flaring gracefully as the wearer moves. Colours—rose, powder-blue, apple, lilac and black. (Price £4 4s).

THE georgette frock below has for a trimming Diamanti. This is disposed on the bodice in the form of a V, meets the waist with its downward tendency, and it is also appliquéd in motifs on the edge of the uneven skirt. Colours—myosotis, blue, cyclamen and black, and the price £6 6s.

Frocks that will Dance Well

FAILLE-TAFFETAS and georgette are allied successfully in the frock below on the right, the georgette flounces being appliquéd with embroidered faille motifs. Note the wide transparent hem and the dipping effect at the back. Rose, cyclamen, lemon, blue, flame and black are included in the range of colours. (Price £5 5s.)

WHEN for a moment you are a Wall Flower, whether from necessity or choice (!), do you sometimes wonder why some women look so very ordinary on the dance floor, others almost grotesque, others, again, perfectly charming? Why is it?—Is it because of their looks? No! It is not Grecian features, nor an immaculately shingled head, nor even neat feet, ankles and legs, that make "all the difference." Nor is it entirely grace, although the graceful dancer, who is also step-perfect, is always pleasing to watch. If you analyse things, you will find that the answer to the secret lies mainly with their frocks. These have rhythm, they blend in colour and spirit with the moving pageant of which they form a part, they emphasise no awkward angle, as their wearers swing to the music of or Tango

Fox-Trot, Waltz

In other words, the Charmers, in every case, wear frocks that "dance well." What is it like, this paragon among frocks? You know it at once when you see it; for it possesses the three C's—Character, Charm and Common-sense. It is gay when you are, or solemn as the occasion demands. Ready to drift dreamily, glide gracefully, curvet coquettishly or swish saucily. You can never catch it out; in other words, it anticipates every movement, and you love it because it always makes you look your best. There is an element of surprise about it from the beginning; for, though you have perhaps been looking for something in yellow, you are certain to discover it in quite another colour, and, generally, in the place you least expect. It must express personality, but subtly, not aggressively.

WE will tell you where to purchase these frocks if you write to the Service Department as directed on page 943.

During the Xmas Party Season

SPOTTED net, seen on the left, is a newcomer to the world of dance frock fabrics. But isn't it attractive, with its slightly fitting bodice and flounced skirt, in a lovely vivid shade of green, each flounce being outlined with silver metal thread? (Price 59s. 6d.)

THE frock below will please immensely the woman who likes her dance frock to combine grace and dignity. *Satin-Beauté*, most effectively draped, is the material used, the long lines giving a most slimming effect. Colours—sapphire-blue, fuchsia, silver-grey and black. (Price 8 guineas.)

AS to its material. With the exception of velvet, you may be prepared to find it made in practically anything, particularly in the fluttering fabrics—lace, georgette, net, chiffon—but it has one great secret, one infallible rule, and that is "cut." The ideal dancing dress always has a spring, flair, call it what you will, and it is that which gives it "life." At its plainest also, for it can be the simplest frock ever, this springiness may be hidden among a few gathers, or, on the other hand, frills, flounces, petals, shaped edges or dangly bits of one kind or another may conceal it. But—and this is very important—all trimming must be so arranged as to be part of the frock itself. Panel effects, for example, are not pretty, because they swing away to reveal a straight foundation underneath, which

is never graceful. And, having found your "good Dancers," don't overload them with jewellery, either of the precious or the semi-precious variety. It's the greatest mistake in the world. Your partner won't thank you if he gets entangled in long necklaces or receives a wound, not from Cupid, but from some sharp ornament! It's a mistake, too, to carry a lot of impedimenta round the ballroom with you. The latest enamel vanity cases, especially designed with a view to the needs of dancers, certainly economise space, for not only do they include a compartment for cigarettes, but they are fitted with pencil, mirror and two divisions for powder, whilst a lipstick is cunningly concealed in the tassel. Or you can wear your powder (which, of course, you can't do without!) on your wrist, for there are vanity boxes in the form of bracelets, the neatest little affairs.

TO the left, printed chiffon in a floral design flutters deliciously. Observe particularly, please, the big bow on the hip that strikes quite a new note. Colour schemes include black with a multi-coloured floral design, white and maize, blue and maize, pale and deep rose, lemon and sage. (Price £5 15s. 6d.)

BUT WHAT ABOUT FATHERS?

By A VERY NEW ONE



"... Can't get near the fire for the thick white forest of Edward's clothes in process of airing."

THERE'S a baby in our house. It is my baby—or, rather, it is Jane-Jennifer's baby. Jane-Jennifer is my wife—or, rather, she *was* my wife, but now she is nothing in the world but the mother of Edward William Newbury Blank. Edward after the Prince of Wales, William after me, and Newbury after the four pounds Jane-Jennifer won through backing a rank outsider at the last race meeting.

"How proud you must be!" people say to me when they have finished admiring Edward William and praising Jane-Jennifer. Well, I suppose I am—having a son gives one a solid, stake-in-the-country sort of feeling. What I mean is—it makes one begin to think about parliaments and economics and drains and fresh air and all that sort of thing. But, you know, it's horribly disturbing. It makes a man feel so terribly small and unimportant and in the way, somehow—as if he ought to be anywhere but in his own home.

WHEN I heard it was a boy I immediately rushed out and bought him a clock-work train and a pop-gun, but Jane-Jennifer, instead of being pleased and saying so, just smiled at me with a sort of motherly pity. And that seems to be the general attitude towards me—one of pity and gentle forbearing. I feel all the time that I am doing and saying the wrong thing—inferior complex and all that.

Nothing about me is right. If I rock Edward in his cot when he cries—and he cries a good deal—they say, "Don't. It will make him ill." I can't play the gramophone because Edward has to sleep. I have to go into the back garden to smoke a pipe because tobacco fumes are bad for Edward. I can't get near to the fire because Edward's clothes are always strewn round it like a thick white forest and going through that mysterious process which Jane-Jennifer calls airing.

I must say I am disappointed in Jane-Jennifer. Before the arrival of Edward she was a sensible woman—cooked like an angel,

played a very fair round of golf, even though her putting *was* a bit wobbly, and took almost an intelligent interest in the things a man likes to talk about—trout-fishing and the City, and whether England will keep the Ashes or not.

But now—she's a changed woman. I find I've married a complete stranger. Her point of view is entirely different; she reads books on Child Psychology instead of those nice detective yarns I used to bring her from the library, and her conversation is one-long chapter of "Edward, Edward, Edward." If he were not my son and, therefore, a perfect child, I should begin to think very hard things of Edward. Instead, I think them of Jane-Jennifer.

BEFORE Edward arrived his life was planned—band a jolly nice life, too. He was not to be coddled, never rocked to sleep, and we were never, never, never going to pretend, like most parents, that he was finer and handsomer than any other baby in the world. So said Jane-Jennifer.

And look how she's kept her vows! All day long Edward is waited on hand and foot—fed, bathed, patted, petted and rocked. Jane-Jennifer has even learned to sing lullabies—a great lapse of humour this, for even she used to admit that she sang about as musically as a corn-crake. "Coddled" simply isn't the word for it—and I shall be very surprised if Edward William survives his first youth. I said so to Jane-Jennifer the other day.

"That child will die of mothering," I said, glaring warningly.

And all she said was: "Bill, don't be so silly!"

Silly! There you are—that's all I got for taking such an interest in my—own son. I wasn't silly when I bought that expensive perambulator thing with rubber wheels and the rug with woolly rabbits filigreed in the corners. Oh, no! Nor was I silly to get a Baby Austin so that Jane-Jennifer and Edward could go into the country for week-ends. Certainly not.

But in anything that affects the upbringing of Edward I am a crass idiot. Humph! I wonder they've left me so long out of an asylum.

ANOTHER thing. You'll admit that it's natural I should take an interest in Edward's future—well, I just mentioned that it would be nice to make him a member of Parliament or the managing-director of a large and prosperous firm in the City. Jane-Jennifer positively frothed. She not only accused me of not having Edward's best interests at heart but in a most unsporting way reminded me of the time I held him upside down instead of right side up. And, mind you, I only did it once.

TOYS.

Toys that Talk, Toys that Walk, Toys that are Soft and Cuddley.

For Children at Every Age at Prices to Suit Every Purse.

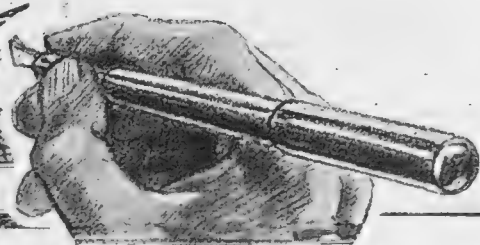
NEXT WEEK BRITANNIA WILL GIVE YOU THE LATEST NEWS FROM TOYLAND.

THE upshot of it was that I had to buy a most expensive bunch of flowers to pacify her and to agree to Edward being either a field-marshal, an admiral or a poet—whichever uniform should suit him best when he grows up.

That's how things are at the moment—still pretty strained and unfriendly. And, to make it worse, I keep reading articles in all the papers about the difficulties and glories of being a mother.

THESE, of course, are written by bachelors. Married men would know that it is much more difficult and much less glorious to be a father—but, then, married men have no time for writing. They are too busy keeping out of everybody's way and trying not to make the slightest sound when all the little Edwards are asleep.

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 300 words.

A Socialist on Birth Control.

(From Mrs. Bertrand Russell)

SIR,

As a Socialist woman I resent the remarks of Dr. Haden Guest who, to the best of my knowledge, is not a pathological expert. When Socialist women hold power will be the time to determine whether their policy in regard to children is one of despair.

To his gloomy picture of Russia, let the birth-rate statistics reply. It is amid the poverty and despair of Capitalist post-war conditions that the birth-rate has slumped—in England particularly in the large town areas where there is most indoor and outdoor relief. It has not gone down in Russia to anything like the same extent. The Russian people are, on the contrary, full of biological hope, and their death-rate is falling in response to medical work. Here and there people who devote themselves to a cause will refrain from child-bearing, as they do everywhere in the world. What of the restrictions here on the marriage of women teachers?

Why, if Dr. Haden Guest thinks that birth control is our only remedy, does he suppose that we waste so much time on agitating about maternal mortality, child allowances and the nursery school? Why schools and Welfare Centres, if no children? He is deliberately concealing what he knows to be the core of our argument—not that we expect individual poverty to endure for ever but that the nurture of children should be made independent of poverty.

Does not the State manage to pay for its Army, Navy, and Air Force in spite of industrial depression? Why, then, can it not so frame its expenditure as to pay rather for its children than for its engines of destruction? In every political party to-day you will find women asking this question, as they asked it point blank of the Minister of Health himself at a recent Maternal Mortality Conference. We are no longer content to bear children and see their lives and fortunes at the mercy of what the individual father can earn for them in the wage market. The Welfare Centre, the school, a State medical service offer mothers and children better security than the traditional strong male arm.—Yours, etc.,

DORA RUSSELL.

Is it Right to Hang a Man?

SIR,

The two articles contributed by Lord Birkenhead to *BRITANNIA* do not meet the strong case against the death penalty, nor constitute the kind of contribution one was entitled to expect from him. By capital punishment the ordinary citizen understands the execution of persons convicted of murder in the Civil Courts. Lord Birkenhead devotes more than half his space to the punishment of treason and piracy and the sacrifice of the soldier in time of war.

Even when he does discuss murder, Lord Birkenhead is hardly more relevant, for he then treats us to a description of particular crimes which, though calculated to bring horror to the hearts of us all, is hardly conducive to that calmness of judgment which a scientific examination demands. The opponent of capital punishment is at one with its supporters in deploring horrible crimes, but he asserts that the death penalty is not the most effective way of protecting society from them.

The experience of abolitionist countries shows clearly that other penalties are at least as effective. Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Italy (for non-political crime), Norway, Portugal, Roumania, Sweden, Queensland, eight States among the U.S.A., and certain South and Central American States have all proved by actual experience that they can get on quite well without capital punishment, without an increase in murder. Lord Birkenhead dismisses all this by saying that "the experiment has not been tried for a sufficient period . . . to form an accurate opinion for our guidance."

I do not know what he would consider a sufficiently long period, but five of the European countries named have had no executions for over half a century.

There are many other grounds upon which capital punishment stands condemned, most of which Lord Birkenhead ignores. The sentence of death is the primary cause of the morbid Press publicity associated with murder trials, and certain recent murders, committed by persons on the verge of insanity, can be directly traced to this unhealthy sensationalism. The boy who met his death a few weeks ago while imitating a judicial hanging was a victim of the same morbidity.

Lord Birkenhead admits "the chance of mistake cannot be wholly eliminated," but goes on to say that this "has no bearing on the problem whether the State ought or can in natural justice deprive a murderer of his life." Many people will profoundly disagree. An irrevocable penalty can only be safely inflicted by an infallible tribunal.

The death penalty admittedly militates against that certainty of punishment which is the best deterrent in the case of premeditated murders, and the substitution of a long term of imprisonment would tend to reduce these crimes by increasing the percentage of convictions. Many murders are perpetrated by unbalanced and insane people, and though fear of punishment will hardly eliminate these crimes, they would probably be reduced by a diminution of the morbid sensationalism the sentence of death provokes. Poverty, bad housing and drink also influence the murder rate, and improved social conditions would do far more to check murder than any number of hangings.

To assert, as Lord Birkenhead does, that the penalty of death is the only way of protecting society against homicide, is absurd when we already use other methods to protect ourselves against thousands of homicidal lunatics. No other punishment in our criminal law inflicts so much suffering upon innocent people. These include the prison officials who have to carry out the sentence and the innocent relatives of the murderer. There are more practical ways of expressing sympathy for the relatives of the murderer's victim than by blood satisfaction.

Lord Birkenhead need not fear that abolition would provoke lynching, for American experience shows clearly it is the States which retain the death penalty which have lynchings and abolitionist States are practically free from them. This effectively illustrates how capital punishment, while pretending to maintain a respect for human life, does, in fact, destroy it. Only by increasing our respect for human personality in even its most degraded manifestations, will we make it more secure.—Yours, etc.,

E. ROY CALVERT.

Secretary, The National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty.

De-Rating.

DEAR SIR,

I have read your article under the heading "What is this De-rating?" with interest. I have been asking myself the same question. However, though the whole matter appears to be wrapped in considerable mystery, *The Times* seems to shed

some light on it to-day. The subject is very wide, and seems to me to be nearly connected with trade, tariffs, and above all, industry and hard work.

I gather that you are a vigorous Protectionist, but how can you logically tax things produced abroad and sold here at 20 to 40 or 50 per cent. less than local products? Take eggs. Local are 3s. 3d. and Danish 2s. 3d. a dozen. And, let me tell you, latter just as good as former. Why the difference in price?

Take a different case—ship repairing. Not long ago British vessels were sent to Rotterdam to be repaired and/or pass their surveys.

I am afraid the chief cause is that people here want higher wages than anywhere in industrial Europe.

If people here would work at same rates as others, Protection would then seem fair, but probably needless. I think business is often best left to find its own level.—Yours faithfully,

EDWARD MACANDREW.

Assessment and Rating Relief.

SIR,

Sir Kingsley Wood, in his statement to the Press recently, stated that the Rating and Valuation Act of 1925 was to promote uniformity of valuations, based on fair annual letting value, but he failed to say how this fair letting value was to be arrived at. Surely he knows that there are hardly any houses to let, and when there are they are only let at a fictitious rental to people who would rather rent than buy a house.

Had he said that the assessed net value of a house should be the value upon which income tax should be paid, he would have helped to clear up a very annoying situation, as at the present time the Government valuer does not always agree with the local assessments, and fixes a figure higher than the local one, as in my own case, and although this district has been re-assessed, after a valuation of all property by a firm of valuers.

The only conclusion I can come to is that re-assessment is of little account, as the local authorities raise or lower the rate according to the cost of administering the district; but it is up to property owners to see that they are fairly assessed, otherwise they have to pay income tax on an inflated value.—Yours truly,

W. J. R.

Safeguarding and the Glass Industry.

SIR,

Mr. F. R. Lang criticises the attitude of Australia in placing duties on some British manufactures—particularly, glass bottles.

Our Dominions impose tariffs on imported goods for two reasons:—(1) To produce revenue, a common means of taxation in "New Countries." (2) To enable their own infant industries to grow up and to expand.

Is there anything unfair in this? If Australia chooses to build up her own industries behind a tariff barrier, can we blame her?

In regard to glass bottles, Mr. Lang admits that the British manufacturer receives a preference, but claims that the duty of 40 per cent. makes it impossible for advantage to be taken of this. If it is suggested that the duty should be taken off for the British bottle and retained for the foreign bottle, is it reasonable to expect Australia to extend further her preferences to us, when already, she, with the other Dominions, give to us so much more than we give to her in return?

But, if the contention is that Australia should take off all duties on glass bottles, regardless of the country of origin, then, I would suggest that the present position of the British glass industry would not point to this being of substantial assistance; and that the foreign manufacturers alone would reap any benefit.

(Continued overleaf.)

In recent years, the importation of foreign manufactured glass bottles into Great Britain has steadily risen. In 1927 the number had increased by approximately 75 per cent. compared with 1922.

Surely the glass bottle industry should, first of all, endeavour to secure the home market! Assuming that an application under the newly announced Government procedure was successful, a Safeguarding Duty would enable the benefits of steady production, which is vital in the glass bottle industry to be obtained. It would attract new capital into the industry. And there is no reason why prices should not eventually fall below where they stand at present, as has happened in other safeguarded industries. Most important of all, it would lead to more British glass workers being employed, instead of the work going to the Germans and Czechs, who do not contribute one penny to the rates and taxes in this country, and who work under wage conditions which we do not wish our British workmen to be compelled to accept.—Yours faithfully,

HAROLD MITCHELL,

Director, The Alloa Glass Work Co., Ltd.

[W. A. Stewart, Percy J. Gillespie, Geo. Powell, and "Manchester Man" also write on "Safeguarding."—ED.]

Co-operative Societies and Taxation.

SIR,
Your correspondent on Co-operative Societies and Taxation overlooks one fact that the Co-operative Society is run for the benefit of its members, and not for individuals like most companies. They serve the public with all manner of goods at competitive prices and, at the same time, absorb a great deal of labour in the manufacture of goods. They have promoted a first-rate standard of conditions for their employees, both in their factories and shops, and are paying a standard rate of wages.

As regards their share capital, it is only in keeping with their ramifications, and their rate of interest on capital is limited to not more than 5 per cent.

Your correspondent advocates that all voters should not support a candidate who is not in favour of taxing co-operative societies. There he again overlooks the fact that a big percentage of the people are members of some "Co-op." society, and the effect of such would be paradoxical. If some of the industries of to-day were to combine co-operatively, they would eliminate a deal of unhealthy competition and increase their markets.—Yours faithfully,

H. RIDING.

[J. J. Worley also writes on Co-operative Societies.—ED.]

Guinea Pig Directors.

SIR,

The Prime Minister's very timely remarks, as to what a handicap British industry is suffering from because of this parasite growth, cause one to try and find an immediate remedy. The Companies' Act has just been revised and will soon come into operation in its new form. There is still time for amendments.

It should be made obligatory for a company each year to file at Somerset House and also put on its prospectus the names of their directors; age; business qualifications; total number of directorships held by each; and the total amount of fees, salaries and emoluments drawn from the various companies.

The Prime Minister's remarks having been greeted with approval by all classes, save the Guinea Pigs, surely it is up to the public in general to find a solution as they are the people who are footing the bill caused by their cancerous inefficiency.—Yours truly,

J. C. MILLER.

Canon Hannay and Christian Science.

DEAR SIR,

Canon Hannay states that "earnest seekers for health in body and soul toil upwards after Mrs. Eddy with a faith which leaves poor reason gasping far behind." On the contrary, through their study of Mrs. Eddy's writings in conjunction with the Bible, Christian Scientists can always give a reason for the faith that is in them, because the faith of a Christian Scientist develops into spiritual understanding in which reason and revelation are reconciled. In this connection, Dr. Moffatt's translation of Hebrews ii, 1, 2, is interesting: "Now faith means we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see." It was for this that the men of old won their record.—Yours truly,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

Mussolini's Horoscope.

SIR,

Canon Hannay gave us a beautiful and inspiring sermon, but he might have completed his quotation "There shall no sign be given . . ." with the words of the context: ". . . but the sign of the Prophet Jonah."

The meaning of these words is clear to your readers who have sufficient erudition to appreciate the horoscope of Benito Mussolini, published in your same issue.

Is not Jonah the sign *Pisces*—the sign of the fishes, seen at the nadir of this star chart? It is the sign of self-sacrifice—selflessness—even self undoing, the end of many earth lives, and the open door to the spiritual life.

Is this not the gravamen of Micah's answer: "To walk humbly with thy God." It appears that when our professed spiritual teachers find time to study astrology and use its message in their instruction, we shall rise above prejudice—and nearer truth.—Yours faithfully,

FORDYCE JONES.

Chaos of the Theatre.

DEAR SIR,

I was astounded to read the statement contained in Mr. Temple Thurston's article, "The Chaos of the Theatre," appearing in last week's issue. In his opinion, "the cinema public is about the least intelligent, the least possessed of any taste of culture of any mass of people who seek relaxation and entertainment after their work is done" and he goes on to say that the films that please them prove it!

It is evident that Mr. Temple Thurston has rushed into print without giving due consideration to facts. Does not your contributor realise that millions of his fellow-countrymen visit cinemas throughout the country every week and would he be so bold as to say that these millions, forming the greater part of our race, are poor misguided, brainless individuals?

The huge attendances at all cinemas prove that the public prefer this form of entertainment to the spoken play and the reason is not far to seek if one gives a moment's consideration to the matter.

The general public's dislike for the theatre is based upon the fact that its controllers do not cater for the masses in any sense of the word. The price of the cheapest seat in the "modern" theatre is 3s. 6d. (unless one wishes to be thrust up into the roof by taking a seat at 1s. 6d. in the gallery). In order to stand the remotest chance of securing an uncomfortable seat in the pit, one has to wait shivering in the rain for from three to four hours before the performance commences.

On the other hand, what has the cinema to offer? A luxurious armchair seat for 1s. 6d., no waiting, the finest music and, at the majority of cinemas, the finest films.

The chaos of the theatre is not due to bad plays. It is due to the absolute indifference of theatre magnates to the merest wishes of the immense public which it professes to serve. Mr. Temple Thurston states that the theatre is copying the cinema, but the theatre is doing nothing of the kind as anyone with a spark of intelligence will realise after comparing the relative entertainment value between the two.—Yours faithfully,

A. A. GARNETT.

A Question for Sheffield.

DEAR SIR,

I understand that Sheffield manufacturers claim that their steel for knives, etc., is the best in the world. Would one of them explain to a layman why bootmakers prefer Swedish tools, such as knives and rasps in their trade? I am told quite bluntly and decisively, that Sheffield leather-cutting knives and rasps are of no use whatever.—Yours very truly,

R. D. MACKINTOSH.

"Broke in the Wars."

DEAR SIR,

I am particularly interested in Major Lloyd Jones's article "Broke in the Wars." I am the son of one of England's fighters. I am also a member of what is called the new generation and I have recently severed my connection with the Service because I am too utterly disgusted to go on—too utterly disgusted with the callous ingratitude of Britain towards its older fighters.

My father's record of service is 23½ years in the ranks mostly abroad—5 years commissioned service during the Great War. He now finds himself at the age of 70 the proud possessor of a few medals, the honorary rank of captain and a pittance of 23s. a week.

Need I draw comparisons with the lot of the permanent officials of the Civil Service?

Surely the greatest nation of all times cannot be prevented from settling this great debt by a handful of permanent officials? Perhaps these fellows are already sitting up and realising that the day is drawing nigh when they will be strangled with their own red tape.—Yours truly,

LEONARD F. C. WOOTTEN.

University Restrictions.

SIR,

I congratulate you on your paper which appeals equally to this grandfather of 71, and to his grandson of 19.

Talking of our modern youths, I have been asked to bring to your notice the petty, irksome restrictions imposed upon undergraduates at our leading Universities—restrictions more suitable for Miss Brown's Academy for Young Gentlemen—than for our future rulers.

Result—disgruntled youths leave their Universities in disgust before completing their terms, and thus lose their humanities.

G. P.

Rossetti and the Wood Engravers.

SIR,

Mr. R. H. Wilenski, in his article of November 16th, gives graceful acknowledgment of the skill of the Brothers Dalziel's wood engravings, when speaking of Mr. Forrest Reid's new book on the *Illustrations of the Sixties*. This is pleasant reading in view of the too often quite unjustifiable attacks of some modern critics upon the wood engravers generally of the last century.

Mr. Wilenski quotes Dante Rossetti as having written of his drawings being "hewn in pieces"; but we all know that Rossetti was a genius who was in the habit of saying and writing extravagantly mad and unfair things, on all subjects!

As a son of one of the Brothers Dalziel I know, as a fact, that Rossetti's methods of drawing on wood were often so peculiar that the marvel is they were ever engraved at all. In spite of the difficulties he needlessly put before the engraver, his work as a rule came out well.—Yours faithfully,

GILBERT DALZIEL.

What is a British Car?

DEAR SIR,

In your paragraph headed "A Practical Lesson" you state that the Ford Co. is taking over a colossal site at Dagenham which will turn out 200,000 cars per year. Who will pretend that without the safeguarding duties on motor cars this sensational scheme would have been planned in this way.

One wonders if this will be a blessing or otherwise? Will it not mean much keen competition for the genuine British manufacturer, both at home and abroad? Will the car when produced be a British car? According to the advertisements, "Buy a British Car," a British car is one made entirely in the British Isles of British material fitted with British tyres and accessories and complete with a British finish.

Will not the British-American (?) car come under this definition?—Yours faithfully,

I. A. D. COLE.

The National Movement in Scotland.

DEAR SIR,

Who would pay for it? England?—Yours truly

DAVID ORMOND.

Railway Staff Work.

SIR,

I was interested to read J. A. W. O.'s letter and quite understand his annoyance due to lack of accommodation for long distance passengers.

May I point out that a railway company is bound to find a seat for a passenger at the starting station, and if J. A. W. O. had insisted on a seat being provided the company would have had to consider the advisability of putting additional coaches on the train or else have provided him with a first-class seat.—Yours faithfully,

BM/OVS. 6.

I SUPPOSE it is from the poetic philosopher Nietzsche that the advice to live dangerously has been usually derived, but he was not the first to give it. One of the old Highland clans took "*Dulce Periculum*" for its battle-cry, and dangerous life was the subject of all the ancient epics, sagas and ballads that I know of. It was the subject of our romantic literature, from Walter Scott to Stevenson and Kipling. It is still the subject of the popular films that tell of cantering cowboys and revolvers in every hand. We are told that tales of bloody claymores, scuppers running red, and "guns" discharged across the languishing frames of rescued damsels flourish best in times of monotonous security; but even if that were true their popularity proves the delight that readers or spectators take in danger—in vicarious danger.

Perils of Plunging.

PERHAPS we must exclude certain kinds of danger from the philosopher's advice. There is danger, for instance, in speculation. It is dangerous to "plunge" on the Stock Exchange, to stake one's all on the tables at Monte Carlo, on the favourite at the Derby, or on dogs that pursue an electric hare. But I hardly imagine a philosopher recommending those risks as guides of life, though the losers of fortune, or livelihood may experience an intensified sense of existence while shares go up and down, or the ball spins round, or the horses gallop, or the dogs strain in futile pursuit.

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether we ought not to include among the philosopher's disciples those who launch a big commercial business, or start a newspaper, or write a novel, or practise at the Bar, or marry.

But it may be said, the precept really implies risk of life—risk of body and soul. In that case do airmen and motorists follow its advice? I think that most people would agree that they do. Should we, then, also include habitual passengers by train, and people crossing the London streets? Besides, there are all the sportsmen—the mountaineers, the riders after foxes, the hunters of wild beasts for pleasure, the boxers, the football players; perhaps even the foot-racers. For when I was a boy I watched an athlete being rubbed down in preparation for a two-hundred yards sprint along a high road, and someone beside me remarked: "He ought to be hanged. His brother died of it."

That seemed a queer verdict, but it implied a dangerous life. Our subject is becoming complicated.

Robots and Unemployment.

SO let us clear the ground by taking examples of people who live dangerously beyond question. For example, there are the miners, the railwaymen, the firemen, the deep sea fishers, the sailors and the soldiers in war time or in the tropics. Everyone would admit that there is something specially fine about all those classes. Make a procession through London—a kind of glorified Lord Mayor's Show—including the aristocracy, the plutocracy, the profiteers, the Stock Exchange, the barristers, the civil servants, the artists, the musicians, the schoolmasters and the journalists, followed by the miners, the railwaymen, the firemen, the sailors and others just mentioned. Would the head or the tail of that procession receive the louder applause? It is needless to ask. The head would pass amid silent indifference. The tail



ON LIVING Dangerously

By Henry W. Nevinnson

would be cheered till the loungers in the Clubs heard and wondered why they lived.

In a sense, all working people in mills and factories live dangerously, for the machines have made Robots of them, and at any moment a Robot may be thrown on the scrap heap to give place for another Robot of fresher make. Every worker lives in perpetual danger of unemployment, and history can tell of no greater tragedy than the terror of it. The wretchedness of being unemployed may not be so keenly felt by well-to-do people, who enjoy various distractions and are secure of daily bread. But the majority of the nation are haunted by the danger of being forced to stand idle when they long to work, and of drifting into degeneracy while they and their families run short of food, clothes and washing.

Conscripting the Black Coats.

THE philosopher was probably not thinking of the multitudinous Robots. He was thinking of the educated and well-to-do classes to whom a choice is open. These are the people who, after finishing their education (six or eight years later than the children of the working classes), are enabled by their position to ask themselves: "Shall I follow the path of Safety First and settle down into a soft job, or shall I launch out upon the perilous seas of life, accepting every risk?"

For this class, with money enough, the Navy is still open, but one has to enter too young for deliberate choice, and nearly every boy would choose the Navy in any case. Then, in old days there was the Army, but an Army officer can hardly be said to live dangerously now that the war to end war is behind us. The Indian Civil Service is likely to become more risky with time, and it is rather ominous

that young men are no longer so anxious to enter it. Work in some outlying districts of the Empire, such as the Soudan, Iraq, or Burmah, may be called dangerous, and so may the doctor's profession, and every occupation connected with the sea. But solicitors and barristers can hardly be said to live dangerously in the sense of physical risk; nor can bankers, nor can the clergy, in spite of their internecine hostilities and theological hatreds.

So, as civilisation progresses, the range of choice for the dangerous life becomes more limited, at all events for the upper classes, and one is tempted to favour the scheme put forward by William James, the psychologist, in the last year of his life. He proposed a conscription under which all classes should be obliged to serve for two or three years in dangerous and necessary occupations, such as mining, railway work, or the management of electric and other difficult machinery, deep sea fishery, or mercantile seaman-ship. I suppose he included labour at agriculture, pasture and forestry, for those forms bring one sharply up against nature, and nature is always dangerous.

I am not sure whether he made provision for women under this conscription, but perhaps he considered that, what with husbands, child-birth, housework and factory work, women have hard labour enough in any case, and in most cases lifelong labour.

"To a Pigs' Paradise."

THERE are, of course, objections to every form of State compulsion, but the advantages of a conscription on these lines are too obvious to need enumeration. They would accrue chiefly to the aristocratic, plutocratic, and highly educated classes, by exposing them to vital dangers, teaching them the meaning of labour, and so instilling into them a sympathy with the great majority of their fellow-countrymen.

Except a few suicides, who need hardly be counted, everyone loves life. All of us desire to live, and yet we have been wisely told that whoso saves his life shall lose it. "Safety First" is inscribed on the sign-board to a Pigs' Paradise in which only lethargic swine can live content. The wild boar's life is more enviable, though exposed to hunger, thirst, tigers and pig-stickers. It is only at moments of extreme risk undertaken for some fine cause that the finest powers are called into play and the full self is realised.

In *Action*, the posthumous book by my incomparable friend C. E. Montague, some one, speaking of the true artists, saints and noblest characters, observes, "They can get more alive. They've found how to exist at a sort of top pressure." That was said when a man who had lost the love of life was restored to it by an action that concentrated his whole being into a resolve at extreme peril to save the life of some one else, and who by living dangerously was himself delivered. Or we might go back to the familiar lines telling of one—

*"Who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has
joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man in-
spired."*

In that description Wordsworth was not thinking of the happy millionaire or the happy man-about-town. He was thinking of the Happy Warrior.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

LAST week I asked my readers what card they would lead under the following circumstances:

Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
1 ♦	No	1 ♠	No
2 ♦	No	2 no trumps	All pass.

Score—Game all.

B's hand consists of:—

- ♠ King, 9, 8, 2.
- ♥ King, Knave, 8.
- ♦ Knave, 9, 7, 3.
- ♣ King, 9.

What should B lead?

I do not think it is possible to say that any one card is the correct lead. It would seem that there must be a weak spot in the No Trump somewhere—otherwise it would probably have been called in the first instance—and it looks to me as though it is probably the heart suit. Z calls a diamond, his partner shows him a spade. Z then denies the spades by reverting to diamonds. Y argues that as nobody has said anything about hearts, and his partner obviously dislikes spades, a No Trump is likely to prove the most suitable declaration.

That, at any rate, is the interpretation that I would attach to the bidding, and rightly or wrongly I would open a heart, but which one? That is the problem. There are two alternatives, the 8 or the King, and of the two I prefer the latter. The knave has been suggested by several of my readers, but I rule that out at once as being so very deceptive to your partner.

Judging from the letters I have received, the 3 of diamonds appears to be the most popular lead, but I am afraid that I cannot quite agree with it. If Z had merely made an original bid of one diamond, it would be a different matter, because he might only have four cards in the suit, or possibly even three. As it is, however, he has gone infinitely further than that, seeing that he has re-bid the diamonds over his partner's spade call. That marks him with at least five of them and by leading a diamond you are very likely to establish the whole suit.

Mutual Support.

A correspondent has sent me a hand about which I want to say a little. It presents a type of situation that is of very common occurrence, at the same time involving certain considerations that are apt to be overlooked:

Z (dealer) calls one No Trump. A, two Spades. Y no bid. I am asked whether B should say "No bid" or "3 hearts" when holding:—

- ♠ None.
- ♥ Ace, Queen, 9, x x x.
- ♦ x x x x.
- ♣ x x x.

Score—Love all in rubber game.

I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion "3 hearts" is the correct call, for the following reasons. A must have a very good hand as otherwise he is not likely to bid his spades over the No Trump when neither side has any score towards the game, and he himself has the lead. B's hand is quite useless in support of a spade declaration, especially as his partner will probably be able to get into it on one occasion only in order to lead through the strong hand.

As against that if hearts are trumps B, as declarer, is likely to have several opportunities of leading through Z's hand up to a very useful dummy—this he is certainly justified in expect-

ing. The situation then can be summed up as follows: B knows that his hand will provide no assistance for A's declaration, whereas A's good cards may be of great value to him (B) if he is allowed to play the hand in hearts. Surely, then, it is preferable that he should do so, if possible.

A Weak Policy.

The other way of looking at it is that the "Two Spade" contract is not doubled, whereas the "3 heart" call very possibly will be. That is all very fine and large when you are dealing with minor suits, but it is quite a different proposition when you hold six cards in a major suit headed by the Ace, Queen, and at the same time have very good grounds for supposing that your partner has a hand that is well above the average. You cannot expect to win at Auction Bridge if you are always on the defensive, and it is essential that you must be prepared to take justifiable risks.

Answers to Correspondents.

"POPLAR."—I am afraid that I find it rather difficult to grasp exactly what it is you wish to know, so will you kindly let me have a little further detail?

The recognised method of scoring is laid down in the *Laws of Auction Bridge* as revised by the Portland Club. These were published in March of this year.

"EXETER."—Z, 1 No Trump. A No Bid.

I am asked what Y should say when holding:

- ♠ King, x, x, x, x. ♥ x, x, x. ♦ x, x.
- ♣ Ace, x, x.

In my opinion he should say "No bid."

"J.H.L."—

Z	A	Y	B
1 No trump	3 ♦	No	No
3 No trumps	No	No	Double

A's hand consists of: ♠ Nil. ♥ King, 10, 8, 7, 6. ♦ Ace, Knave, 9, 7, 6, 5. ♣ x, x.

In A's position I would lead the 7 of hearts.

"H.W." (REIGATE).—You ask me what I consider to be the best book on Auction Bridge. I do not think you can do better than to read *Auction Bridge Up-to-Date*, by Mr. A. E. Manning Foster. This has only recently been published and is in my opinion very sound.

"P.S.B."—Spades King, Knave, x, x, x. Hearts King, x, x, x. Diamonds Ace, King. Clubs A, x.

Holding the above hand I would call "One Spade."

"E.D.L."—Dealer instead of playing the fourth card of a trick from her own hand put out a second one from dummy. At the end of the hand there were no cards left in dummy whereas the dealer had two remaining.

Seeing that a new deal was not claimed by the opponents the above is covered by Law 42, Par. 3, and therefore the card which declarer should have played from his own hand must be put into the trick in question and the extra card, played from dummy's hand in error, must be replaced in dummy's hand.

"HOPEFUL."—I regret to say that you do not win your bet.

If the difference in points between the two sides is too small to involve any money passing between the players, all bets on the result are void. (See Law 66, Par. 2).

"H.D.L." (Leeds).—I do not consider that the book on Contract Bridge to which you refer is suitable for a beginner. I think that you will find Milton Work's book much more fitted to your requirements.

When do we start?

- Adelphi**: 8.15 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.25 (Ger. 6622)
- Aldwych**: 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri. 2.30 (Ger. 2304)
- Ambassadors**: 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 4460)
- Comedy**: 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri. 2.30 (Ger. 8978)
- Court**: 8.30 "The Critic" *Comedy (Revival)*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Sloane 5137)
- Daly's**: 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0201)
- Drury Lane**: 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7171)
- Duke of York's**: 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous"
"Historical" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0313)
- Everyman**: 8.15 "Little Eyolf" (*Ibsen revival*)
Matinee: Sat. 2.30
- Gaiety**: 8.15 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2780)
- Globe**: 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 8724)
- Hippodrome**: 8.15 "That's a Good Girl" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0650)
- His Majesty's**: 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0606)
- Kingsway**: 8.40 "Mrs. Moonlight" *Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30 (Hol. 4032)
- Little**: 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2401)
- London Pavilion**: 8.15 "This Year of Grace"
Revue
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30 (Ger. 0704)
- Lyric**: 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Gerrard 3686)
- Lyric (Hammersmith)**: 8.30 "A Hundred Years Old" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30 (Riverside 3012)
- New**: 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 4466)
- Palace**: 8.15 "Virginia" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6834)
- Prince of Wales**: 8.30 "By Candle Light" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 7482)
- Princes**: 8.15 "Funny Face" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3400)
- Queen's**: "Burlesque" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30 (Ger. 9437)
- Royalty**: 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2650)
- St. Martin's**: 8.15 "77 Park Lane" *Farce*
Matinees: Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3416)
- Savoy**: 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)
- Shaftesbury**: 8.30 "Lucky Girl" *Musical Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6666)
- Vaudeville**: 8.30 "Clara Gibbings" *Comedy*
Matinees: Tues. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3815)
- Winter Garden**: 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 8881)
- Wyndham's**: 8.30 "To What Red Hell" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 3028)

VARIETY.

- Alhambra**: 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45
Coliseum: 2.30 and 7.45
Holborn Empire: 6.30 and 9
Matinees: Mon. and Wed. 2.30
Falladium: 6.10 and 8.45
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs. 2.30
Victoria Palace: 6.15 and 8.50

HOTELS.

A JOLLY XMAS
at THE GRAND HOTEL, LOWESTOFT.
Lots of Dancing and Amusements. Write for programme.

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AT THE THEATRE



A Marie Lloyd of To-day: Miss Lily Morris singing "The Old Apple Tree."

THE precise value of personality in the theatre is an interesting matter for speculation, and a topic on which all persons are not by any means agreed. But it does seem certainly and curiously the case that the lighter the kind of entertainment, the more preponderantly important does this magnetism of the individual become.

In a piece of serious substance the play's the thing, and the characters may win through largely by their own weight—though that there is such a thing as the fool-proof part of common parlance I am not disposed to agree. Good acting is needed, but superfine acting is not absolutely essential. In the more frivolous forms of dramatic expression, on the other hand, where life has to be breathed into matters of otherwise very unsubstantial existence, and red blood poured into the veins of what is often little more than an agreeable dummy, the actor's the thing and personality at a premium. Hence the paramount importance attached in musical comedies, revues and the like to the presence of a particular star, and the occasional last-moment changes in leading rôles, which from time to time add to the gaiety of the law courts and the enrichment of their learned body-guard.

Above all, of course, does personality count on the variety stage, where the part is so much greater than the whole, so to speak. And we do not lack exponents of this individualistic art at the present time—in fact, it appears to me

PERSONALITY in the THEATRE

By Maitland Davidson

that variety is particularly vigorous just now, at any rate in some quarters, where mediocrity is sternly barred and the length of "turns" rigorously limited. For a very few minutes too much of any item destroys its entire effect and a two-and-a-half hour programme stretched out to three loses all zest.

A Great Variety Artist.

I have just encountered a gem of the first water in this line; no doubt she ought to have been known to me long ago; it is Miss Lily Morris, who was at the Victoria Palace last week and is at the Palladium this. This lady of comfortable proportions and auburn hair, who is evidently a great favourite with a discerning multitude better instructed than myself, is a direct and welcome link with the music-hall of the good old days, and somewhat of the genre of Marie Lloyd, with an admixture of several others. Whatever her spiritual affinities, she is a divine treat for any gods. Hers not the rather forced and effortful buffooneries of some of the more recent "female comics" such as Miss Gladly Sewell. She sings mostly simple, straightforward ditties about liquor and her own and her friends' over indulgence in it:—

*And then we had One,
And went in the sun,
And then we had One, or it might have
been three.*

But always, after it would seem that even her tireless capacity must have been exhausted by visits to the Beehive, the Boar, and other hostelryes, the climax comes with an astonishing return to the starting point of the debauch:—

*And then we went back to the Old Apple
Tree.*

Another bibulous lyric celebrating a similar orgy has a tinge of tragic-irony in the refrain:—

*"Come on, Mrs. Scott,
Let's have another spot!"
And poor old Mrs. Scott, she was paying
for the lot.*

Drunken women are often nearly as repulsive on the stage as off, but such is the art of Lily Morris that she shows us just a genial feminine Silenus with the leer left out; the kind of woman 'bus conductors call "Ma," and all the jollier for having had several over the eight. A gradely woman, as they say in one of England's best counties, and a rollicking performance to warm the cockles of any but a Chadband or a Pecksniff.

Music Hall Applause.

I only came in for the last half of the Victoria Palace show, but it also included Mr. Hermann Darewski who, too, has a quiet personality of his own, and with his subtle variations of the ordinary jazz ensemble almost persuadeth me to become a tolerator of the appearance of bands on the stage, generally the most boring ordeal conceivable

for a large portion of the audience, though from the volume of applause one would gather that an even larger portion was enraptured.

But the nature of applause at variety houses is to me, I must frankly confess, a mystery. It is so inconceivably and indiscriminatingly generous. Brilliant, medium or dull, everyone "gets a hand" from someone. None so poor as to be done no reverence. Theatre-goers are not half so lavish in their approval; is it possible that those about to visit a music-hall dine beforehand in a manner more appropriate to revelry and conducive to optimism? Anyway, it all helps to make the environment of a "hall" extremely friendly, and as practically every seat in every London variety house I have visited at an evening performance—good or indifferent—has been filled, even when theatres have been half empty, it would appear that the personal touch has a definite appeal to the mass mind.

Jackie Coogan.

Little Jackie Coogan, whom I saw next night at the Palladium, may perhaps be something of a personality some day; at present he is only a neat, slick and well-drilled little boy with one of those American accents you could cut with a knife—and would, if there were any hope of that killing it. His father is, on the variety stage, really much more amusing; he dances neatly and has doubtless composed the quite fairly entertaining back-chat which helps to make up their £600 a week turn—as for instance:—

(Continued overleaf.)



A charming new star from America. Miss Claire Luce, leading lady in "Burlesque" at the Queen's Theatre.

JACKIE: *Ain't talking pictures marvellous?*

FATHER: *They are marvellous if you could only find out what they're talking about.*

Anticipating any criticisms, Coogan senior also has some good-humoured hits at himself about the money he is making out of Coogan junior; altogether the turn is well done, though, of course, depending for its real interest on the exhibition at close quarters of a highly-paid young film star.

Memories of the Daly's of old times were recalled by Miss José Collins, who, among her bunch of songs, did a duet from "The Maid of the Mountains," with Mr. Kingsley Lark. I am sure Mr. Billy Bennett would be prepared with a quip or crank about that name. Somehow one felt that the romantic scenery of the musical-comedy stage would have been an assistance, but Miss Collins's fine voice and "dramatic" methods were, I think, highly appreciated by the audience—one wondered how many of them recalled the days when she was the first favourite of the gallery girls. As for Mr. Bennett, he is always much the same, yet, as regards material, shows a pleasing resource. So many variety artists appear to be so called on *lucus a non lucendo* lines; they repeat themselves nightly to the least inflexion of an eyebrow; but Mr. Bennett changes his patter frequently. On this occasion, as usual, he coined some phrases that gained a universal welcome. One was of Hollywood, "where men are men and women are glad of it," and in another it was remarked of a lady that "she was pure as snow, but she drifted."

Performing Animals.

The one blot on the programme (and I am not alone in my opinion) was the display in a great cage of a number of lions, bears and other animals, which were made to do a series of senseless "tricks" by the crack of the whip—and lashes from it, too. I am not concerned with the danger to the trainer; if he prefers this sort of thing to useful work, on his head

be it. I am concerned for the animals, and for the audience. Such an exhibition is degrading for both.

Is it really credible that in 1928 we can sit in our stalls and watch these fine great creatures of the wild being whipped to posture for us? And what is ultimately the "big thrill" of it? Is it the fear, or hope, that the animals may perhaps turn and rend the man—which would be no blame to them? The sooner the Lord Chamberlain, who is so assiduous in cutting out mild expletives from plays, gets on to this ugly business the better.

New Star in "Burlesque."

"Burlesque." By Arthur Hopkins and G. M. Walters. (Queen's.)

After the real thing, its stage counterpart. The new American comedy "Burlesque," which was presented at the Queen's last Monday, is a play entirely about life in the theatre, culminating in the last act with a more or less realistic representation of items in a "burlesque" show, or, as we should doubtless call it, revue.

On the whole, this is a very joyously light and delightful affair, with just enough stamina in the plot to hold it to the end. And it has the prime virtue of not only bringing back to us that very admirable comedian Mr. Nelson Keys, but introducing to us a new and delectable personality in Miss Claire Luce. This charming young actress, who I understand was once with the Ziegfeld Folies, is blonde, tall and beautifully slim, with a pair of the longest legs that ever licked a foot or two above their owner's head. She is brisk at the back-chat which seems so prevalent in American vaudeville circles, even when it hides an aching heart, but gentle in voice and manner for all that. She can also wear less clothes more modestly than anyone I have yet seen. Altogether, an acquisition that we might be quite glad to adopt, in spite of the challenge of America's ferocious Equity rules.

In the play she is Bonny, leading woman of a show in which her husband "Skid," otherwise Mr. Keys, is the chief comedian. She loves him and is ambitious for him; yet when she has stimulated him to accept a big new job, without her, she fears for the result, and with reason. Fast women and quick drinks bring him lower and lower; they separate, and she is about to marry a devoted cattleman admirer, a "big breath of fresh air from Wyoming"; then the climax happens, with the decisive words rather adroitly uttered under cover of a stage dance.

The Talent of Mr. Keys.

Fortunately a number of opportunities are made in the course of the piece for Mr. Keys to dance, which he does most featly—no doubt in course of time he will also insinuate into it some of those imitations of notable persons which have always given much pleasure to his admirers, as, for example, the silent one expounding Sir Gerald du Maurier's art of the cigarette. These might well be inserted in the second act in place of some of the hotel party scene, which is rather long-drawn-out.

Mr. Keys shows himself a very competent "straight" actor as well, but one prefers him in his less directly serious moments. He is, by the way, the only

Englishman in an American company, and dons perforce an American accent which comes rather easily unstuck, but no matter. The U.S. colleagues are all efficient, particularly Miss Hallie Manning as a pert sou-brette. But the last scene of all, in which we are given what purports to be part of a brilliant Broadway show, sadly needs bracing up—it wouldn't be a wow, nohow.



In the part of a rackety American comedian, Mr. Nelson Keys does some very neat dancing and acting in "Burlesque" at the Queen's Theatre.

A Garrick Revival.

"The Clandestine Marriage." By George Colman and David Garrick. (Arts.)

I am almost disposed to retract some of what I have said about the relative value of personality in drama after seeing what Mr. O. B. Clarence did to this revival of an old comedy that dates back to 1766—though, to be sure, by the present-day criterion it is hardly a play at all. At any rate it is difficult to imagine what, if anything, it would be without Mr. Clarence in the part of Lord Ogleby, a rakish old nobleman, in the fashion of that day thus allusively named.

The entanglements of this affair are as artificial as its language is stilted—misunderstandings are relied on to produce "situations," and the characters talk in such phrases as "these solicitations which are an affront to my honour" or "do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination." But Mr. Clarence's magnificent acting gives life to the dry bones of the play, even as the morning tonics which his servants administer rallied his Lord Ogleby to a senile gallantry. Thus in the end we were treated to a curio of considerable entertainment, in which Miss Betty Chester, Miss Marjorie Mars, Mr. Lawrence Ireland and Mrs. Tom Wise, a deliciously tyrannical aunt, gave considerable minor aid.

With the Amateurs.

"The Eternal Spring." By Peter Garland. (J.D.S. Players.)

The Advertising Dramatic Society gave a most excellent performance of this not-too-excellent comedy at the Scala in aid of the National Advertising Benevolent Society, and I was most agreeably surprised at their all-round efficiency, especially in the performances of Mr. Stephen Gretton, Miss Hellène Stanley, Mr. Edward Stanley and Mr. Fraser Garioch. I am inclined to think that amateur societies may often be well advised to choose plays of only, let us say, medium quality to exercise their talents in. So many attempt to fly too high, and it is not a wise policy.



Miss Ursula Jeans, who takes the one and only feminine part in "The Play's the Thing" at the St. James'.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN



Mr. Victor McLaglen (left) and Mr. Nick Stuart in a prison scene from "The River Pirate."

CRIME DRAMA *on the* FILMS

By Maitland Davidson

ALMOST every day an article turns up somewhere or other on "What is Wrong with the Theatre?" That other question of "What's Wrong with the Screen?" is a *rarior avis*, yet it is a greatly more urgent one. For at least the theatre has its standards: to what extent the banner is borne high is a fluctuating affair of the passing moment, but—to mix metaphors quite shamelessly—there are always some to tend the sacred flame. Whereas on the screen there are as yet, frankly, no standards at all.

Where are we Going?

That is what makes the screen in some ways even more interesting than the stage—at any rate to those of an analytical and experimental turn of mind. It is still an infant, and no one knows what it will or can be guided to grow into. After thirty years or more, we are all still groping in the dark—both those who devise the films and those who see and, presumably, judge them.

Even the specialised critics who devote a large part of their lives, and I am sure, their enthusiasms, to the job are at fault. They see as in a glass darkly that there are big potentialities ahead for this form of art and entertainment—and one ought to look at it from the stand-point of both, for the sake of each. But what those possibilities may or should lead to remains a matter not merely of conjecture, but of some bewilderment.

Consequently the screen, poor reed shaken by the wind, is especially liable to be swept by phases and crazes. One of these at the present time is what one may call the underworld complex. Taking the line, I imagine, that the maximum of movement and action is the thing to be desired, and that physical restlessness and violence are to be found at their acme among those engaged in either defying or enforcing the law, the devotees of this particular

film philosophy busy themselves over constructing drama out of the careers of thieves, murderers and others in conflict with the police. And it is not to be denied that an occasional drama of this kind has its superficial thrills, if efficiently done.

An Engaging Crook.

"The River Pirates." Fox (Empire).

There is certainly good entertainment, for instance, to be got from "The River Pirates," a Fox film which will open at the Empire to-morrow. It is on fairly familiar American crime-drama lines, though with some outstanding points of distinction. A boy named Sandy, sentenced to a term in the State Reformatory as the result of a street-fight, meets there an engaging old scoundrel, who manœuvres his escape over the prison walls—this provides some excellent spectacle—and induces him to join in his nefarious profession as a river robber. The fine photography associated with the best American film enterprises gives us admirable pictures of the river, with police boats chasing the "pirates" through mist and mirk.

There is also, inevitably, a love-story, in which the daughter of a detective sticks to the young piratical apprentice through thick and thin. But the main bulwark of the picture is the personality and acting of Mr. Victor McLaglen as the Bad Man of the Family, whose crookedness is tempered with a touch of human affection and a most engaging smile. This is a study of intrinsic value, which gives atmosphere to the whole affair.

Incidentally, the picture contains an intriguing example of ingenuity in murder methods as displayed by screen

crooks—whether it is borrowed from real life in America we, with our lamentable inexperience of indiscriminate shooting, cannot tell. The detective whom "the gang" is determined to "bump off" is summoned to the telephone from a call-box by one of the miscreants at an appointed minute. Meantime, two others are waiting outside his window, covering the place where he must stand at his own wall instrument to answer the call. And at Zero Hour the shots duly ring out, but lo!—the "cop," advancing unconscious to his coming doom, at the last moment stoops to pick up his black kitten, and the bullets bury themselves in the wall above his head.

Ingenuities of Murder.

"Midnight." P.D.C. (Astoria).

Murder, indeed, is practised as a fine art in this class of film, and there is, curiously enough, a kindred demonstration in "Midnight," a P.D.C. picture which will be seen at the Astoria next week. Here another "gang," equally and more successfully concerting to "bump off" another detective, sit in comfortable armchairs at a sort of board meeting in the office of one of the leaders. Invited to a friendly chat the victim steps into a brilliantly-lighted lobby entrance.

Warned by a secret bell-ring from a confederate outside, the directors switch their own lights out, flashes pierce the darkness, and the visitor "passes out" without time even to groan. Then the lights go up again and, the business of the meeting concluded, the directors rise and part with shaking of hands and general amity. There is no big star in this all-Hollywood picture, but it is capably acted, and has some vivid moments.

PICTURES TO SEE NEXT WEEK.

ASTORIA.—"Midnight." (P.D.C.) Gertrude Olmsted and Francis Bushman. (See this page.)

AVENUE PAVILION.—"All for a Woman."

CAPITOL.—"Palais de Danse." (Gaiumont.)

EMPIRE.—"The River Pirate." (Fox) Victor McLaglen. (See this page.)

MARBLE ARCH.—"Underground."

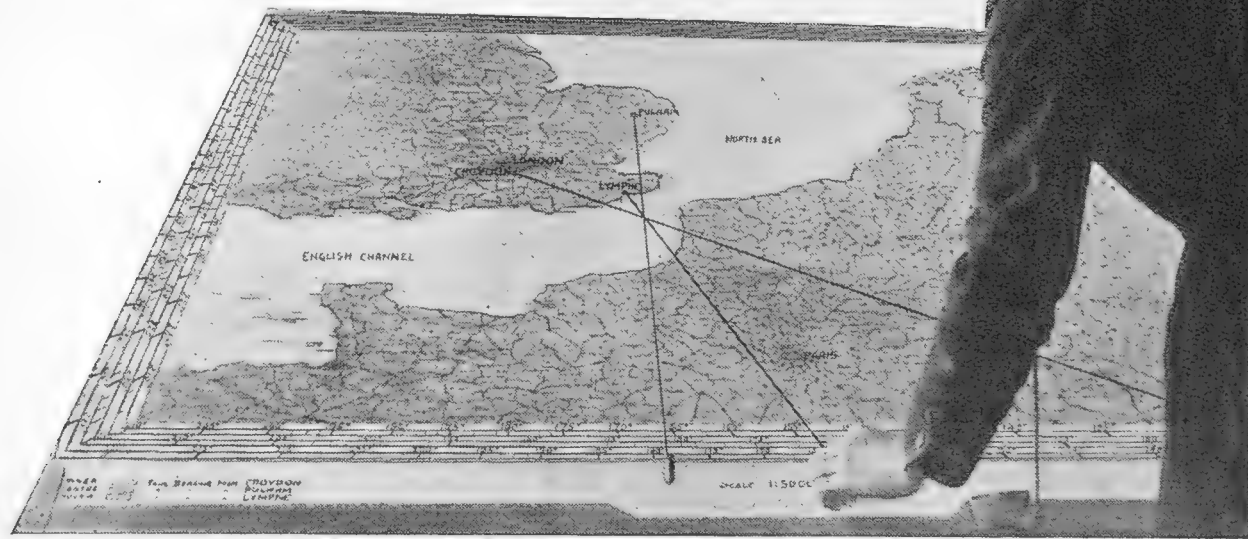


Pola Negri, the famous film star, enjoys BRITANNIA.

THE WEEK ON WINGS

SAFEGUARDING the Airways NEW DEVELOPMENTS

By E. M. ROSSITER



Plotting the position of an aircraft in Croydon Control Tower by the intersection of bearings obtained by Wireless Direction Finding.

THE erection of an experimental radio "beacon" at Orfordness to commence operating in a few weeks' time is the latest sign of the unremitting efforts that are being made to overcome the disability of aircraft and shipping in finding their way safely through fog and in darkness.

Remarkable progress has been made in the past few years to provide air pilots with a "sixth sense" by means of wireless with such good effects that it is now very rare that "nil" is recorded on the daily movement-of-aircraft returns from Croydon.

I am able this week to give details of two very important improvements in airway organisation, one of which is being put into use at once—on the main European routes.

The Nerve Centre

The nerve centre for the British section of the Continental air routes is the control tower at Croydon aerodrome. There are similar centres at Le Bourget, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin and other places on the Continent. The pilot is in constant two-way communication with the control tower by radio-telephony. This is his sixth sense, which tells him the weather lying ahead, the visibility and the height of low clouds. It warns him of the proximity of other aircraft and advises him when conditions render advisable a change of route, or when change of height will enable him to avoid head winds. If a fog descends on his aerodrome of destination—and one knows how quickly fog sets in on occasion—he is forewarned and enabled to land at another aerodrome should safety demand it, though this is seldom necessary.

Above all, the pilot's sixth sense links him with a practically infallible navigator should his own navigation leave him in doubt as to his position when ground marks are obscured by fog or low-lying clouds. He has only to ask for his position and, within an average time of two minutes, he is informed of his whereabouts with uncanny accuracy.

An International System.

In all the thousands of miles of air in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia, a pilot is

never out of touch with one of these nerve centres, and they are all bound together into an interlocking and uniform system.

The first improvement concerns the nerves which radiate from each of these centres to the other centres and thence branch off to the weather observers.

What is known technically as the regional scheme of air route weather messages is to be introduced generally in West European countries on January 1st next. This scheme will completely replace the present organisation and, from the meteorologist's standpoint, will permit of an indefinite multiplication of the air lines, and their extension throughout Europe, the Mediterranean, Africa, etc.

A preliminary full-scale test of the new scheme was begun in the region comprising London, Le Bilt, Le Bourget, Brussels and Cologne on November 15th and is giving excellent results. Simply explained, the system provides for a regular reporting, every thirty minutes, of the vital weather information which a pilot requires when carrying through a flight under adverse conditions.

Obviously, if all the 52 wireless stations concerned in the aviation weather service of Western Europe fired off a weather report every thirty minutes indiscriminately there would be hopeless confusion. These nerves must be co-ordinated.

Regional Organisation.

The plan of organisation of the regional scheme, set out in columns of symbols, codes, wave lengths and times, with a diagram like a chess-board, would drive an ordinary pilot insane, but he is not concerned with that end of the system. He will receive the particular information necessary for his purpose with absolute confidence that no important change can take place without a warning reaching him, and that the system of observing, reporting collating and forecasting is taking place more efficiently than ever before in the "sub-regions" below.

Every meteorological region is divided into six sub-regions. Croydon is the sub-regional station for south-east England. Each region broadcasts its weather messages on one fixed

wave length, one sub-region following another at five-minute intervals. Three wave-lengths are available (1,260, 1,288 and 1,316 metres), so that at any given time three sub-regions, belonging to three different regions, will be broadcasting a message on these wave lengths, to be followed immediately by three more.

As the system grows, two or more regions will have to use the same wave-length simultaneously, but where interference arises a slight variation in the wave will be arranged.

Radio Beacons.

The second improvement lies in the direction of providing the pilot with an automatic means of checking his position and keeping his course by radio beacons. The existing direction-finding system has undoubted ad-

vantages while the number of aircraft to be served is, as at present, comparatively small. But as aircraft multiply and routes extend further afield it is fairly clear that an automatic system of some kind will be essential.

From the standpoint of the air pilot flying on the cross-Channel routes, the Orfordness type of beacon has the over-riding disadvantage of transferring from the control tower at Croydon to his own cockpit the wireless observation and map plotting that fixes his position. For the long-distance Empire airways of the future, when a navigator is carried in addition to the pilot, the system may be valuable if the range can be extended, but it does not meet the needs of to-day.

America has developed as ingenious an extension of the pilot's sixth sense as it is possible to conceive with our present knowledge of wireless. Mounted on the dashboard in front of the pilot is a small indicator showing two white lines. So long as the pilot is flying a direct course to his destination the two white lines are of equal length. If he deviates to one side, the line on that side lengthens and the other line shortens.

Flying Along a Beam.

Of course, you will say, the pilot is flying along a radio beam. The system is best explained by saying that the pilot is flying along the neutral line between two beams, each white line on the indicator being controlled by the beam on its own side. While on the neutral line, the two beams are picked up by the aircraft with equal strength and the indicator readings are balanced, but if the pilot strays off to one side the beam on that side comes in with greater strength and the beam on the other side with diminished strength, so that the white lines vary in length and give the pilot a visual indication of his error.

The tests of this device are highly promising. According to the latest reports the efficient range of the beacon has been raised to 130 miles, and it is in daily use. The Air Ministry certainly ought not to hesitate in trying the beacon out in this country if the claims made for it are substantiated.

AUTO SUGGESTIONS

COLD SNAP PROBLEMS

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

Lighting-up Times,
Saturday, December 8.

London	4 22 p.m.
Manchester	4 20 p.m.
Glasgow	4 14 p.m.
Plymouth	4 44 p.m.

ANIP in the air, which we have experienced several times during recent weeks, suggests the need for precautions against damage from frost, and for special measures to secure easy starting. With regard to the first, the best and safest precaution of all is to empty the radiator of the car on every occasion when there is danger of a frost sufficiently severe to solidify the cooling water.

Unfortunately, estimation of the exact severity of a prospective frost cannot be other than guesswork; the result being an almost nightly task of emptying the radiator, and a corresponding morning task of refilling it. At the same time, it is worth remembering that if there is no water in the radiator, it cannot become frozen!

But for those who are not willing to undertake this constant labour in order to be sure, there are various methods of treating the cooling water to bring its freezing point below the degree of any probable night frost in this country. Some of them are expensive, and not at all permanent; others are less expensive and more lasting; and still others are problematical. So you can take your choice! As a matter of fact, however, a solution for addition to the cooling water has recently been brought out by a firm, whose name is literally a household word, which is inexpensive and durable—to the extent of a season, at any rate—and which, though the weather has not yet given an opportunity for actual test, may be taken (on the reputation of the firm) as being thoroughly effective and non-injurious.

With regard to a test of such a solution, this is rather difficult to arrange. Cracked cylinders, in spite of its employment, would prove its non-effectiveness; but otherwise a practical test can give only negative results. At the moment, therefore, it is possible to say only that this preventive liquid is a form of commercial glycerine, and there is every reason to suppose that, in spite of its inexpensiveness, it is thoroughly effective.

Winter Sluggishness.

A PART altogether from the risk of cracked water jackets, if proper precaution is not taken in frosty weather, the need for additional

care is imposed on the motor car owner. Many engines, even in mild winter weather, are notoriously slow to warm up to an efficient working temperature. Four miles or more of running are sometimes necessary to take the chill off the mass of metal and the comparatively large volume of water in radiator and

it has reached a reasonable temperature is almost inevitably attended by ill-effects upon the valves, while the fact that the lubricating oil may not be circulating properly through the tiny channels of the system also has to be taken into account. Every time the engine sneezes back through the carburetter, the flame of combustion is forced, at its maximum temperature, through the open inlet valve, burning the valve and its seating, and risking distortion of the stem.

There is some risk of fire, of course; and each time the spark fails to ignite a cylinder full of gas, that gas is pumped into the silencer, the possible effect being that a subsequent burnt charge will retain sufficient heat to touch off the unexploded mixture in the silencer. More than one silencer has been blown to bits through this cause, and apart from the cost of repairs, it is not desirable in these days, when the police are paying rather particular attention to motor vehicle noises, to proceed very far with a defective silencer.

The remedy is simply to restrain one's impatience and treat the engine humanly. Do not urge it to produce full power until it is in a condition to do so. The warming-up process may be hastened in a variety of ways. The fitting of a comparatively inexpensive thermostat in the water circulation system is one; the use of a bonnet cosy, or even an old rug thrown over bonnet and radiator, another. Or, if the water has been drained off overnight as a precaution against frost, refill with hot water from the kitchen. In some cases, an engine can well dispense with the fan during cold winter days. It is usually simply a matter of removing the fan belt; but this should not be done unless the radiator is fitted with a thermometer, so that the rising tempera-

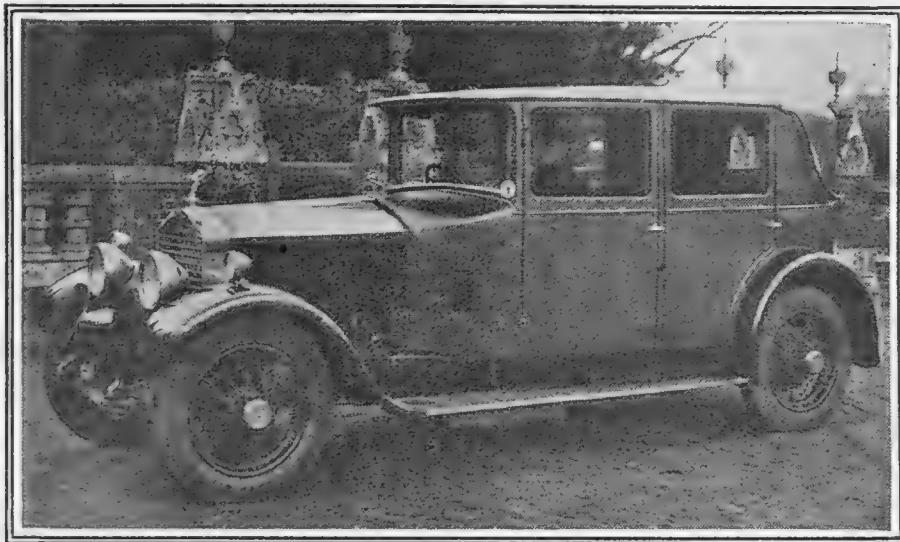
ture can be closely watched, in order to avoid the overheating which is a possible result of this remedy for an overcooled engine.

Starting Difficulties.

AN engine in sound condition should not be much more difficult to start in winter time than in warm weather, but it should be

(Continued overleaf.)

Trying out the Rolls Royce "Twenty"



OF all cars with distinctive individualities, the smaller Rolls-Royce model is one of the most notable. With enginedimensioninvolving an annual tax of £22, the car is designed throughout with a view to the special requirements of the owner-driver, and every operation connected with its control is light and simple. The braking by a mechanical servo device of Rolls-Royce design, and the smooth positiveness of the disc clutch, call for special mention; but it is true to say in regard to every component that as near an approach to perfection has been reached as is possible with present day knowledge.

The Rolls-Royce "Twenty" is of the type of car which achieves an unexpectedly high average over a long journey without possessing, or requiring, unduly high maximum speed capabilities. Something in the neighbourhood of sixty miles an hour is the extreme pace attainable, but it is reached so quickly and smoothly, and the braking action so admirably seconds the road-holding qualities of the car in inspiring confidence in the driver, that a very long journey can be accomplished rapidly with no more fatigue than would be engendered by a day in an armchair at home!

Engine	..	Six cyl., 76.2 mm. bore, 114.3 mm. stroke; 3,128 c.c. overhead valves.
Tax	..	£22.
Gear box	..	Four speeds, right-hand change
Braking	..	Four-wheel, mechanical servo; separate rear brakes controlled by side lever.
Suspension		Semi-elliptic front and rear.
Clutch	..	Disc.
Cooling	..	Pump circulation; fan.
Ignition	..	Coil.
Carburetter		Rolls-Royce.
Electrical equipment		Rolls-Royce.
Price (chassis)		£1,185.

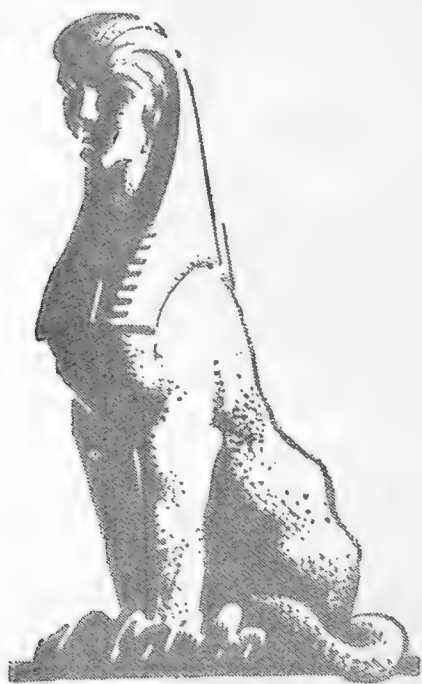
Although the "Twenty" is the "small" Rolls-Royce, its chassis dimensions permit the use of splendidly roomy and luxurious coachwork, and the combination of the amazingly refined mechanism with a Weymann flexible fabric body, as in the particular model under review, provides an almost ideal moderate-powered touring saloon.

So far as running is concerned, the flexibility of the engine is such that it can be regarded as to all intents and purposes a top-speed car. The four-speed gear box is easy to control, but third speed is all that is required for all ordinary occasions, and it would be an exceptionally severe hill which called for use of the lower ratios. Acceleration is steadily progressive rather than sensational, though here, of course, those who desire a more sporting performance than that given by the top gear have their remedy at hand—in the side gear lever. At no speed is there any trace of engine period, and the engine performs with no more noticeable fuss or sound at maximum revolutions than when idling along at the legal limit.

Taken altogether, the Rolls-Royce "Twenty" is an example of the finest traditions of British automobile engineering practice, of which Britain should be proud.

jackets. The most obvious disadvantage is that the car is unpleasant to drive in this condition, while delay and apparently fruitless consumption of petrol is involved if one allows the engine to run idly for a sufficient length of time to warm up thoroughly before starting.

In regarding the petrol consumption as waste, however, the motorist is far from correct. Any endeavour to drive the car normally until



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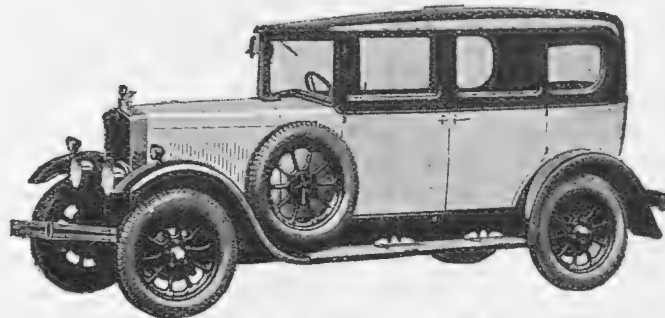
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AUTO SUGGESTIONS (continued)

remembered that a considerably greater strain is thrown on the starting motor—or rather, upon the batteries. Unless these and the associated generator are known to be well up to their work, therefore, it is just as well in winter to give the engine a few turns by hand, with the ignition switched off, before using the electric starter. This serves to free the pistons if by chance a wrong or inferior grade of oil has caused any gumminess, and tends to charge the cylinders with gas, ready for the attention of the starter. It should not be necessary to perform the actual start from cold entirely by hand, and it is really astonishing how much the batteries are saved by the simple means advocated.

A bad attack of reluctant starting can invariably be put down to some trifling derangement—possibly a slight air leak in the induction system, or a tendency on the part of the magneto rocker arm to stick through the swelling of the fibre bush. A still simpler cause is misuse of the strangler with which nearly all cars are now fitted. If this is entirely closed, the air supply to the carburetter is completely cut off, with the result that the engine is drawing in neat petrol, upon which a start is just as difficult to obtain as upon a mixture that is too weak.

Individual Experiments.

If the throttle is opened too widely, also, the effect at slow turning speeds is not to give the engine more gas, as the beginner might imagine, but to give too great a proportion of air in view of the small degree of suction exercised by the slowly-descending pistons on the carburetter jet. But the right amount of throttle opening, of strangler closing, and of ignition advance are matters which can be settled only by experiment with an individual engine.

The great thing to remember is that if the engine does not show signs of starting immediately upon pressing the starter switch, there is a reason for it, and it is useless and harmful to keep the starter working until that reason has been found. One other point about cold weather motoring—keep the batteries on charge all the time, or they will not be able to keep up with the extra demands of starting and lighting, as compared with summer motoring.

The Better Way.

THIS week's "Better Way" route shows us a method of reaching Purley and the Brighton and Eastbourne roads from the centre of London by less congested ways than those which are usually followed. As in the case of Southend, Brighton is so close to London that it may almost be regarded as a suburb; indeed, many people do actually reside there and proceed by road or rail to town each day. The last ten miles or so of the journey, however, completely spoil the zest given by the run through pleasant countryside, and all those who have occasion to use the Brighton Road at all regularly will welcome a less congested alternative to their usual route.

New Road Failures.

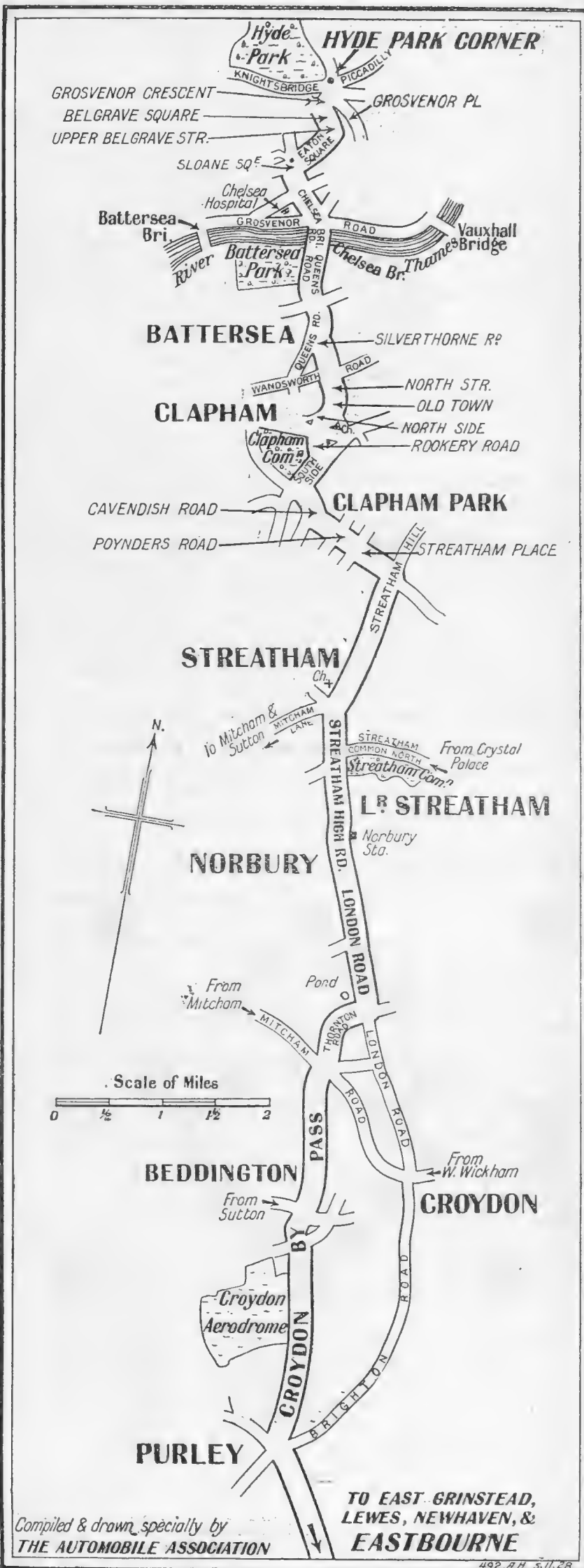
One is almost tempted, from observation of various new roads which are opened from time to time, to wonder whether it is really impossible for our road engineers to construct a modern concrete roadway of reasonable smoothness and durability. The Sutton by-pass, with its waviness and its dangerously misleading signposting, we all know, but a correspondent who has made the journey over the whole length of the Barnet by-pass, the last sections of which were recently opened, complains bitterly of the uneven surface of these newest pieces.

Wear must take place in time, of course, and doubtless, as the concrete road is a comparatively new thing, a certain amount of failure is to be expected. We learn from our failures; but if we are wise, we learn still more, and less expensively, from those of other people. Other nations have been laying concrete roadways for years, and surely it would be possible to use the knowledge gained by their experience to avoid the mistakes which are so painfully apparent in our own roads.

Seeking a Solution.

IT is urged in extenuation of some of the worst specimens of disintegrating roadway—on the bridges of the Kingston by-pass, for example—that concrete laid over a new road bed is bound to settle and crack, since it takes some years for the bed itself to take up a permanent level. If this is so, and if there is no remedy, why lay inelastic concrete

(Continued overleaf.)



THE BETTER WAY

AUTO SUGGESTIONS (continued).

in such places? Probably, however, there is a method by which the difficulty may be overcome, and it is more than likely that the road engineers of other countries know the solution. We, apparently, prefer to experiment on our own account—which, in view of the urgency of the national need for better and greater road facilities, and the inordinate expensiveness of the form which the experiments take, is something of a tragedy.

Any traveller in the South of France must note and marvel at the unbroken smoothness of many of the new stretches of concrete roadway which have now replaced the familiar pavé, stretches in which there is no apparent join to give a mild imitation of progress over railway sleepers! The patches of crumbling concrete which are increasing daily on some of our own nearly new roads are entirely absent—and, little as one cares to sing the praises of other countries and their products in depreciation of our own, it really does begin to look as though we are falling sadly behind in the science of road construction.

Motor Coaching Luxury.

One of the most remarkable developments of recent years is the standard of luxury and refinement which has been attained by the motor coach. A new Superways service from London to Plymouth was opened last Saturday with six-wheeled vehicles which are quite the last word in luxury. With an engine of 120 h.p. the coach is capable of a speed of 68 miles an hour, and in a brief experience at the wheel, when the vehicle was driven down the Strand and through the City, it was found to be just as light and easy to handle as any good modern car.

Thirty-three passengers are carried in ideally comfortable seats, each having a bell at his side by which the car can be stopped. The

coach is wonderfully sprung, and mechanically is up to date in every particular, and is even fitted with wireless. Excursion fare will be 25s. and the normal return fare 30s.

British Air-cooled Enterprise.

Diplomacy as well as enterprise was necessary to secure to a British syndicate the world rights in a well-known French air-cooled engine patent. Many interested persons from different countries keenly watched the series of experiments which recently proved the practical nature of the latest development, and so close was the competition for the rights in the invention that the Germans arrived fully prepared to clinch the deal just one hour after the British syndicate had signed and sealed the contract.

It is intended to develop the engine mainly for commercial and military purposes, and a world-wide demand is anticipated, especially from such countries as Canada and Russia, where normal winter temperatures render water cooling almost useless. It is interesting to note that an engine of the same design was fitted to the only air-cooled car which has ever competed in the Le Mans 24-hours' Endurance race, and year after year this vehicle has succeeded in finishing the course.

Watch Your Tyres.

If beginners only realised the importance of maintaining correct tyre pressure, and its influence upon ease and safety of driving as well as upon the cost of motoring, they would make an invariable habit of testing the pressure every day or so and of making up any deficiency. Perhaps the best plan is to set aside a certain day for the task, which is neither long nor difficult, nor even a dirty one. Those who are wise do this already in regard to chassis oiling, and it does not take more than a minute or so extra to go over the four tyres with the gauge. One of the most noticeable effects of a loss of

pressure in one tyre is that the steering drags in the direction of the slack tyre, and many a novice has had an uneasy belief that he must have run hard against the kerb, or bent his front axle, until some more expert friend has put him right.

Uneven pressure in the front tyres is, of course, the worst in this respect, and it should not be allowed to continue for an instant after having been noticed. If both front tyres are equally below the proper pressure a pronounced steering drag in one direction would not be noticed, but the effect is to make the control of the car heavy and—what is more annoying still—"sticky." This stickiness is unpleasant on its own account, but it creates a tendency to over steer, and to over correct which may easily induce a skid. All the time, also, the undue flexing to which the walls of a partially deflated tyre are subjected is causing disproportionately rapid degeneration of the cover. The best pressure for a particular tyre on a particular car is not always exactly that given in the tyre maker's handbook, and is, indeed, a fairly critical matter which it is well worth while to determine by a series of experiments—and to maintain by constant testing.

Popular Car Features.

In a daily newspaper ballot to discover the most popular motor car features, over one million entrants voted as follows:—

- 1. Four wheel brakes.
- 2. Silent running.
- 3. Splinterless glass.
- 4. Simplified gear control (free wheels, etc.)
- 5. "One-shot" chassis lubrication.
- 6. Dipping head lamps.
- 7. Bumpers.
- 8. Built-in luggage trunk.
- 9. Low centre of gravity.
- 10. Sunshine sliding roof.
- 11. Improved mud guarding.
- 12. Cellulose paintwork.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS.—No. 2.

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- CLUES ACROSS.

1. Cylindrical hat.

5. Sandstone.

10. Hottentot village.

12. Girl's name (French).

14. Dickens heroine.

15. A vat.

17. Come, hither—(Othello 1, 3).

18. Lord Balfour belongs to them.

20. A drink.

21. To snarl.

22. Found in India.

23. Peer.

24. Chopped mint.

26. Philanthropic society.

27. Musical note.

28. Fleshly.

29. To corrode.

30, 32, 33. A powerful force.

34. A lower deck.

36. Taunted.

37. Stevensonian hero.

38. Rodent quadrupeds.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Instructor.

2. Italian dance.

3. Luminous circle.

4. Arab prefix.

6. Jewish month.

7. Serpent witch.

8. Malay vessel.

9. Persevered.

10. Wading bird.

11. Dugongs.

13. Innkeepers.

15. Little fox with large ears.

16. Duty.

19. Horse.

25. Possessive pronoun.

26. Kind of firework.

30. A shoal of fishes.

31. End of a riot.

33. Juice of olives.

35. Half a pint.

36. An imperative.

- Answer to Last Week's Crossword:—

CLUES DOWN.

1. Paper baron.

3. Remisc.

4. Arête.

5. Gone.

6. Rite.

7. Adoring.

8. Mabys.

9. Macmonic.

10. Ad lib.

11. Tolter.

12. Ivory.

13. Senega.

14. Trade.

23. Stun.

24. Dingle.

27. Apian.

28. Grist.

30. Omega.

31. Idaho.

32. Sided.

34. Olla.

36. Etul.

37. Anti.

39. Sir.

42. M.D.

44. T. H. (Tom Hood).

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Paragrammatist.

15. Aneroid.

16. Andover.

17. Pimento.

18. Bellona.

19. Emit.

20. Eery.

21. Mitred.

22. Rases.

24. Disobey.

25. G.E. (George Eliot).

26. Bleating.

29. Norias.

33. Acop.

35. Ungrained.

37. Al.

38. Rulings.

40. Iceland.

41. Ollam.

43. List.

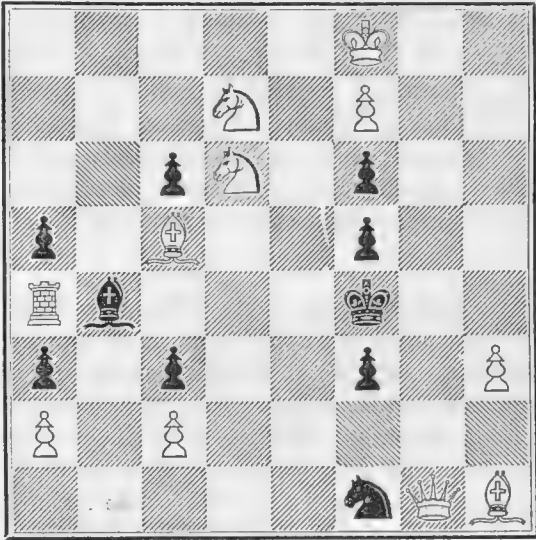
45. Guht.

46. Neanderthaloid.

CHESS.

By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 2. By the Chess Editor.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions are invited and should be addressed, Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

SELECTED GAME.

Game No. 2. From the recent Berlin Tournament (single round). Queen's Pawn Game.

- White

Grünfeld

1 P—Q4

2 Kt—KB3

3 P—B4(a)

4 Kt—B3

5 P—K4

6 P—KR3

7 B—K3

8 P—Q5

9 Q—Q2

10 B—Q3
- Black

Helling

Kt—KB3

P—KKt3

B—Kt2

O—O

P—Q3

QKt—Q2

P—B4

Q—R4

P—QR3

R—Kt1
- White

Grünfeld

11 P—QR4

12 O—O

13 KtxKt

14 P—B4

15 P—B5

16 Q—KB2(c)

17 P—R5

18 BxP

19 QxQ

20 P—B6(c)
- Black

Helling

Kt—Kt1

Kt—K4

PxKt(b)

Kt—Q3

Q—Kt5

P—Kt3

PxRP(d)

QxKtP

RxQ

Resigns.

- (a) White has many alternatives here, such as P—KKt3, Kt—B3, B—B4, P—B3, etc.
- (b) The capture of the Kt by the P lessens the effectiveness of the King's B.
- (c) Cleverly countering the threat, KtxQBP.
- (d) He must make a retreat for his Q, or R—R4 would lead to its capture.
- (e) Very neat! Black now loses a piece. A simple little problem for the novice.

Problem No. 1 (Kipping)
Key PxP (threat P=Q).

A very pretty theme. P—B4 pins one P and unpins another. The key is thematic, but rather aggressive.

End-Game No. 2.
(By Moravec.)



(White to play and win.)

Solution of End-Game
(No. 1).

- 1 K—Q3, K—R8;
- 2 Kt—R4, K—Kt8;
- 3 K—Q2, K—R8;
- 4 K—B1, KxP;
- 5 K—B2, K—R8;
- 6 Kt—B5, K—R7;
- 7 Kt—Q3, K—R8;
- 8 Kt—B1, P—R7;
- 9 Kt—Kt3 mate.

WEIGHED IN By "Blackfriar"

The Dawn of a Prosperous Era

THE patient is at last yielding to the effects of the anæsthetic, and soon the surgeons will be able to get to work unhampered. That the operation will prove successful and the patient restored to complete health they have no doubt, but the resistance of the sick man, ever fearful of a fatal termination, has been an obstacle in the way that has taken a lot of beating down.

In other words, the mass of the racing profession, after months of doubt and gloomy foreboding, is at last bowing to the inevitable. Everywhere there are signs that opinion, hitherto hostile, is veering round, prepared, if not actually to welcome, at least to accept the coming of the totalisator without further demur. So it has been with all great reforms, and I have not the slightest doubt that we stand at the threshold of a brighter, healthier and far more prosperous era than racing has enjoyed for years.

As Lord Dewar stated, amid that mass of witticisms with which he entertained his audience at the Gimcrack dinner: "The Tote will disillusion the illusions of the sceptics and will pass from the fields of promise into the places of achievement. It has come to stay with us. If those in other countries can make it a success, so can it be made a success in this country."

That put the situation in a nutshell. All that is needed now is for everybody—the Government, the Jockey Club and the racecourse companies—to put their shoulders to the wheel and push together. But the push must begin at once. There has been too much dalliance as it is.

Not Compulsory.

It is really surprising the number of people who still think that all the racecourses will be forced to institute a totalisator or pari-mutuel system whether they desire it or no. As Mr. W. J. Davidson, secretary of the Racecourse Proprietors' Association, pointed out the other day, there is nothing to prevent the companies leaving the betting entirely to the bookmakers. They can simply refrain from applying for a certificate of approval and carry on just the same.

That is perfectly true. But what is agitating the minds of the executives of some of the smaller meetings is the knowledge that the Jockey Club and the Government are at one in desiring the adoption of the "Tote" wherever possible, and that any track that did not do its best to carry out those authorities' wishes might have difficulty in arranging future fixture lists as satisfactorily as they would like. It is only natural that where interests clash, as they frequently do, preference would be given to the course where the totalisator was in operation.

The Noel Carroll Case.

As an impression had prevailed in certain quarters that Mr. Stanley Wootton's late apprentice, Noel Carroll, had been somewhat harshly treated by the authorities, Lord Ronaldshay's revelation of the real facts of the case to the guests of the Gimcrack Club was a very wise move. Hitherto it has not been the policy of the Jockey Club, on whose behalf Lord Ronaldshay was speaking, to discuss their rulings in any shape or form, and if this is to be taken as an indication of a less reticent attitude



F. B. Rees,

whose return to the saddle is welcomed by all National Hunt enthusiasts.

in future it will meet with the approval of all who have the best interests of the Turf at heart.

There are difficult times ahead; the danger of misunderstandings will be ever present, and the best way to prevent those misunderstandings arising is by the adoption of an open policy.

Newbury Sunshine.

Splendidly served as it is by the Great Western Railway, whose "specials" regularly do the sixty miles from Paddington in the hour, there is every inducement for the public to make the trip to the well-appointed course at Newbury, always providing the weather is in congenial mood. But all the year the Berkshire enclosure has had atrocious luck in this respect, and as a result the profits showed a drop compared with the preceding period of £7,000. It was, therefore, a treat to see the sun shining



Mr. Frank Cundell,
Owner of Knight of the Wilderness.

brightly when the first jumping meeting of the season opened last week. Mr. W. E. Bushby, the clerk of the course, told me that it was the best day they had had all the year. The attendance was an excellent one, as apart from the large number of members present, the gate receipts were higher than for the corresponding meeting last year.

Fields were of the customary Newbury dimensions. But a lot of the runners were obviously only out for an airing; and much of the betting was confined to a few horses. Everybody was pleased to see George Duller in the saddle again. He had his first mount since his return from the States on Easter Hero in the Hants Hurdle Race and enjoyed an armchair ride.

For the States Again.

I thought our premier hurdle race jockey looked well, but he told me that he was over a stone lighter than he was last year. "When I went to the States," he said, "I weighed 11 st. 4 lb. Now I go only 10 st. 3 lb. in walking attire." During the six months Duller was over there he had eleven mounts. These yielded him five victories and three falls. One of his wins was gained in the big race at Belmont Park, where he rode Jolly Roger to victory in the colours of Mrs. Whitney, mother of the young owner of Easter Hero.

In the States there are no hurdle races, and though the fences are not so stiff as those on our steeplechase tracks, they are more numerous, as many as seventeen jumps having to be made in a two-mile race. Duller will be riding out there again during the next three summers, leaving England each year at the end of the jumping season.

Fine Double for Poole.

George Poole, the Lewes trainer, looks like having an excellent season. He brought off a useful double at Newbury with Richmond II and Kinnaird. The former, who belongs to Mr. R. McAlpine, a son of the well-known contractor, Sir Robert McAlpine, scored a stylish win in the Moderate Steeplechase. He is a young chaser of distinct promise.

Billy Stott, who rode him, was also on the back of Kinnaird, when Mr. Eric Platt's horse won the Berks Handicap Hurdle half an hour later. In the paddock beforehand I thought Kinnaird looked a bit below his best, but he proved equal to beating a really smart field. It struck me that astute generalship on the part of Stott had not a little to do with the victory. When Parvin came over the last fence on Mister Moon with the lead he seemed assured of success, and did not seem altogether prepared for the sudden challenge which Stott delivered on his left close home. In any case, it was a finely-judged effort on the latter's part.

Mr. Frank Cundell's Bargain.

Stott's artistry was again in evidence on the second day when this clever rider got Knight of the Wilderness home by half a length in front of Uncle Ben in the race for the Cranborne Handicap Steeplechase. Knight of the Wilderness is another example of the veterinary skill of his owner, Mr. Frank Cundell, whose successful treatment of Oak Ridge, Ox and Ass and one or two other horses was one of the features of the recent flat-racing season.

He bought the "Knight" at the last July Sales for a modest 260 gns., and after subjecting it to the violet-ray treatment for a time sent it to Savill at Wroughton to be trained along with his other jumpers, Glen Andred and Haputale. At his first attempt Knight of the Wilderness won a small race at Wincanton and then came his Newbury victory.

Knight of the Wilderness was formerly owned by Mr. W. P. Draper, a rich American, who purchased him after he had won a race at Liverpool, with the object of winning the Grand National. But his performances left the impression that he did not possess the necessary stamina; and the only victory he gained in Mr. Draper's colours was at Hurst Park 18 months ago where he beat Bright's Boy over two miles. At that time Mr. Draper still had big hopes, and I believe turned down an offer of £5,000 for him.

It would be an ironic twist of Fate if Knight of the Wilderness proves good enough to win the National after all. He has certainly improved in appearance since I last saw him, and I could well understand the delight of his new owner over his "great bargain," as he himself put it. "He is a fine horse," he said, "for he is not really at his best yet."

"Grand National" Change.

It will be interesting to see what effect the decision to have two acceptance stages for the Grand National will have on the entries for the race.

The general feeling seems to be that the change will not make much difference to the size of the entry list, but that the second acceptance stage will induce owners to strike out horses whose chances are not good, thereby tending towards a smaller but better quality field than is the usual experience.

Return of F. B. Rees.

Everybody at Kempton was pleased to see "Dick" Rees riding again. If it came to a question of voting, George Duller would undoubtedly be hailed the premier jockey over hurdles; but for all-round ability—that is to say over hurdles and fences, Rees stands the undisputed champion, with all due respect to such first-class men as Stott, Speck, Moloney and Monty Rayson.

Frederick Brychan Rees, to give him his full title, is the son of a veterinary surgeon and was born at Tenby, in South Wales. Like his brother, L. B. Rees, he rode as an amateur in his early days, and first came into prominence when riding Mr. A. Gorham's horses shortly before the war. Eight years ago he turned professional, and in the same season achieved the greatest triumph of his career by steering Sir T. McAlpine's Shaun Spadah to victory, in the Grand National. One other record of which he is pardonably proud is that of having ridden 100 winners under National Hunt Rules in one year—a feat without parallel.

A Kempton Thrill.

Rees did not have long to wait before registering his first success of the season, and though it was only a partial one, the fact that it was achieved in the chief event of the meeting—the Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase—would have made it particularly pleasurable to

him. I thought he was going to win outright, as his mount, Lord Queenborough's Spear o' War, once headed Rathcoole after jumping the final obstacle, but Mrs. Chester Beatty's horse ran on with resolution to make a thrilling dead-heat.

It was a pity that owing to bad light much of what was happening in the race was obscured, but as far as could be seen none of the runners made a serious blunder, though Mr. Frank Barbour's Coolcommon suddenly decided to run out half way after setting a warm pace to his rivals. The crack Irish jumper, East Galway, though he cleared his obstacles beautifully, was always being outpaced and finished nearly last. But, as I have already said, the season is very young.

Young 'Chasers of Promise.

Fred. Withington, who in his younger days was a first-class amateur rider—he finished fourth in the Grand National one year—trains a nice type of 'chaser in K.C.B., who won the Uxbridge Steeplechase. K.C.B. is quite young as 'chasers go, for he is only six years old, and, providing he escapes serious injury, may have a big future. He made one mistake which almost brought him down, but the safest of jumpers do that when moving up to challenge—as he was at the time. Unlike many jumpers, he never ran on the flat, I believe, making his first appearance on a racecourse last October, when he finished last in a two-mile steeplechase at

Nottingham, but he is none the worse for that.

One of the features of the meeting was the reappearance of Bright's Boy. There was no indication that he was fancied for the Sunbury Handicap Steeplechase, and it was obvious that he was not nearly at his best. Yet he jumped as boldly as ever and in the circumstances did well to finish fifth to the fitter Lucidor. The winner, who is a son of the French stallion, Nimbus, is an attractive-looking jumper who drew attention last season to his potentialities by easily winning four two-mile steeplechases off the reel. I do not remember

him competing in races beyond that distance, but he finished so strongly here as to suggest he has inherited the stamina of his sire.

Twelve to Follow.

Here is my list of horses to follow, which I promised last week:—

HURDLERS.	'CHASERS.
First Magic	Easter Hero
Burwarton	Fair Richard
Jugo	The Sheriff
Gainsharp	Socrates
Dovedale	Kakushin
Tin O' Mint	Fortissimo

I have tried as far as possible to avoid a clash. Thus such as Easter Hero and Fair Richard are likely to be found competing in races of three miles or over whereas Socrates and Kakushin will doubtless be concerned with the shorter events. Fortissimo is only a selling plater, so he is not likely to run against any of the others. With the hurdlers, of course, it has not been so easy to guard against this clashing, and I can only hope they will generally steer clear of each other.

Easter Hero's hurdling effort does not mean that he has deserted the biggest obstacles. I imagine he was given this race merely as a speeding-up spin. Duller told me, by the way, that the horse is inclined to hang to one side. It was this that caused Duller to adopt a more upright position in the saddle than he does as a rule.

Week-End Selections.

SANDOWN PARK, FRIDAY.

Long Ditton S. Hurdle.—Detritus.
 Effingham S. Hdp. Steeplechase.—Temeland.
 Annual Hdp. Hurdle.—Rolie, if absent First Magic.
 Three-Year Old Hurdle.—Sandro.
 Ewell Hdp. Steeplechase.—Koko, if absent, Eagle's Tail.
 Arthur Coventry National Hunt Flat Race.—Blancona.

SANDOWN PARK, SATURDAY.

Milburn Mdn. Hurdle.—Dovedale.
 Oxshott S. Hdp. Hurdle.—Martian.
 Sandown Hdp. Steeplechase.—Koko, if absent, Donegal.
 December Hdp. Hurdle.—Great Sand.
 Pond Hdp. Steeplechase.—Fair Richard, if absent, Great Care.
 Bookham Mdn. Steeplechase.—Brave Cry.



George Duller.
The artist over hurdles.



"Knight of the Wilderness" taking the open ditch in the Cranbourne Handicap Steeplechase at Newbury.

LAWN TENNIS



Miss Joan Ridley, who has been taking a prominent part in the Artificial Light Tournament, at Queen's Club.

UNDER the able guidance of Major Maturin, the popular Artificial Light Meeting at Queen's Club was piloted to a successful conclusion last week. Although good, especially on the East and No. 2 courts, the electric lighting on covered courts can still be improved. At present, some players, especially on the volley, do not find it too easy to focus the ball. Under these conditions, and considering that some of the matches are put on very late, results cannot always be taken very seriously at this Tournament.

The Holder's Defeat.

A mild surprise occurred when Pennycuik, the holder, who usually sees exceptionally well at night, was beaten by S. W. Harris, 1-6, 6-1, 6-3. It was a ding-dong struggle all through, and victory at the end went to the more determined and aggressive player. There was another upset in the same round when Helmore, particularly happy on a wood surface, conquered Brian Gilbert, England's No. 1 player of a few years back.

After Latchford's comfortable victory over N. G. Deed, one expected him to give Wheatley a better game than he did. Latchford however, was woefully erratic in this match, and Pat Wheatley, having got his eye in during his easy conquest of George Stoddard, went off with a great rush. It was only in the closing stages that young Latchford made a fight of it, nearly bringing the score to five-all, after having been at one time 5-1 down. Wilde, our junior champion, fell early to A. W. Vinal, who knows covered court conditions well.

A Pleasant Surprise.

The women's event was only half the size of the men's. Miss Joan Ridley and Miss Christabel Hardie were the fancied finalists from the start. The former was hitting the ball very hard and truly on the path to the final. Miss Hardie, on the other hand, was hampered by the conditions; she lost a set to Miss Tomlin,

THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT Tournament

By F. Gordon Lowe

a much improved player, and previously to this had had to fight very hard to overcome Miss Morfev.

One of the pleasant surprises of the event was the fine form shown by Miss Phillip; she plays a most attractive all-round game. Perhaps her best victory was scored against Miss Davies, whom she defeated 6-2, 2-6, 8-6. In the next round, Miss Phillip succeeded in beating Miss Holman, a former covered court champion, with a loss of only two games!

The Riviera Season.

The Riviera season will soon be in full swing; indeed, in a little over a week, on the 17th, the first tournament will begin at Beau Site at Cannes. This will be followed by two others at the Cannes Club and the Metropole. These early meetings are some of the most enjoyable; they are not so crowded and the weather is usually more settled.

Early in January there is a Lawn Tennis week at the sumptuous Monte Carlo Country Club before the tournaments veer back to Cannes with another three in succession at the New Courts, the Gallia and Carlton Clubs. From this it will be seen that Cannes makes an ideal headquarters for the game in the early part of the year.

If one wants quieter and cheaper tennis where the season is continuous, there is a well-appointed club with eight courts at Alassio on the Italian Riviera.

An International Tournament.

An International Tournament of great importance begins at Monte Carlo on February 25th, at which most of the Riviera players will be competing. Señorita d'Alvarez is expected to arrive just about that time from Switzerland, while Fraulein Aussem will also be taking part. Competition for the Butler Trophy is likely to be as keen as ever. The holders, Cochet and De Buzet, will be defending.

Germany will be represented by Kleinschroth and Moldenhauer and Italy by Morpurgo and Gaslini. Morpurgo, by the way, is returning to the scene of his former triumphs after a year's absence; he and his partner won this event in 1924 and 1925. Possibly Colonel Mayes and Lord Cholmondeley may also be playing together as they did this year. Let us hope that official British pairs, both of men and women, will be sent out to compete for the Butler and Beaumont trophies respectively.

The Bristol Cup.

The professional tournament on January 7th at Beaulieu will be followed with the greatest interest. Kozeluh, the present holder of the Bristol Cup, is returning from the States especially to defend his title. This year he won the event without the loss of a set, beating A. Burke in the semi-final and Najuch in the final. If Ramillon can produce the form he recently showed at Queen's Club, he should be a serious contender. Maskell will also be in the lists.

Mlle. Lenglen.

The rumours that Suzanne Lenglen is going to shelve her racket for ever have now been definitely confirmed. It is rather sad to think that we shall see this incomparable artist of the courts no more. Only yesterday it

seems that she was the one and only great draw on the Riviera or anywhere else where she happened to be playing, for that matter. Mlle. Lenglen has certainly done more to popularise the game than any other player, Tilden included. Even, however, if big championships were to be thrown open to professionals in the near future I doubt whether Suzanne could be induced to return. The famous Frenchwoman must have realised in that never-to-be-forgotten match in 1926 at Cannes, when she just overcame Miss Wills by 6-3, 8-6, that her unbroken reign of supremacy was nearly ended.

Grieg's First Ten.

Donald Grieg has just issued his annual ranking of the first ten Englishmen in the following order:—Austin, Higgs, Sharpe, Gregory, Kingsley, Crole-Rees, Hughes, Wheatley, Collins and Olliff. On the whole it appears a very accurate one. As, however, Grieg pointed out, any such list is open to criticism because there is so little in it between any of our players.

I myself think that Gregory should go above Higgs, who has been able to do little right since Wimbledon. Then again Collins, who has been developing real match winning qualities "down under," has been underrated. He may possibly take a much higher place on his return home. Two players who ought to be included in any English list are Lester and Avory. Though it is difficult to see who of those Grieg has mentioned could be left out. A place fairly high up would have to be found for the author of the list.

The Annual General Meeting.

The Annual General Meeting of the L.T.A., which takes place at River Plate House on Monday, contains nothing of a provocative nature on the agenda. This is rather a pleasant change to some of its predecessors, when the player-writer rule and other amateur questions came up for heated discussion. Under the able presidency of Lord D'Abernon the tendency has been to give the making of new rules a rest and to pay more attention to developing the standard of play in this country. The present British World Tour is an outcome of this policy. The next thing to be seriously tackled should be tournament reform.

It is interesting to learn from the Annual Balance Sheet that the L.T.A.'s share of the 1927 Wimbledon profits was £9,520 and that the Association's assets are now over £27,000. The governing body's share of this year's Wimbledon is likely, it is said, to exceed £10,000.

The Amateur Squash Championship.

An event which will interest all Lawn Tennis players is the Amateur Squash Rackets Championship which starts at the Bath Club on Monday. Several well known Lawn Tennis players are competing. The holder, Captain Cazalet, for instance, is a tournament player of considerable success. Andrews, the New Zealand champion, is in the top half of the draw and likely to meet R. S. Wright, the best American player, early on. Backhouse, Gandar-Dower, Coverdale, Le Gros, Cartwright, Dalton and Captain Westmacott are all Lawn Tennis players of tournament rank.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

BREAKING *the* RULES

By GERARD FAIRLIE

I STATED last week that I had not completed my remarks on the laxity with which players regard the rules of golf in the space which had been allotted to me. I said that I would continue to discuss the matter in this week's issue.

I referred to the frequent breaches of rules committed on the green. At this point it may be as well to remind my readers that the green on a golf course is defined as all ground, except hazards within twenty yards of the hole. From the point of view of the rules it does not matter one jot how far the beautifully mown grass expanse of the modern green extends; at any point farther than twenty yards from the pin the green ceases officially. Now on the putting green anything which obstructs the shot may be removed.

Off the putting green, or to give it its proper name, through the fairway, only obstructions which lie within one club's length may be removed.

On or Off the Green?

It is easy to follow how this may give rise to trouble. A man finds his ball lying on the short cut grass, but over twenty yards from the hole. It never occurs to him that he is not officially on the green, with the result that he has no hesitation in walking forward and removing, say, a small branch blown there by the wind, which is in the way. But in point of fact he is technically not on the green but on the fairway, and therefore has no right to remove anything further than one club's length from his ball. He has really forfeited the hole, although I should not personally care to play with the man who made a habit of watching with a lynx eye in order to claim these things. But, still, the rule being a rule, it should be observed.

A Well-Known Case.

An unfortunate incident occurred in a recent championship. Advice may, of course, be taken from one's caddy, and in a foursome from one's partner and his caddy. At a certain blind hole a competitor unable to see the pin, sent his caddy to give him the line. This was perfectly within his rights; but he then played the shot over his caddy's head, which is all wrong and which he should have known was wrong. His opponent, unwilling to claim the hole, did not mention the matter until his natural irritation suddenly got the better of him and induced him to refer to the matter half-way down the fairway to the next hole. But there is a regulation which lays down that any claim must be made before the players have driven off at the next tee, so that by then he had forfeited any right he had to the previous hole. The result was that there occurred a most almighty argument, and I am not at all sure that, by his failure to claim, the second player did not disqualify himself.

There is a rule that if no claim is made when one should have been made, then the player concerned disqualifies himself. I have never known this actually to happen, but strictly according to the law this may happen, and since it is in fact a rule, then certainly in competitive golf it should be observed. —Everyone is agreed that to claim is a most unpleasant thing, with the result that very few claims are made, and the person who makes one is liable to some slight unpopularity for some little time.

I think this is wrong. Of course, the man who creeps about the golf course with a lynx eye roving perpetually towards his opponent and ready to pounce on any little infringement of the rules is no friend of mine. But when something does go wrong, then I do not think that players should be afraid to claim; after all, I don't play golf with any man who does these things on purpose, and you don't either, so that when a rule is broken it is culpable ignorance on his part and it is a kindness to point it out. No man will resent it if it is done nicely.

And it is only fair; a very important factor not generally realised is that although there may be no apparent advantage to be derived from brushing away a leaf with a putter, there may well be a very actual mental advantage.

Picture this situation for a moment: Mr. A sees Mr. B break a silly little rule, the match is a tight one, and if A claims the hole he will almost certainly win. From what I know of A he won't make the claim, because he is afraid of what other

people may say, but the thought is going to remain with him for a hole or two at any rate, and it may, nay almost certainly will, affect the quality of his game.

After The Ball.

In the current issue of *Eve*, Miss Eleanor E. Helme begins the light-hearted chronicle of twenty-one years' pursuit of the little white ball with card, clubs, notebook, and pencil. In

other words she is writing her memoirs, which are suitably decorated by Charles Ambrose with ink, paper, easel, and pen. I have had the privilege of a glance at the opening chapter, and I can assure my readers who are female that their fears are groundless. As Miss Helme herself says: "... let nobody be frightened. This is going to be an entirely frivolous chronicle of twenty-one years' good fun pursuing the little white ball... you will find here no learned dissertations..."

I commend the attention of my readers to these memoirs; they form an interesting history of women's golf.

Precocity.

I have been asked by a correspondent with a bent for knowledge of an historical character with regard to golf to name the greatest case of precocity known to British golf. He assumes that Bobby Jones is the greatest case in the world.

I suppose he is right, but we have one or two serious contenders for the title all the same. The greatest is probably John Ball, who had the impertinence to finish sixth in the Open Championship of 1878 at Prestwick when he was at the tender age of fifteen, only eight strokes behind the winner. Before he was thirty he had won the Amateur Championship three times, and the Open Championship once, in 1890. Since the Amateur Championship competition was only started in 1885, it is reasonable to assume that he might have won it even more often.

In all, John Ball won the Amateur Championship eight times, the Open Championship once, and the Irish Amateur Championship three times. Also, of course, he won innumerable scratch medals at his various clubs, particularly Hoylake, and he won the St. George's Challenge Cup on the first four occasions which it was played for, my father depriving him of it in 1892. It is a very moot point whether he is not the greatest amateur golfer who has ever lived.



Mr. John Ball, possibly the greatest amateur golfer who has ever lived.

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The Oxford captain, E. G. Taylor, the Scottish International and wing three-quarter.

Go to TWICKENHAM!

Tuesday's 'Varsity Match

EVERYONE who goes to Twickenham next Tuesday will leave the ground thanking his gods for many things.

You are certain to see courage and endeavour at their best, for youth without enterprise is an unthinkable business. There'll be gay scenes and 35,000 smiles; and, whoever wins, you'll find no sourness anywhere. Whether you be young or old, whether you understand Rugby football or not, I counsel you to go to Twickenham; you'll find there a sound, cleansing tonic.

It does not matter if you shout "Oxford" one moment and "Cambridge" the next; you'll merely be acclaiming all that is best in young endeavour. If you have a friend who has the hump, take him with you; you'll gain his gratitude and double your own pleasure. If you have an old hat or a new grumble, take them too; you'll probably lose them both. If you have business engagements, let them slide; your business will benefit from your added virility of outlook. Thirty young men, trained to this minute, veritable apostles of youth, putting all their heart and brain and muscles into—a game! But games such as these build the character that caused thousands of their players to flock, without thought of self, to England's banners fourteen years ago.

A Match Winner.

Who will win? Oxford or Cambridge? It seems to me that it doesn't matter very much; the game's the thing. But I have been asked to compare the teams, so here goes.

Let it be said at once that, with Aarvold out of the Cambridge team, Oxford would be favourites for the great match. Even now, I would put my humble stake on Oxford if some enthusiast were so foolish as to offer me three to one on Cambridge; but such odds, of course, would be absurd.

Nerves, luck, the added endeavour that the supposed under-dog puts forward to meet the skill of his opponents, all tend to level things up—or down—in a game of this description. One could produce a hundred arguments—all sound ones—to prove that Cambridge should win, only to discover after the result that Oxford had been brutally undervalued.

Cambridge should win—because of Aarvold. This player has such a flair for the game that one is tempted to call him a genius. He is capable of winning any match—International or otherwise—"off his own bat"; more than that, he is liable to do so. There is no player of his class in either team, and Oxford's sole chance of success lies in their ability to smother him. And Aarvold requires a lot of smothering!

Comparisons.

Of the two full backs, I prefer the Oxford back, Adamson. His *vis-à-vis*, John Roberts, is a brilliant player, as one would expect an International to be; but he has, on occasions, displayed a certain lack of steadiness, and there will be no slowness on Tuesday in taking advantage of mistakes in defence. His propensity

for taking part in the attack may be risky in a game in which the marking is bound to be very keen and close; should he be tackled before anyone has fallen back to take his place, a dangerous gap would be created.

Adamson, on the other hand, is an essentially sound player with a good tackle and consistently long kicking. A player much above the average, and one whose

temperament should shine in a game of this kind.

In the three-quarter lines Aarvold, Smeddle, Guy Morgan (Cambridge), E. G. Taylor and Hume (Oxford), are outstanding players. Guy Morgan might be described as a busy player. Smeddle is definitely slow for a wing three-quarter, but his perfect understanding with Aarvold provides ample consolation; the speed of combination is often faster than the speed of pace. At the same time, it is worth remembering that Aarvold and Smeddle have not yet been faced with really strong opposition.

E. G. Taylor is playing better than ever this season and Aarvold by no means found him easy to pass in last year's match. Hume is a sound player, somewhat deficient in speed, who has not quite fulfilled his early promise. There is little to choose between the halves; the Oxford pair are quite as good as their rivals and may well prove themselves to be the better combination on the day's play.

The Packs.

I confess that I prefer the Oxford pack. Their heeling has not always been satisfactory, but their work in the loose has been magnificent, thanks to the splendid leadership of J. N. Bannerman. And good work in the loose is particularly useful in a match of this description where scrums break up quickly. I anticipate that the Oxford pack will play a distinguished and possibly a vital part in the game.

In brief, I believe Oxford to be stronger than most people realise—Cambridge are richer in talent; Oxford are stronger in team work. If Oxford lose, I think they will do so by a small margin; if they win, I shall not be at all surprised, and I shall certainly be richer. This sounds suspiciously like "hedging"; but only a foolhardy person would attempt public prophecy in such a match as this. The most one can say is that Cambridge should win; their chief fears will be a wet ground and the Oxford forwards. But there will be great rejoicing should Oxford gain the day; and I, for one, would be delighted at such a result.

Sandhurst v. Woolwich.

People are still talking about the Sandhurst v. Woolwich match of last week. The brilliant play by which Sandhurst established a good lead, the Woolwich spurt that brought them within striking distance, the manner in which Sandhurst drew away again, Woolwich's renewed attack which again brought them within striking distance, and the final score with the last kick of the game that put Woolwich in front for the first time, were all examples of brilliant Rugby.

Those of us who were privileged to be present saw two first-class full backs and 28 other men

who played themselves to a standstill on a fast, dry ground in ideal Rugby weather. I would not have missed this game for all the tea in China.

M. B.

A Satisfactory Trial.

Last Saturday's trial match at Newcastle was, if anything, rather more satisfactory than many previous first trials have been. There is one point however which emerges from the match, and that is, if England is to repeat her triumph of last year, she must find a satisfactory place kicker. No less than nine tries, which were unconverted, were scored.

T. W. Brown proved himself a steady and even brilliant back, and on Saturday's run of play, England seems to have no other choice. T. M. Sladen (of Hampshire) and H. P. Jacob, a Midland player, evidently caught the selectors' eyes, for they will play on the left wing in the next trial at Camborne for the "Probables."

A. T. Young, of course, chooses himself for the English team at half, and it remains to be seen whether S. C. C. Meikle will be able to combine satisfactorily with him.

The forwards included several of the old brigade who acquitted themselves well, and many old, trusted, tried, and true names are to be found in the Probables XV for to-morrow week.

But there are still some of us who stoutly maintain that no English team is complete without the inclusion of the redoubtable W. W. Wakefield, who is still as fit as ever and capable of holding his own in the best and youngest company.

S. G.



C. D. Aarvold, the big man of the match.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

A Question Answered

By ARTHUR NEWNHAM

A CORRESPONDENT has requested me to answer the following question: "Which player should mark the opposing wing-forward, the wing-half or the full-back?"

Consequent on circumstances, different teams pursue varying tactics and there is no golden rule on this point. But, generally speaking, the first-class professional teams adopt the policy of marking the outside forward with the full-back, leaving the wing-half to cope with the inside forward. This generalisation, for that is all it can be, holds good when the ball is in movement; but when the ball is stationary, as when a free kick is being taken, the wing-half will move out to the touch-line and mark the outside forward.

The reason for the desirability of the wing-half marking the opposing inside forward and leaving the outside forward to his back is that the inside forward is a dangerous fellow, who has to be closely shepherded because he is the man who inaugurates most of the enemy's attacks. If he can be bottled up, so much the better for the defending side; but if he succeeds in getting out his pass to the wing, the wing-half will then drop back into the goal mouth, which, after all, is the crucial position in every defence. If the opposing wing-forward succeeds in outwitting the full-back and is able to centre the ball, the wing-half will be on the spot to meet possible danger.

A Defence of Referees.

I cannot urge young players too strongly to avoid the pernicious habit of disputing referees' decisions. It is not so much a question of the rights and wrongs of football incidents as of sportsmanship. Whatever your private opinions may be, they should be controlled during the game; if you cannot control them, you should give up football and resort to some gentler pastime. Remember that a man is not a man who cannot control himself. Remember,

too, that the referee is just such a man as you are, with the same proneness to make mistakes as yourself; indeed, a man who never made mistakes would be a horrible fellow even were he a possibility.

Nor should you forget that his job is a more difficult one than your own, necessitating qualifications that are not expected of you. He has to keep up with the ball and watch half a dozen players at once; and if sometimes he should be on the blind side of the ball and miss some incident which you, by the luck of your position, have happened to see—do not assume that he is cheating or expect him to impose a penalty for something that he has not seen. The referee is obliging both teams by undertaking a difficult and often a thankless task; he carries out that task to the best of his ability just as you yourself carry out your own tasks in the same way. By accepting his decisions without murmur even if you disagree with them you will help the man who is helping you, you will make your own game pleasanter, and you will have the satisfaction of

knowing that you have acted as a sportsman should. Quite definitely, it is not sportsmanship to shoot the man at the piano.

The Referee's Qualifications.

I referred to a referee's necessary qualifications; they are many. In addition to knowing every rule of football, he must know the rules and conditions of the particular league or competition in which he is refereeing. He must be equipped with physical fitness, a quick brain, a good appearance, strength of mind and a strong personality; and the greatest of these is personality. In other words, he must be such a paragon amongst men that the result is that only one referee in a hundred even approaches perfection.

The surest way to cure yourself of crabbing a referee's decisions is to try your hand at refereeing yourself.



Mr. J. T. Howcroft, the well-known referee.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH

By Dr. R. H. Bettington

(BRITANNIA'S Special Correspondent in Australia.)

THE first day of the first Test Match provided very interesting cricket. Australia did well, and looked like a good team; the fielding was good, Bradman, Woodfull and especially Ironmonger being prominent. The bowling, though of good length, never looked dangerous, and several lucky wickets were obtained. Sutcliffe made a particularly dangerous shot at a rising ball, and fell to a brilliant catch by Ponsford on the boundary right behind the wicket.

The pitch had more grass on it than we have seen for some time, and may get uneven later. It is too slow for Grimmett, who was easily watched; Ironmonger kept a length, though

he was not dangerous, and the same applies to Kelleway. Gregory kept up a good pace throughout.

Hendren's Great Innings.

The selection of Mead for England was a mistaken policy. He has never got used to the pace of the pitches here, and his innings cost two wickets. Hobbs looked like staying a week, and played beautifully until he was run out in attempting a third run on which Mead hesitated. Sutcliffe was very prominent, and played his best innings of the tour. Hammond was patchy, and subdued, but made some good shots; he was missed badly by Oldfield, who

had a chance of stumping him off Gregory. Jardine was restrained, but played a good innings until he was caught at silly point the first time he opened out; he should have sat on splice until the close of play.

Hendren played the best innings of the side. He was aggressive from the start, and made some lovely shots through cover point. Chapman, as usual, made a shaky start and then played soundly.

Ryder's captaincy was variable, but the team worked together and the field was well placed, but it was notable that there was no deep leg for Hobbs's sweeps off Grimmett. This must have cost twenty runs.

Chapman again began badly with a four over the slips' head, and Woodfull missed him off a very hard chance at point. In the same over, Kelleway caught him neatly at third slip.

Tate began well; Larwood played a fine innings, and is now a finished batsman. He has strokes all round the wicket and drove Grimmett straight for a six. He gave one chance to Gregory who dived and got his hand to the ball, but failed to hold it. He was eventually beaten for pace by Hendry, and was l.b.w. Hendren played a great innings, and was never in any difficulty. He was quiet at first on the second day, but opened out later and was specially severe on Grimmett.

The wicket looked easier on Saturday, and the English batting was well on top. Grimmett bowled better and with more life, but Kelleway and Ironmonger were innocuous. Gregory was unlucky, and two chances off his bowling were dropped. The fielding was of a lower standard than on Friday.

Australia's Innings.

Australia's innings started sensationally. Woodfull was caught by Chapman in his first over in the gully, the fielder jumping a yard sideways and catching the ball in his left hand. Ponsford looked uncomfortable from the beginning, and was yorked by Larwood in the third over by a ball which he seemed to play across. Tate changed ends, and there was a unanimous appeal from the first ball which Hendry received, but the batsman got the decision.

In the next over, Tate caught and bowled Kippax who played back to a half volley. Kelleway snicked Larwood over the slips, but was clean bowled by that bowler with an away-swing. Larwood was bowling very fast and made the ball rise well, while Tate seemed to turn the ball considerably.

Chapman changed his bowlers judiciously. The crowd was fairly quiet, and such remarks as were made showed a complete lack of knowledge of the game.

Australia's Misfortunes.

Monday had more triumphs in store for England. Australia's batting display was very feeble; Hendry and Ryder began well but the former was inclined to draw away from Larwood. Finally he missed a straight one and was l.b.w. Bradman was shaky, but made four fours, one of which was through the slips. Gregory's old knee trouble has unfortunately broken out again, and he will be unable to take further part in the match, while Kelleway is ill with ptomaine poisoning.

Chapman wisely decided to bat again, and this caused much adverse comment. Hobbs played well, but was beaten by Grimmett.

Hendry, Ironmonger, Grimmett and Ryder, form Australia's sole bowling strength now. Grimmett bowled much better than in the first innings and with more life. It has been a poor day's cricket with Australia's batting extremely feeble, and England's bowling good, but not superlatively so. England's batting in the second innings was very colourless.